NOTES OF AN IRISH EXILE OF 1798.

MILES BYRNE.

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SOME NOTES OF AN IRISH EXILE OF 1798

Being the Chapters from the Memoirs of Miles Byrne relating to Ireland

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CHAPTER I.

VARIOUS circumstances occur almost daily which remind me that I should leave some notes respecting the part I was forced to take in the struggles of my unfortunate country after the year 1796, when the people expected to be able through the United Irish system to accomplish their independence. I say "forced," because it was impossible to remain neutral. I may give as a proof the fate of my unfortunate first cousin, Pat Breen, and his father, Terence Breen, both shot in cold blood by the Ancient Britons, accompanied by the yeomen of the county, and in the presence of my aunt and her daughters. My cousin, Miles Breen, was saved only on account of his youth, he being but 16 years of age: but he was sent on board a transport ship in the harbour of Dublin. Yet neither my uncle nor his son ever fought in the ranks of the Insurgents, nor left their homes—unluckily for them! Had they followed the people's camp they might have escaped the cruel end of being put to death in the presence of all that were dear to them, without judge or jury.

Thomas Knox Grogan, of Castletown, having served in the Green Horse, received a commission from Government in the end of 1796 to raise a corps of yeomen cavalry. Possessing two estates, Monaseed and Castletown, he found no difficulty in getting men well mounted amongst his tenants, who enrolled themselves

with pleasure, for it was difficult to find a more upright, honourable man, though he was not very well fitted for command, being subject to the gout. Sir Thomas Esmonde, of Ballinastra, was first lieutenant; Laurence Doyle, his first cousin, second lieutenant; Murt Murnagh, of Little Limerick, adjutant. The last was my near relation. Seeing several of my best friends and school-fellows, such as Nick Murphy, of Monaseed; Ned Fennell, of Deerpark; John Doyle and his brother James, of Knock, and my aunt's husband Michael Morning, all sending their names to Captain Knox Grogan, I readily consented to leave mine, but added my mother would not consent until she got the lease of the land called the Fox Cover renewed. She could never forget what she suffered a few years previous when leaving Ballylusk, the townland and place where I was born, and which had been in the family for centuries: she could not get the lease of that place renewed, as the landlord (J. Doyle) wished to come and live on it himself. Catholics could only get then leases of thirty-one years. Mr. Grogan at once complied with my mother's wishes, and had the leases filled up immediately with three lives—mine, my sister Bridget's, and my first cousin's, Miles Morning. The latter was then about fifteen years of age. He died a few years after. My poor father was then sick and confined to his bedroom.

After Mr. Grogan had signed the leases, in the presence of my uncle Morning and his land-agent, Jackson, he requested these gentlemen to accompany my mother to Monaseed, a distance of six miles from Castletown, in order for my father to sign them in their presence. My mother was quite happy at having this business settled, and expected it would cheer my poor father's spirits. She was cruelly disappointed. For, when she told him I was enrolled in the corps of yeomanry, with

all my friends and comrades, he declared "he would rather see the leases burned and me dead than ever see me put on a red coat." I was then very young, and the pang I felt left me motionless for some time. All he had so often told me of the persecutions and robberies that both his family and my mother's had endured under the English invaders came to my recollection. How often had he shown me the lands that belonged to our ancestors now in the hands of the descendants of the sanguinary followers of Cromwell, who preserved their plunder and robberies after the restoration of that scoundrel Charles II! My poor father was low-spirited and pining in consequence of the death, a short time before, of my sister Katherine; she was everything that was beautiful, intelligent, and good, and extraordinary for her age, being but eighteen. My father did not long survive her. He died in a few months after the period I allude to; and if I did not follow all his last injunctions, I at least conformed with one—I never wore a red coat. On my father's demise, being an only son, and my presence being necessary to take charge of the land, Captain Knox Grogan had my name taken off the roll of the yeomanry.

Every exertion was made by Government to get yeomanry corps organized throughout the country, but scarce any were equipped or armed when Hoche's expedition appeared off Bantry Bay, in December, 1796. But the following year they were raised and embodied in every part of the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, and Carlow. These are the counties I know best, and where I had many friends. The corps generally assembled for drill twice a week, and these meetings frequently were terminated with dinner parties and other amusements.

Had Hoche's army corps (consisting of about 15,000 men) landed, as there was then no English force in

Ireland, nothing could have prevented them marching on Dublin and establishing there a provisional government. Everywhere he would have been joined by the people. Then in place of yeomanry, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, and Wolfe Tone would have been charged to organize national guards to keep order in the towns and villages throughout the country, whilst waiting to raise a national army or militia for its defence. As to men, a hundred thousand could have been enrolled at once. With the 20,000 stand of arms brought by the French, and the arms found everywhere, they would soon have been equipped. The country possessed all the resources necessary for this great undertaking. The Church property becoming immediately the property of the State, and the estates of all those who should emigrate or remain in the English army, fighting against their country, being confiscated, the revenue arising from these funds would have been employed to provide for and defray all the expenses necessary for the defence and independence of the country.

For fourteen years previous to this period the Volunteers were well equipped and armed throughout every part of Ireland. Of course all these arms were well preserved, and would be delivered up immediately to the governors of the different provinces if the actual possessors did not come forward to make use of them themselves. But the Protestant counties of the North were all organized and ready to shake off the English yoke. The United Irishmen and the Presbyterians, whether they were United Irishmen or not, were all republicans. They knew that Hoche came not for conquest, but to afford them an occasion for declaring their right to self-government; therefore all the North would have joined him at once. As to the South, it being a Catholic country, though the United Irish system was scarcely

known there at that time, the people everywhere sighed for that equality of civil and religious liberty so long refused to them, and so insultingly refused by that great bigot Lord Charlemont and by Henry Flood. The immortal Grattan was for the full and complete emancipation of his fellow-men, though he counted too much on the guarantee obtained from the Government of that deceitful epoch for the independence of his unfortunate country. The removal of Lord Fitzwilliam should have shown him that there was nothing to be expected but treachery and infamy from those who replaced him.

It is quite fresh in my memory, and I shall never forget it, the mournful silence, the consternation of the poor people at the different chapels on Christmas Day and the following Sunday, after learning that the French had not landed, and that the French fleet had returned to France. Had Hoche been at the head of his troops in the Bay of Bantry, instead of Grouchy, he would have landed them immediately, and from that moment the then English Government was shaken to its centre.

Hoche knew well that the Irish people only waited for a fit opportunity to change the form of their government, and his presence in Ireland at the head of a powerful army afforded them an excellent one. He was determined that the new Irish Government should recognize the French Republic, and allow the French people the right of choosing that form which suited them best. As to the independence of Ireland, that would be already accomplished, and no more to be questioned. Such were the solemn engagements given to Tone, and they would be renewed with the provisional government when sitting in Dublin. What a blessing it would have been for humanity had all this taken place, and what torrents of blood and treasure it would have spared to England and the continent of Europe! But Providence

seems to have decreed that Ireland should remain the most degraded, the most miserable country on the face of the globe.

The principal chiefs of the United Irish, both in the North and in the city of Dublin, did not yet despond; on the contrary, they prepared an extensive plan for organizing all Ireland, and in the spring of 1797, whilst Government showed the greatest activity in getting yeomanry corps equipped and armed through every part of the country, and had them ready for active service, United Irishmen were made by thousands daily. No one scrupled to take the test, which indeed had nothing in it treasonable or dishonourable. Thomas Addis Emmet took it and kissed the Book in presence of a court of justice (before which he was pleading for a man who was charged with being a United Irishman), to show the absurdity of wanting to punish a man because he wished to obtain an equal and adequate representation of Irishmen of every religious persuasion in Parliament.

For my own part I took it with pleasure, and worked to the best of my abilities in every way to forward the cause, and to show the great advantages that might be obtained by the union of Irishmen of all religious persuasions; and I now most solemnly declare, in the presence of the Almighty, that I never regretted the part I took, and that if it were to be done over again I should do the same; the only difference would be that, from the experience I have acquired as a military man (who has had the honour to serve in the French army), I might be enabled to do it better. Thus my confession of faith being made, I shall now begin to relate everything worth mentioning which took place previous to the 23rd of May, 1798, the day that was fixed upon for a general rising of the United Irishmen of Ireland by the Directory, then acting under the presidency of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

There were very few United Irishmen in my part of the country when I was made one, but before a month had elapsed almost every one had taken the test, by the exertions of Nick Murphy, Johnny Doyle, Ned Fennell, and myself. The priests did everything in their power to stop the progress of the Association of United Irishmen: particularly poor Father John Redmond, who refused to hear the confession of any one of the United Irish, and turned them away from his knees. He was ill-requited afterwards for his great zeal and devotion to the enemies of his country: for, after the Insurrection was all over, Earl Mountnorris brought him in a prisoner to the British camp at Gorey, with a rope about his neck, hung him up to a tree, and fired a brace of bullets through his body. Lord Mountnorris availed himself of this opportunity to show his "loyalty," for he was rather suspected on account of not being at the head of his corps when the Insurrection broke out in his neighbourhood. Both Redmond and the parish priest, Father Frank Cavanagh, were on the best terms with Earl Mountnorris, dining frequently with him at his seat, Camolin Park, which place Father Redmond prevented being plundered during the Insurrection. This was the only part he had taken in the struggle.

The good effects of the United Irish system in the commencement were soon felt and seen throughout the counties of Wexford, Carlow, and Wicklow, which were the parts of the country I knew best. It gave the first alarm to the Government; they suspected something extraordinary was going on, finding that disputes, fighting at fairs and other places of public meeting had completely ceased. The magistrates soon perceived this change, as they were now seldom called on to grant summons or warrants to settle disputes. Drunkenness ceased also; for a United Irishman to be found drunk was unknown for many months. The man who had

the misfortune to drink too much considered himself a lost man as soon as he became sober, fearing that no more confidence would be placed in him. I often had to console men who feared it might be thought because they had formerly been prone to drinking that they could not be trusted with any enterprise of importance. Such was the sanctity of our cause and the assistance we received from every new member who joined our Society that we soon organized parochial and baronial meetings, and named delegates to correspond with the county members. Robert Grahame, of Corcannon, near Coolgreany, a cousin of my mother, was named to represent the county at the meeting to be held in Dublin at Oliver Bond's. He was too late for the meeting, and indeed had the good fortune to escape being taken, being apprized in time that the house was surrounded by soldiers and police.

Anthony Perry, of Inch, was one of the first and most active of the United class. He being a Protestant, and originally from the North, we had the greatest confidence in him. Poor Ned Fennell and I went frequently by night to consult and get instructions from him: we had to ride seven miles and to return before day. We used all our influence to prevent the people going by night to take arms; they were anxious to be prepared for the rising, which they longed much for. We were very successful in this undertaking, and had it propagated that the Orangemen were seizing the arms in order to throw suspicion on the poor people. One night returning from Inch we left the high road and passed through a little village of about a dozen houses; we passed and repassed several times, making a great noise with our horses, and calling out the names of some of the well-known chiefs of the Orange party. Next day the poor people of this hamlet were ready to make affidavit that the Gorey yeomanry had come to take the

arms from the Protestant gentlemen of that neighbourhood in order to have a pretext to have the country proclaimed, as if the Catholic peasantry had been seizing the arms. The people everywhere believed it, and it had the best effect, for consequently they gave up all idea of taking arms by night.

Ned Fennell was bold and active, and brave to temerity. He was handsome and well made, and of distinguished manners, and, though but the son of a respectable farmer, might have been taken for a man of the first rank in the country, from his high tone and daring address.

His elder brother Garret was also handsome and brave. Nick Murphy, though young, inspired great confidence in all who knew him; he was active and honest, and thought he never could do enough to forward the cause of the United Irish system and in organizing the baronial meetings; he was one of the first to correspond with the county members. He and I had been intimate from childhood; he was two years older than me, but we never had a secret from each other.

A large quantity of powder in jars was confided to us to have made into cartridges, but a search for arms and ammunition being ordered by the magistrates, we decided at once to have it hid in a field on my land. Lest we both should be absent, or in custody, we thought it right to have another person with us, less likely to be arrested, who would be forthcoming and be able to find the powder when it was wanted. We agreed to communicate the secret to a neighbour, John Sheridan, a very worthy man, and who, though a United Irishman, could not be suspected, we thought, as he did not commit himself to any but to Murphy and myself. Notwithstanding, when Murphy and I were hiding, previous to the Insurrection, poor Sheridan was taken up and on

the point of being shot. To save his life, he discovered where the ammunition was hid, and it being found on my land, I had nothing to expect had I fallen into the hands of the Orangemen. Sheridan did everything he could afterwards to make amends, and we forgave him; he fought bravely with us throughout the Insurrection, and died in exile after all was over.

John Doyle, of Knockbrandon, was one of my school-fellows, and one of the most active young men in the country; unfortunately he was killed early in the Insurrection; had he lived, he would have been one of the most daring chiefs: he was wealthy and had the greatest influence over people of every class.

The first United Irishman's funeral that took place, being attended by vast crowds, and put into sections and marching order by a young man of the name of Toole (of Annagh), who wished to imitate one he had seen in Dublin, attracted the notice of Hunter Gowan, and, of course, made him suspect that something extraordinary was going on in the country.

As I shall have often to allude to the cruelties and cold-blooded murders committed by this monster, it is necessary to mention what he was. He had for many years distinguished himself by his activity in apprehending robbers, for which he had been rewarded by a pension from Government. He was a low fellow, but this pension enabled him to hold some rank in the country. He called his place Mount Nebo, and planted his land with trees of different kinds. He kept a pack of hounds, and wished to be looked upon as a great sportsman, and felt much mortified when the neighbouring gentlemen refused to hunt with him.

He happened one day to be led by the chase some miles from his own place, and fell in with old Garrett Byrne, of Ballymanus, who, with his hounds, was in full chase. The latter, enraged at being crossed in his

sport by an upstart, as he called Hunter Gowan, gave him a horse-whipping, and told him never to presume to come in his way again. Gowan took the law of Garrett Byrne, and ran him into great expense. This occurrence of the horse-whipping took place many years previous to 1798, but it would appear that from that moment Gowan swore eternal hatred to Catholics in general, but most particularly against the Byrnes.

A brother of Hunter Gowan lived in Gorey and kept a saddler's shop there; he was considered a good sort of man, without any pretence of being above what he was.

Garrett Byrne was a descendant of one of the oldest and most distinguished branches of the Byrnes of the county of Wicklow; he inherited the small estate of Ballymanus, and lived in great style, associating with men of the highest rank in the county, all of whom esteemed and feared him: he was a perfect gentleman. He was dexterous in the use of arms, particularly the small sword and pistol; my father often saw him shoot swallows from his hall door with a pistol ball. He brought up his family with high notions of what they owed to their ancestors. He had five sons, all splendid men—Garrett, John, Colclough, Edward, and poor Billy or William, who was executed at Wicklow, and two daughters—Nelly and Fanny, both very fine women, and very well educated.

Garrett Byrne, finding himself getting old and feeble, and wishing to secure an independency to his daughters, proposed to his eldest son, Garrett, who had been lately married to a Miss White, to give him up the estate and that he and his daughters would go to reside in Arklow. The son readily complied, and settled on his sisters what their father thought sufficient for them, and they gave up Ballymanus to young Garrett and his wife a few years previous to 1797. From this epoch young

Garrett Byrne was looked up to by the people of that part of the county of Wicklow as a chief in whom they could confide when the rising should take place, and they were not deceived. From that moment Garrett Byrne became active and enterprising in organizing the country, where he was destined to command, and the people looked up to him as one who was to lead them to victory when the campaign began.

During the summer of 1797 all the yeomanry corps of the counties of Wexford, Carlow, and Wicklow, cavalry and infantry, were equipped in the most splendid manner. Reviews took place in districts, where several corps were assembled for the purpose. The greatest harmony reigned amongst them; although these corps were composed of Catholics as well as Protestants, religious animosity was unknown. The United Irish system contributed not a little to promote this blessing and to remove the chance of a religious war, had not the infernal Orange system, making its appearance about this time from the North of Ireland into the province of Leinster, thwarted its good effects. The United Irish laboured for nothing but civil and religious liberty for Irishmen of all persuasions, and for the independence of their country.

How sickening it is to reflect that no man independent of English influence has yet come forward to write the history of that period and to give the lie to the calumnies that were invented and propagated against those brave patriots, who were ready to sacrifice life and property and everything dear to them to see their unfortunate country well governed and happy, as she ought to be!

I frequently went to see the reviews of the yeomanry corps at Shillelagh, Camolin, Gorey, Castletown, Coolgreany, etc., to meet friends and ascertain from them the progress our system was making in their various dis-

tricts; likewise, to consult with them about the best means of keeping the people quiet until the proper time arrived for acting and taking the field. All seemed to be going on as well as we could wish, till the autumn of 1797, when the chiefs of several yeomanry corps became alarmed, and proposed to them to take a test oath that they were neither United Irishmen nor Orangemen, and never would be either the one or the other.

Captain Knox Grogan assembled his corps at Little Limerick, and begged them to take this oath. Michael Redmond, one of the finest young men of the corps, and the most eloquent, made a speech in reply, and said that, for his own part, he took the proposition as an insult, and therefore would resign. "If there were proofs," he said, "against any one of them of misdemeanour, let him be arrested and brought to trial, but not insulted. that they were men of honour, and could not put up with such treatment." All the corps, except two officers, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., and Laurence Doyle, lieutenants, and two sergeants-instructors, who had served with Grogan in the Green Horse, joined Redmond, and arranged to go to Captain Knox Grogan's residence the next day to give in their resignations and all that had been furnished by Government, such as arms, saddles, etc. Poor Grogan was much dejected, and left the field, followed only by Sir Thomas Esmonde, Lieutenant Doyle, and the two sergeants. He recruited a few men amongst his poor Protestant tenantry, to whom he furnished horses, and, at the head of some twenty or thirty of them, was killed at the battle of Arklow, fighting against the Insurgents, on the 9th of June, 1798.

Sir Thomas Esmonde and Laurence Doyle, although they fought beside Grogan during the battle, were arrested on the 12th of June and sent prisoners to

Dublin. As they were Catholics, the only way for them to have been considered loyal subjects in those days was to have died beside their unfortunate captain. A curious coincidence: the brave and undaunted Michael Redmond, who commanded a corps of the Insurgent Army, was killed about the same time, fighting against Grogan and his English allies, the Durham Fencibles, commanded by General Skerrit. Poor Redmond's death was sorely felt; he would in a short time have become one of the principal leaders of the great cause—the redemption and independence of Ireland. His younger brothers, Denis and John, fought bravely, and had to escape to Dublin and abandon their families and homes.

The corps of yeomanry cavalry, commanded by Beaumont, of Hyde Park, in which Anthony Perry, of Inch, or Perry Mount, and Ford, of Ballyfad, were officers, refused to take any oath respecting their being Orangemen or United Irishmen; at the same time they resolved not to resign, but to continue their service as usual. Soon after the corps was ordered to assemble, when a regiment of militia was in waiting, and the suspected members were surrounded and disarmed; that is to say, all the Catholics, which were about one-half of the corps, with Perry and one or two other Protestants, being considered too liberal to make part of a corps that was henceforward to be upon the true Protestant or Orange system.

Captain Beaumont's sisters being Catholics—one married to William Talbot, of Castle Talbot, another to Barry Lawless, of Shankill, her first cousin—he thought it necessary to show his aversion to their religion that he might not be suspected of lukewarmness in the Protestant cause; and from that moment he became a savage and cruel bigot, and a great tyrant wherever he had an opportunity of exercising his power. The brave men of his corps whom he had had disarmed deeply

regretted that they had not had the satisfaction of resigning, as Grogan's corps had done, before having met with such an affront. They felt it keenly, and, consequently, became the more active in organizing the country; amongst those may be mentioned in particular Perry and Garrett Fennell. They knew well that they were marked out for vengeance, but that they did not mind. No proof could be brought against them, from the impossibility of procuring informers to give evidence against United Irishmen. Such was the holiness of the cause they were embarked in that they dreaded no danger from any quarter, and continued quietly and successfully with the preparations necessary for the general rising; they waited, no doubt, with impatience for that great event, which they hoped would leave them free and independent of the detestable English yoke to which their country had been subjected for centuries.

In the towns there were corps of foot and yeomanry as well as cavalry. White, of Ballyellis, raised a foot corps, and got great praise from the Government, as he had it equipped and armed when Hoche's expedition came to Bantry Bay, in 1796. If this corps was one of the first that was ready to march, it was also one of the first to be disbanded and disarmed, for it was composed principally of Catholics, though the officers were Protestants.

It is curious for me to relate now that only for the illegal and arbitrary disbanding of the Ballyellis corps of yeomanry I should probably never have enjoyed the influence I had in the country; but this requires explanation. These brave and most honest men felt that they were badly treated by their captain, Mr. White, against whom they intended to enter a lawsuit. Some of them called on me to have my opinion, and I advised them to name two or three of the corps who could afford it to go to Dublin, and that I would give them a

letter to my half-brother, Edward Kennedy, who was intimate with Counsellor Thomas Addis Emmet, and that from that gentleman they could have the best law opinion on their case. Two were immediately named, John Keelly and his brother-in-law, both very simple but very honest, worthy men. I gave them a few lines to my brother, who, on their arrival in Dublin, accompanied and presented them to Mr. Emmet. He at once undertook their affair. He saw it would afford a good opportunity of punishing and exposing those tyrants, who selfishly thought of nothing but their own advancement.

Counsellor Curran joined Emmet, and both promised poor Keelly that the lawsuit should be carried on free of all expense to the brave Ballyellis corps: they bid him return and get all his comrades immediately to sign a paper which they gave him for the purpose of proceeding forthwith against White, who, it would appear, felt himself open to the law by his improper conduct.

It is needless to add that Keelly followed to the letter the instructions he received from his lawyers, and that not only the members of the corps, but all the people of the country, were enchanted to hear of the kind reception he had met with in Dublin through my means, and that injustice could not be committed with impunity on any member of their Society. Certainly my brother enjoyed a good deal of influence and consideration amongst the leading patriots of the day, such as Keogh, of Mount Jerome, Thomas Braghal, Emmet, Edward O'Reilly, Richard MacCormick, etc., and he was always ready to avail himself of it to serve his countrymen, who were continually calling on him in Dublin, from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow in particular. Indeed it is only justice to his memory to add that he made the greatest sacrifices, both pecuniary and

otherwise, for the great cause we were all embarked in. From 1798 till 1803 he lost no opportunity of serving those brave men, who had had to escape from their homes and take refuge in Dublin, in procuring situations and employments for them; and finally, he had to pass three years of his life in Kilmainham Jail without ever being brought to trial, and he only got out of prison in 1806, on Mr. Fox coming into administration.

I think it necessary to enter into these details before I begin to relate what I saw and experienced during the Insurrection which followed, and to mention some of the incidents which took place in the country previous to it.

White, of Ballyellis, little thought he was drilling and preparing some of the bravest fellows that ever pulled a trigger against tyranny. His corps would have rendered the greatest service as instructors had the Insurgents succeeded. Many of them excelled in dexterity and military acquirements; both Isaac and Jacob Byrne were very much looked up to by their comrades as chiefs. Three brothers of the name of Finn—Laurence, Luke, and Dan—rather small-sized men, distinguished themselves by their bravery and by their brotherly attachment; they seldom separated, and frequently saved one another in the greatest danger. One day when charged by cavalry on the high road Luke fell under the horse's feet, whilst his brother Laurence escaped over a hedge or ditch; the latter turning round to ascertain what had become of Luke, perceived him lying on the ground and two horsemen in the act of firing their pistols at him; he instantly shot one of them. Luke, though knocked down, kept his fowling-piece by his side, raised it up, shot the other horseman, escaped with his brother, and gained the main body soon after. They were the first in every action, and always the last to quit the field of battle. After many

adventures and dangerous enterprises they effected their escape into Dublin when the Insurrection was put down: they left their widowed mother and sister to the mercy of White and the Orange ruffians of that neighbourhood. The elder brother, Laurence, went to America; Luke became a clerk and book-keeper in a mercantile house; Dan, the youngest, had to become a waiter in a porter house in Patrick Street. Such was the reputation of the Finns that the worthy proprietor, Thomas MacGauran, had to enlarge his establishment and open a second house next door, for all the good patriots of Dublin began to frequent it. Soon after young Finn married Mr. MacGauran's niece and became his partner. When I left Dublin they were making a fortune. In consequence of the explosion of the depot in Patrick Street, in 1803, they were imprisoned and much injured in their business, though no charge whatever could be brought against them. Poor Finn died some time after getting out of prison. MacGauran came with all his family, after the peace, to reside at Ingouville, near Havre de Grace, and some years after he had the misfortune to take nitre instead of salts, of which he died immediately, much lamented and regretted by all the Irish patriots who knew him, and leaving several young children unprovided for.

The situation of the few Catholics who still remained in the different yeomanry corps became every day more insupportable and humiliating, and particularly so in those of Shillelagh and Carnew, these corps being principally composed of Orangemen, or, to say the least, of very prejudiced and bigoted Protestants. Poor Thomas Cullen, a very able sculptor, and a very enlightened man, fell a victim to the rage of his fellow-yeomen when the Insurrection broke out, for his being a Catholic.

Towards the end of the year 1797, the Orange magistrates used all their influence and made every

effort to find out a clew by which they might discover what the United Irishmen were bent on doing; but all in vain. They could not for any sum of money find any to turn informer and betray the sacred cause. Thus the proverb was found untrue, for an Irishman could not be found to turn the spit.

An incident occurred, however, in the neighbourhood of Carnew which caused great alarm throughout the country. A young man of the name of Whelan, who had been riding home in a shower, bid his servant put his great-coat on a hedge to dry; it had scarcely been placed there, when it was stolen by a man passing that way. Whelan instantly pursued the thief, and when he overtook him, with his great-coat under his arm, he gave him a drubbing, instead of taking him a prisoner, as he ought to have done. This fellow was known by the name of Cooper, the sowgelder. He went to the next Orange magistrate to swear information against Whelan for beating him, but the magistrate told him it would be a surer way to get revenge, and also to obtain compensation, were he to swear that Whelan had made him a United Irishman. Cooper readily followed the advice of this "honest" magistrate, and, a few days after, numbers of innocent men were arrested on this fellow's information, and sent to Wicklow and Wexford Jails. Fortunately the Assizes Circuit came on soon after, and Mat Dowling being employed as solicitor, and Counsellor Curran specially retained to plead for all those imprisoned in Wicklow Jail, the perjured villain was soon unmasked, and proved by Curran to be a returned felon of the name of Morgan, and not Cooper, who had been transported for ten years for robberies and other crimes, and had only returned a short while before. Thus his evidence was scouted, and the prisoners acquitted; but not before Curran had stigmatised those magistrates who could encourage and

bring forward such a villain. He declared in the open court that the baseness and infamy of such transactions would reflect eternal infamy not only on them but on the Government if they were allowed to retain their commissions. The formality of bail being required, my step-brother Kennedy and Mr. Thomas Seagrave, of Kevin Street, who were at the trial in Wicklow, went bail for twenty of those who had been acquitted; two of our tenants were amongst the number.

Mat Dowling exerted himself in the most surprising manner on this occasion. It was past twelve at night before he was able to get the last of these brave fellows out of prison. Not having had time to dine or eat anything all day, it is needless to say that he and the gentlemen who had bailed the prisoners supped heavily together and passed a merry night after the victory of the day. Mat Dowling was a most honest attorney and an agreeable companion, and one of the truest patriots that could be met with in all Ireland. I made his acquaintance at Paris, in 1803, after he got out of Fort George, and I must say I passed many happy days in his company. He was full of talent, witty, and generous beyond description; everyone liked him that knew him, and was delighted with his agreeable manners.

Counsellor Curran learned from the judge who went the circuit that it was not thought expedient to bring Cooper to Wexford to prosecute the prisoners who were in jail there on his information. They were all set at liberty, on the judge entering the courthouse at Wexford, to the great mortification and disappointment of those upright magistrates who did not scruple to have so many honest men torn from their homes, their wives and children, when no charge could be brought against them, save from the information of the villain Morgan or Cooper, who had in fact been instigated to swear against them by these same magistrates.

All these brave patriots who had to quit the different yeomanry corps knew well that they would be regarded by the Orange magistrates as men who should be closely looked after, and that no pains or expense would be spared to procure informers to swear against them. All this only served to excite them to exert themselves in every way to forward the organization of the United Irish system, and really obtained for them greater consideration and influence than they otherwise would have had. Already the people began to look up to them as their chiefs and leaders, although only a few of them were entitled to rank by the organization then known in the country.

It was well understood that the ensuing spring was finally fixed on for the great struggle and simultaneous rising; therefore the winter of 1797 and 1798 only remained to complete the preparations necessary for this long-wished-for event. Nothing could exceed the readiness and good-will of the United Irishmen to comply with the instructions they received to procure arms, ammunition, etc., notwithstanding the difficulties and perils they underwent purchasing those articles. Every man had fire-arms of some sort, or a pike; the latter weapon was easily had at this time, for almost every blacksmith was an United Irishman. The pike blades were soon had, but it was more difficult to procure handles for them, and the cutting down of young ash-trees for that purpose awoke attention and caused great suspicion of the object in view. However, as there were no informers, all went on smoothly until the fatal 30th of March, 1798, when all Ireland was put under martial law, and officially declared to be in a state of rebellion by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant and the Privy Council of the realm. By this proclamation the military were directed to use the most summary method of repressing all kind of disturbance. From

that moment every one considered himself as walking on a mine ready to be blown up, and all sighed for orders to begin.

What a pity that Lord Edward Fitzgerald or the Directory did not at this juncture immediately issue their decree to take the field, instead of waiting until the chiefs were in prison or hiding to escape the most cruel tortures that ever were invented by any savage nation on the face of the globe. The furious inquisitors of Spain might have taken a lesson from the Beresfords of that day. Flogging, half hanging, picketing, were mild tortures in comparison of the pitch caps that were applied to the heads of those who happened to wear their hair short, called croppies; the head being completely singed, a cap made of strong linen well imbued with boiling pitch was so closely put on that it could not be taken off without bringing off a part of the skin and flesh from the head: in many instances the tortured victim had one of his ears cut off to satisfy the executioner that if he escaped he could readily be discovered, being so well marked.

The military, placed on free quarters with the inhabitants, were mostly furnished by the Ancient Britons, a cruel regiment, which became obnoxious from the many outrages they committed wherever they were stationed: being quartered in houses where the men had to absent themselves, the unfortunate females who remained had to suffer all sorts of brutality from these ferocious monsters. What hardships, what calamities and miseries had not the wretched people to suffer on whom were let loose such a body of soldiery as were then in Ireland! It was on this occasion that Sir Ralph Abercrombie, unwilling to tarnish his military fame, resigned the chief command of the army in Ireland on the 29th of April, 1798, rather than sanction by his presence proceedings so abhorrent to his nature.

Many of the low-bred magistrates availed themselves of the martial law to prove their vast devotion to Government by persecuting and often torturing the inoffensive country people. Archibald Hamilton Jacob and the Enniscorthy yeomen cavalry never marched out of the town without being accompanied by a regular executioner, with his ropes, cat-o'-nine-tails, etc. Hawtry White, Solomon Richards, and a Protestant minister of the name of Owens were all notorious for their cruelty and persecuting spirit; the latter particularly so, putting on pitch caps, and exercising other torments. To the credit of some of his victims when the vile fellow himself was in their power, and was brought a prisoner to the Insurgent camp at Gorey, they sought no other revenge that that of putting a pitch cap on him. I had often difficulty in preventing the others, who had suffered so much at his hands, from tearing him to pieces. He in the end escaped with many other prisoners, being escorted and guarded by men who did not consider that revenge or retaliation of any kind would forward the sacred cause they were embarked in: particularly as they were desirous it should not be thought that it was a religious war they were engaged in. Although several of the principal chiefs of the United Irishmen were Protestants, the Orange magistrates did all they could to spread the belief that the Catholics had no other object in view but to kill their Protestant fellow-subjects: and to give weight to this opinion, they did what they could to provoke the unfortunate people to commit outrages and reprisals by killing some and burning their houses.

In short, the state of the country previous to the Insurrection is not to be imagined, except by those who witnessed the atrocities of every description committed by the military and the Orangemen, who were let loose on the unfortunate defenceless and unarmed population.

The infamous Hunter Gowan now sighed for an opportunity to vent his ferocious propensity of murdering his Catholic neighbours in cold blood. When the yeomanry corps were first formed he was not considered sufficiently respectable to be charged with the command of one; but in consequence of the proclamation of martial law, he soon obtained a commission of the peace and was created a captain, and was commissioned to raise a cavalry corps: in a short time he succeeded in getting about thirty or forty low Orangemen, badly mounted; but they soon procured better horses at the expense of the unfortunate farmers, who were plundered without redress. This corps went by the name of the "black mob." Their first campaign was to arrest all the Catholic blacksmiths and to burn their houses. Poor William Butter, James Haydon, and Dalton, smiths whom we employed to shoe our horses and do other work for many years before, were condemned to be transported, according to the recent law enacted, that magistrates upon their own authority could sentence to transportation. But the monster Hunter Gowan thinking this kind of punishment too slight, wished to give his young men an opportunity to prove they were staunch blood-hounds. Poor Garrett Fennell, who had just landed from England, and was on his way to see his father and family, was met by this corps and tied by his two hands up to a tree; they then stood at a certain distance and each man lodged the contents of his carbine in the body of poor Fennell, at their captain's command. They then went to a house close by, where they shot James Darcy, a poor, inoffensive man, the father of five children. The bodies of these two murdered victims were waked that night in the chapel of Monaseed, where the unhappy women and children assembled to lament their slaughtered relatives. This chapel was afterwards burned. Poor Fennell left

a young widow and two children. This cruel deed took place on the road between our house and the chapel. The day after (the 25th of May, 1798), about three miles from our place, one of the most bloody deeds took place that was ever recorded in Irish history since the days of Cromwell. Twenty-eight fathers of families, prisoners, were shot and massacred in the ball-alley of Carnew, without trial. Mr. Cope, the Protestant minister, was one of the principal magistrates who presided at this execution. I knew several of the murdered men, particularly Pat Murphy, of Knockbrandon, at whose wedding I was two years before; he was a brave and most worthy man, and much esteemed. William Young, a Protestant, was amongst the slaughtered.

At Dunlavin, county of Wicklow, previous to the rising, thirty-four men were shot, without any trial: officers, to their disgrace, presiding and sanctioning these proceedings. But it is useless to enumerate or continue the list of cruelties perpetrated: it will suffice to say that where the military were placed on free quarters and where all kinds of crime were committed, the people were not worse off than those living where no soldiers were quartered; for in the latter instance the inhabitants were generally called to their doors and shot without ceremony, their houses being immediately burned or plundered.

This was the miserable state our part of the country was in the beginning of May, 1798. All were obliged to quit their houses and hide themselves the best way they could. Ned Fennell, Nicholas Murphy, and I agreed, the last time we met previous to the Insurrection, that, through the means of our female friends, we should do everything in our power to keep the people from desponding, for we had every reason to hope that ere long there would be orders received for a general rising from the Directory. We also promised to en-

deavour to get news from Dublin, if possible, and at least from Arklow, through Phil Neill and young Garrett Graham, of that town, both of them very active and well known to the principal men in Dublin; and through them and Anthony Perry we expected shortly to receive instructions for what was best to be done under the critical circumstances in which we were placed. I was daily in hopes of getting some information from my step-brother, Kennedy (at Dublin), and on this account I remained as long as I could in the neighbourhood of our place, keeping away, however, from my mother's house; sleeping at night in the fields, watching in the day-time from the hills and high grounds to see if the military or yeomen were approaching.

The 22nd of May I ventured to call on Ned Fennell's father, who I met on his own land, to enquire if he had any news for me. He told me he had seen my sister and also Nick Murphy's sister that morning, and that neither of them had learned anything new, the communications then being everywhere intercepted, and that they had little hopes of being able to procure any. Mr. Fennell assured me I might accompany him to his house without any risk, and there take some refreshments, of which I stood in great need; he promised that both he and his young son, Mathew, then seventeen years of age, would be on the look-out; that they could see in every direction to a great distance, if the military were approaching. I accepted his kind offer, and in less than fifteen minutes after I entered the house the son came in in haste to tell me that the Carnew yeomanry were crossing the river from Burkstown, at the bottom of the land, but that we could escape unseen by a hedge and get to a hill about a mile off without being perceived. I followed his advice, and soon reached it. On this hill I met Ned

Nowlan and Mick Kearney, both very fine young fellows. They had just escaped also from the infernal Carnew corps. We agreed to remain together, and I proposed to them to go to my step-sister, Mrs. Doyle, at Ballintemple, in the county of Wicklow: it was a woody country and offered more facilities for hiding, and was about five miles from Arklow.

We set out in the night and arrived in the morning, when I found my poor sister in great distress, fearing every moment that her husband would be arrested, the house having been ransacked the day before, under pretext of searching for concealed arms; but she was convinced that it was me they were looking for, so we immediately left the house, took some bread with us, and got into a wood, where we passed the day, near the Vale of Avoca.

When night came on we decided to go to Arklow. Nowlan had a friend of his, James Earichty, who had gone there a few days before to conceal himself at his brother's place, the latter being an inhabitant of Arklow and a sea-faring man, and keeping also a small inn or public-house. We expected we could stop some time unnoticed; besides, we thought it was necessary to learn something from the leaders in the town. One of my father's sisters and her husband had been living there for some time, which was another inducement for me to go there. Next day being the market-day of the town we got in without being remarked. I went instantly to my aunt's, and got her husband to procure me an interview with Garrett Graham, who was to be one of the principal chiefs there. In the garden belonging to his own house I found him terribly cast down; he told me how he expected to be arrested every moment, and that he could not think of escaping, as his father would be taken in his place, the house burned, etc., if he was not forthcoming. He told me

that Phil Neill had surrendered himself to save his father from imprisonment and destruction; he seemed to envy my situation, and added "that he was convinced, from all he had learned that morning and from the different movements of the military and yeomanry corps of the town and neighbourhood, that there was fighting going on somewhere, and that it was reported that the Insurgents were in great force in the counties of Kildare and Carlow."

I took my leave of Graham, and went instantly to meet Nowlan and Kearney at Earichty's brother's house. They had heard all the news Graham gave me, and even more, and from better authority. We, in consequence, decided to quit the town immediately, and to get again into the country, and, if possible, go in the direction where we might expect to meet the Insurgents.

Earichty, who resided in Arklow, knew two recruiting sergeants of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, who had been quartered there for some time, and frequented his house. They had just received orders to rejoin their regiment at Carlow. Mrs. Earichty arranged with them that his brother and his three comrades might march with them as long as it suited their convenience; of course we readily availed ourselves of this opportunity. But as it was known in town that their orders for recruiting had ceased, they did not wish us to march through the streets with them; consequently, as soon as Mrs. Earichty had procured us four cockades, we set out by a back-way and joined our two sergeants on the great road. We stopped in a village about three miles from Arklow for the night, and next morning rejoined our two horsemen on the high road to Hackets-town.

James Earichty was on friendly terms with those sergeants, having seen them so much at his brother's. He saw that they seemed rather alarmed, and asked

them if they had heard any news during the night. They replied "that they had got very bad news; that it was probable they would have to return; that the Insurgents were rising and attacking the military in different places, but that they did not get any satisfactory details one way or another."

We got no further news until we reached Hacketstown in the evening, and, on entering it, poor Ned Nowlan was met by a clerk of Ralph Blaney's, of Carnew, Effy Page, who arrested him, and had him put into prison immediately. On seeing this one of the sergeants came instantly and told Earichty that he thought we should do well to go outside the town to pass the night, and that we could rejoin them in the morning on the great road to Carlow, and if we saw them accompanied by any cavalry that, of course, we knew what was best to be done. We followed their advice, and next morning at daylight we saw them at a great distance and alone, which raised our spirits very much. As we had heard during the night from the country people that Rathvilly was attacked and also the town of Carlow, we hoped to meet the Insurgents somewhere or other in force, but, unfortunately, we were again cruelly disappointed. Passing at Rathvilly we saw a great number of men lying dead on the roadside, where they had been killed the day before by the military who were quartered there.

On arriving in Carlow we saw every appearance of the greatest confusion and dismay. The Insurgents, in great force, had attacked the town at two o'clock that morning, the 25th of May; and although they were defeated and dispersed, and many of them burned in the houses in Tullow Street, where they took shelter, yet it was generally thought that they would muster again in greater numbers than ever, as they were not pursued by the cavalry to any distance from the town. We had

remarked that we did not meet a single corps of yeomanry from Arklow to Carlow; they were so frightened that they preferred keeping concentrated in the garrisons of the regular troops.

Kearney, Earichty, and I all concluded that, from everything we had witnessed and learned during the last two days, there must have been an attempt at a general rising in the counties of Carlow, Wexford, and Wicklow. We therefore decided at once on making the best of our way back to our own county, where we should be more likely to render service.

We instantly left Carlow, and at a short distance in the fields went into the first house we came to. There we remained till night. Earichty had been a good deal at sea with his brother, and seemed to know how to direct his course on land by the stars, as well as if he had been on the ocean; he promised to guide us across the country to my mother's place, a distance of more than twenty miles, without following any of the principal roads, where we might be liable to meet patrols. He kept his word. But of all the forced marches I ever made this was the worst, on account of being obliged to leap over hedges and ditches to avoid the highway. Poor Kearney caught a dysentery by it, of which he died soon after. He was a fine young man of twenty years of age. Earichty was twenty-eight or thirty, six feet two inches high, powerfully made and well proportioned, sagacious and clever. To him I may say I owed my existence, for we never could have made the journey by night but for the knowledge of astronomy he acquired at sea.

We arrived a little before day-break at my mother's house. I approached the house with great precaution (lest there might be soldiers placed there), and I must add, overwhelmed with anxiety, fearing to learn every thing for the worst. However, finding all silent, I went

at once and knocked. My poor sister came to the window, trembling and alarmed, until she saw it was me. She told me that my mother had gone to Gorey to strive to get our step-brother Hugh out of prison; he was in the last stage of a decline, and had only arrived a short time before from Dublin to recover his health. Still the cruel Orangemen took him up as they could not get me.

Before I had time to ask any questions my sister told me "she hoped to have good news to tell me in the morning; that it was certain the people were rising in every direction, and had already defeated the troops. She could not then give me the details, but in an hour or two she was sure to be able to satisfy me in every particular." Until she ascertained something more positive, Earichty, Kearney, and I thought it prudent to remain out in a field concealed near the house whilst waiting for the news. When it was broad daylight we saw my sister running to look for us to give us the cheerful tidings, with all the joyful enthusiasm so characteristic of a young Irish girl of eighteen. She told us that the troops had run away from Gorey, and that all the prisoners were at liberty to go where they pleased; but still the people, or the Insurgent army, as we must now call them, did not march that way, but were in great force in the neighbourhood of Camolin and Ferns.

We instantly prepared to go and join them. I distributed the few arms I had concealed. My fowling-piece, not having been hid, was taken a month before by Earl Mountnorris' corps of yeomanry: but I expected to be able to bring a treasure to our camp in an immense large jar of powder, which Nick Murphy, Jack Sheridan, and I hid some time before. I was cruelly disappointed when I went to the field and found that it had been dug up and taken away. My sister told me that some days before she had seen Sheridan,

in company with soldiers, in that field, but she could not say what they were doing; the unfortunate man discovered this treasure, no doubt, to save his life.

It was only now that I heard for the first time of all the barbarous murders that had been committed whilst I was away: the massacre at Carnew, the murder of poor Garrett Fennell, Darcy, and a list of others who had shared the same fate. My dear sister thought she could never tell me enough about all that had happened during my absence; how our horses were taken, and that three men mounted my mare and sprained her back, etc. But if I had not remarked a long scar on her neck she would not have mentioned anything about herself. A yeoman of the name of Wheatly, of the Gorey corps, the day on which poor Hugh was arrested threatened to cut her throat with his sabre if she did not tell instantly the place where I was hiding: the cowardly villain no doubt would have put his threat in execution had not some of his comrades interfered to prevent him.

Being joined by a few of our farmer workmen and tenants' sons, who heard I had returned, I prepared again to take leave of my sister, knowing that my dear mother would soon be home to keep her company. This time she saw me depart with joy and delight, for she had set her heart and soul on the success of our undertaking; her courage and spirit was surprising under such circumstances for a girl of her age, and she never despaired. I bid her farewell, and marched off with my faithful friends, Earichty, Kearney, and the others who had just joined us, on the great road to Camolin, a distance of seven miles, and reached this town without meeting with a single armed man to oppose us. Here we learned all the particulars of Father John Murphy's wonderful success the night before, and we instantly resolved to march and join him without delay.

The Rev. John Murphy, of the parish of Monageer and Boolavogue, was a worthy, simple, pious man, and one of those Roman Catholic priests who used the greatest exertions and exhortations to oblige the people to surrender their pikes and fire-arms of every description. As soon as the cowardly yeomanry thought that all the arms were given up, and that there was no farther risk, they took courage and set out on Whit Saturday, the 26th of May, 1798, burning and destroying all before them. Poor Father John, seeing his chapel and his house and many others of the parish all on fire, and in several of them the inhabitants consumed in the flames, and that no man seen in coloured clothes could escape the fury of the yeomanry, betook himself to the next wood, where he was soon surrounded by the unfortunate people who had escaped. All came beseeching his reverence to tell them what was to become of them and their poor families: he answered them abruptly that they had better die courageously in the field than be butchered in their houses: that, for his own part, if he had any brave men to join him, he was resolved to sell his life dearly and prove to those cruel monsters that they should not continue their murders and devastations with impunity. All answered and cried out that they were determined to follow his advice and to do whatever he ordered. "Well, then," he replied, "we must when night comes get armed the best way we can, with pitch-forks and other weapons, and attack the Camolin yeoman cavalry on their way back to Earl Mountnorris, where they will return to pass the night after satisfying their savage rage on the defenceless country people."

Father John's plan was soon put in execution; he went to the high road by which the corps was to return, left a few men near a house with instructions to place two cars across the road the moment the last of the

cavalry had passed, and at a short distance from thence, half a quarter of a mile, he made a complete barricade across the highway, and then placed all those brave fellows who followed him behind a hedge along the roadside; and in this position he waited to receive this famous yeomanry cavalry returning from being glutted with all manner of crimes during this memorable day—the 26th of May, 1798.

About nine o'clock at night this corps, riding at great speed, encountered the above-mentioned obstacle on the road, and were at the same moment attacked from front to rear by Father John and his brave men with their pitch-forks. The cavalry after discharging their pistols got no time to reload them or to make much use of their sabres. In short, they were literally lifted out of their saddles, and fell dead under their horses' feet. Lieutenant Bookey, who had the command in the absence of Earl Mountnorris, was one of the first killed; he was a sanguinary villain, and it seemed a just judgment that befell them all: but be that as it may, Father John and his men were much elated with their victory, and, getting arms, ammunition, and horses by it, considered themselves formidable and able, at least, to beat the cruel yeomanry in every rencounter. They marched at once to Camolin Park, the residence of Lord Mountnorris, where they got a great quantity of arms of every description which had been taken from the country people for months before, and even the carabines belonging to the corps, which had not been distributed, waiting the arrival of the Earl from Dublin.

During the night and the next day, Whit Sunday, the 27th of May, the people flocked in to join Father John's standard on hearing of his success; and as soon as the news was known in Gorey the troops took fright and abandoned the town, letting the prisoners go where they pleased. But finding that Father John had

marched in another direction, they returned and resumed their persecutions as before: they again arrested great numbers and had them placed in the market-house loft ready to be butchered the moment the Insurgents made their appearance before the town. Poor Perry was amongst the prisoners and in a dreadful state, having the skin as well as the hair burnt off his head. Esmond Kyan was arrested that day, and made a prisoner.

Father John might have marched to Gorey and even to Arklow without meeting with much resistance, but he thought it would be more advisable to raise the whole county of Wexford first, and get possession of the principal towns. In consequence of this decision, on Whit Sunday, the 27th of May, he marched with all his forces, then amounting to four or five thousand men, to Oulard Hill, a distance of ten miles from Wexford and five from Enniscorthy. He encamped on this hill for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the unfortunate people who were hiding to come and join him. He soon perceived several corps of yeomanry cavalry in sight, but all keeping at a certain distance from the hill, waiting till the infantry from Wexford arrived to make the attack first.

Shortly after he saw a large force on the march, flanked by some cavalry, and, as soon as they began to mount the hill, Father John assembled his men, and showed them the different corps of cavalry that were waiting, he said, "to see us dispersed by the foot troops to fall on us and to cut us in pieces; but let us remain firm together, and we shall surely defeat the infantry, and then we shall have nothing to dread from the cavalry, as they are too great cowards to venture into the action." All promised to conform to his instructions. "Well, then," he rejoined, "we must march against the troops that are mounting the hill, and when

they are deployed and ready to begin the attack, we must retreat precipitately back to where we are, and then throw ourselves down behind this old ditch," pointing to a boundary on the top of the hill. All his instructions were executed as he had ordered.

BATTLE OF OULARD HILL.

The King's troops were commanded by Colonel Foote and Major Lombard, and as soon as they came within about two muskets shot of the Insurgents they deployed and prepared for action, but became enraged when they saw the Insurgents retreating back to the top of the hill; however, they followed quickly, knowing that the hill was completely surrounded by the several corps of yeomanry cavalry, and that it was impossible for the Insurgents to escape before they came in with them.

Father John allowed the infantry to come within half musket shot of the ditch, and then a few men on each flank and in the centre stood up, at the sight of which the whole line of infantry fired a volley. Instantly Father John and all his men sallied out and attacked the soldiers, who were in the act of re-charging their arms; and, although they made the best fight they could with their muskets and bayonets, they were soon overpowered and completely defeated by the pikemen, or, rather, by the men with pitch-forks and other weapons; for very few had pikes at this battle on account of having given them up by the exhortations and advice of the priests.

Of this formidable expedition, which was sent from Wexford, on the 27th of May, to exterminate the Insurgents, very few returned to bring the woeful tidings of their defeat, and the glorious victory obtained by

the people over their cruel tyrants. Of the North Cork party that had been the scourge of the country for several months previous, and so distinguished for making Orangemen, hanging, picketing, putting on pitch-caps, etc., Major Lombard, the Hon. Captain De Courcy, Lieutenants Williams, Ware, Barry, and Ensign Keogh, with all the privates but two, were left dead on the field of battle. In short, none escaped except Colonel Foote, a sergeant, a drummer, and the two privates mentioned above. The Insurgents had but three killed and five or six wounded. The Shelmalier cavalry, commanded by Colonel Lehunt, as well as the different corps of cavalry that surrounded the hill during the battle and did not take any part in the action, in their precipitate retreat to Wexford, Enniscorthy and Gorey, shot every man they met on the road; went to the houses, called the people to their doors and put them to death: many who were asleep shared the same fate, their houses being mostly burned.

Solomon Richards, commander of the Enniscorthy cavalry, and Hawtry White, who commanded all the troops of cavalry sent from Gorey to exterminate the people, surpassed any description that could be given of the cruel deeds of those cowardly monsters, who ran away that memorable day—Whit Sunday, the 27th of May, 1798. They little thought, however, that for every one they put to death in cold blood, they were sending thousands to join the Insurgent camp.

Father John and his little army now became quite flushed with their last victory. Seeing the King's troops flying and escaping in every direction, they were at a loss to know which division they should pursue; they however, having as yet no cavalry, marched from Oulard Hill, and encamped for the night on Carrigrew Hill. Next morning, the 28th of May, at seven o'clock, they marched to Camolin, and from thence to Ferns.

Not meeting with any of the King's troops in this town to oppose them, and having learned that they had retreated to Gorey and to Enniscorthy, Father John resolved at once to attack this last town. In order to afford a better opportunity to the brave and unfortunate country people to escape from their hiding places and come to join his standard, he and his little army crossed the Slaney by the bridge at Scarawalsh, and certainly this skilful manœuvre or countermarch had the happiest result; for immediately on crossing the river he was joined by crowds, and amongst them many of those splendid young men who so much distinguished themselves in every action afterwards against the enemies of their country, such as Ned Fennell, John Doyle of Ballyellis, Nick Murphy of Monaseed, Michael Redmond and Murt Murnagh, from Little Limerick. Thomas Synnott, of Kilbride, though not so young as many of the others, surpassed them in activity. In short, all the fine, brave young men of the most respectable class of farmers in the neighbourhood joined on this memorable day. All of them agreed to obey and comply with Father John's instructions, and to have his order strictly executed; offering him, at the same time, their opinions on the best way of carrying on the war: to all of which this courageous, simple man, listened with delight. Thus he became general-in-chief provisionally. Would to God he had been confirmed in this rank all through! His lieutenants now only vied with each other in showing their skill and bravery against the cruel enemy that had been desolating the country for months.

These young men only wanted a little drilling to become great leaders and excellent officers to enable them to obtain by their courage and tolerance the complete independence of Ireland. Nothing could be farther from their views than a religious war. The best proof

of this assertion is their love and sincere attachment to Perry and all the other Protestant chiefs embarked with them in this holy struggle to get rid of the cruel English yoke, and to have established, in its stead, perfect toleration for every creed and religious persuasion—that is to say, civil and religious liberty for all to the greatest extent possible. Such was the sacred engagement of the United Irishmen to one another from the commencement of the war, which they never suffered to be violated in their capacity as chiefs, whenever they had the means to prevent it. Yet, because three or four priests were driven from their neutral position by the blood-thirsty Orangemen to join the people's camp, the English Government wished to stamp the war in Ireland of 1798 as merely a religious war, carried on by priests. Yet now, strange to say, this same Government and English nation holds up to the skies as the greatest heroes of the age those bishops and priests who marched forward with the crucifix as their standard at the head of the people in Spain, Portugal, Hungary, and Lombardy, to drive the French and Austrians from their various countries. The unfortunate Irish Roman Catholic priests of that day did not show their love of country as the Spanish and Italian clergy did. The priests saved the infamous English Government in Ireland from destruction, and for their pious assiduity and earnest endeavours on this occasion to keep the people in thraldom they were but poorly recompensed. With the exception of Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, few or none got favours for themselves or their friends. Had ten counties of Ireland produced each at the same time a Father John Murphy, with his success, the remaining thirty-two would all have followed the example. Then the English forces would have been oblig-d to have evacuated the country; their army, reduced by desertion and sick-

ness, would have been overwhelmed in every part by the multitude of people pouring in upon them in every direction.

I feel this long digression necessary at this epoch of my narrative, on account of the great pains taken by the enemies of the independence of Ireland to make it appear that the Catholic United Irishmen had no other object in view than retaliation and revenge on their Protestant fellow-countrymen during the war. If none but the slanderer Sir Richard Musgrave had propagated such a calumny I would not deign to refute it; but the book-making bigot, the Protestant minister Gordon, whilst he allows that the greatest atrocities and murders were committed by the Protestant yeomanry on the unarmed and innocent Catholics previous to the rising, still condemns Father John Murphy as a vulgar, ferocious fanatic, because he had the courage to take the field and give battle to those blood-thirsty troops, in which Gordon's son was an officer. Is this impartial history?

On the other hand, honest Edward Hay, one of the Catholic aristocracy, who had his brother executed in Wexford as an United Irishman and chief of the Insurgents, wishes to make it appear, in his narrative, that there were very few United Irishmen in his country—the county of Wexford—because the reports found at Oliver Bond's scarcely made mention of the county of Wexford. The reason is simple. The County Delegate, Robert Graham, had the good fortune to arrive too late at Bond's, and escaped. Therefore his report of men and arms to the provincial meeting could not be ascertained.

In another page Edward Hay tells that, from the exhortations and exertions of the priests in every parish, the pikes were surrendered and generally lodged in the chapels at night. He also mentions that Bagenal Harvey had brought all from his district the day he was

arrested. Thus, as none but United Irishmen would risk having pikes, and they were discovered everywhere, it proves that the great mass of the people were United Irishmen. The Government knew it perfectly. Therefore it is useless to strive to maintain that the county of Wexford people were less desirous than those of other counties to shake off the yoke of England.

What a misfortune for Ireland not to be able to produce one historian who could boast that he was neither a place-hunter, placeman, or pensioner of the English Government! To such a man the most valuable materials could be furnished. What a pity and misfortune that the author of "Captain Rock" did not possess a thousand a year, or at least an independence which might have enabled him to live out of England! He could have brought his History of Ireland down to the Union and even later, instead of leaving it off at the reign of Henry VIII.; thereby he would have had an opportunity of doing justice to Father John, and to all those brave patriots of 1798, who sacrificed everything dear to them, life, fortune, all the enjoyments on earth, to see Ireland free and governed by Irishmen, and as she ought to be, in place of being the last and most unfortunate country on the face of the globe.

Another Irishman who took upon himself to write and publish the history of the brave United Irishmen says "he is not for revolutions made by the sabre." But as this declaration coincides so well with the fulsome cant of "not spilling one drop of blood," I shall leave these divines to be judged by posterity, and return to Father John Murphy, who would have been the last man in the world to transgress the divine laws of his religion. By acting as he did to resist English murderers, he showed to the tyrants of the earth how dangerous it is to drive even slaves to desperation. His success in this just war affords a fine specimen of what a people are capable when resolved to be free.

BATTLE AND TAKING OF THE TOWN OF ENNISCORTHY WITHOUT CAPITULATION.—PRECIPITATE RETREAT OF THE KING'S TROOPS TO WEXFORD.—THE PEOPLE OF THE IRISH ARMY ENCAMP ON VINEGAR HILL, 28TH MAY, 1798.

As soon as it was decided to attack the town of Enniscorthy, Father John marched his little army to the hill of Ballyorrel. I still call it his army, amounting now to about seven or eight thousand men, six or seven hundred of whom were armed with muskets or fowling-pieces, and tolerably supplied with ammunition: but not having either artillery or cavalry, it required the greatest care and precaution to provide provisions and have them always at hand, to leave no pretext to the men to quit the camp in search of them; consequently a park of cattle was soon collected and driven by careful men at the rear of the column. A halt on this hill of Ballyorrel became necessary, after a march of six hours, in order to let those who were fatigued repose themselves. Besides, vast numbers were seen escaping from the Orangemen and marching towards the hill. Amongst these was the Rev. Michael Murphy, of Ballycarnew, who was accompanied by several fine young fellows, who, though badly armed, had all some kind of weapon, and each longed for an opportunity to use them.

Every disposition that could be thought of was now in readiness, and at half-past one o'clock Father John, at the head of his little army, left the hill and marched to attack Enniscorthy. A small advance guard of two hundred men, with fire-arms, flanked by some pikemen, preceded him. They were met at the Duffrey Gate, outside of the town, by the whole military force of the garrison, composed of several corps of infantry and

cavalry, commanded by Captains Pounden, Cornocks, Richards, Jacobs, etc., with the exception of Captain Snow, of the North Cork Militia, who did not think it prudent to quit the town and march with the infantry under his orders: probably in consequence of the severe lesson which his regiment had received the day before on Oulard Hill. But be that as it may, Father John's advance guard was attacked and charged desperately by the Enniscorthy cavalry the moment it approached the Duffrey Gate, and was forced, not to retreat, but to get behind the ditches on each side of the road, and thus escaped the fury of the further charges of the cavalry, who had to fall back on their infantry corps that were placed in the rear, at the point where two or three roads join leading into the town from the Duffrey Gate.

Father John, fearing it would be very difficult to get his pikemen to attack this mass of infantry so well posted, flanked on one side by the River Slaney, and on the other by houses and walls, from which a continual fire was kept up, and many of his men killed when they advanced, bethought himself of a stratagem, after consulting with the other leaders; it consisted in getting some thirty or forty of the youngest and wildest of the cattle brought from the rear of his column, goaded on by some hundreds of brave, decided pikemen, which immediately threw the Enniscorthy infantry into the greatest confusion. The more they fired the more the cattle and their drivers advanced through the smoke and balls, until the line was completely broken, and all forced to retreat precipitately into the town, where Captain Snow and his infantry had remained on the bridge, and secured thus the passage to this panic-stricken army, that boasted in the morning they would never return until all the Insurgents were exterminated. They now, however, betook themselves to the houses,

from which a tremendous firing was kept up from the windows and doors on the Insurgents, who bravely pursued them into the town. Though exposed to the greatest danger under the terrible fire, and seeing their comrades fall dead by their side, yet the people set to work calmly and determinedly to besiege every house where the enemy took refuge. Such perseverance and courage finally succeeded. The King's troops, seeing some houses on fire in the suburbs, on the road to Wexford, and a great number of people appearing suddenly on the top of Vinegar Hill, which commands the town completely, believed they were going to be attacked on all sides; and from what they had already experienced of the intrepidity of this gallant little Irish army, they suddenly sounded a retreat, and fled to Wexford in the greatest disorder, abandoning the town without being able to put their threats into execution, to have all the prisoners put to death that were confined in the castle. Fortunately the keeper of the prison was one of the first to escape, and took the keys with him, so the cruel Orangemen were disappointed, not having time to have the doors broken open before their flight.

But had Father John's army been less fatigued and exhausted after the long march made in the morning and fighting all day, without having had time to take any nourishment, half this infernal band would have been made prisoners before they reached Wexford; for they neither observed order nor discipline on the way: officers taking off their epaulets and other marks of distinction to try to pass for privates in the event of being overtaken by the people. No doubt they fought bravely and defended themselves as well as they could during the battle until they were overpowered; but I will never call a man brave who kills his fellow-man in cold blood whom he finds unarmed and unable to resist. This was

the kind of bravery the military were practising everywhere throughout the country previous to the Insurrection, without having the pretext or excuse of reprisals or retaliation of any kind—cowardly murderers, wantonly committing all sorts of crimes for months before; and now they were forced to abandon their houses and for the greater part to leave their families behind them at the mercy of this brave army that took the town by storm and after a battle that lasted more than four hours, and during the latter part of which the people had to fight with the greatest disadvantage. Yet, compare and contrast their conduct after the victory with that of the cruel yeomanry and military. There were no houses burned or pillaged after the town was taken: yet the victors did not want for pretexts for reprisals and revenge. The houses were, however, searched for arms and ammunition, for the people stood in the greatest need of ammunition, having used almost all they had during the battle.

No doubt the sudden flight of many of the families belonging to the yeomanry excited the greatest sympathy, when they arrived in Wexford, amongst the inhabitants of every class; but there was little pity shown to the unfortunate women and children who had been forced to sleep out in the ditches for weeks before, and whose husbands and fathers were hunted day and night by this same yeomanry, and who were sure to be shot if they fell into the hands of those blood-thirsty monsters, who were a disgrace to humanity.

A camp was immediately formed on Vinegar Hill, and the Irish army marched there without delay to pass the night. A report that fresh troops were coming to attack them had the best effect, as it caused all the stragglers to quit the town and join their respective corps on the hill.

The numbers of killed and wounded was nearly

equal on both sides; however, in the town, the people had more killed, on account of having been fired at from the houses as they entered. But at the Duffrey Gate the King's troops had more than a hundred killed, with several officers; Captain John Pounden, of the Enniscorthy infantry, Lieutenant Hunt, of the yeomanry, and Lieutenant Carden, of the Scarawalsh infantry, were found amongst the dead after the battle.

I trust that one day, when poor Ireland will be free, there will be a monument raised to the memory of those brave men who so heroically contributed to gain the battle of Enniscorthy: to Thomas Synnott, who, with his little band, waded the river Slaney, above the town, under the fire of the enemy; and to those fine fellows in the suburbs, who set fire to their own houses in the rear of the King's troops, and made them thereby suppose that they were surrounded on all sides, and caused them to fly with confusion in every direction.

REFLECTIONS.

It would be indeed difficult to appreciate the great and precious results that might have been obtained after the victory at Enniscorthy for the independence of Ireland, had this victory been promptly followed up by another, which could have been easily accomplished the day after the battle—the 29th of May—in place of waiting on Vinegar Hill to receive deputations from the garrison of Wexford, which had literally capitulated by letting out their prisoners, and sending these same prisoners to make terms for them, or, in other words, to give them time to escape. The entire Irish forces, amounting then to ten or twelve thousand, should have marched at once on New Ross, which town they would have readily taken, for the military there were equally

terror-struck as those of Wexford. From New Ross, the army could follow the River Barrow to Carlow, and this rapid march would have afforded an opportunity to the Queen's County as well as the county of Kilkenny to rise in a mass and form camps of their own; and on the same day, the 29th, three or four thousand could have been spared, and sent to take Bunclody or Newtownbarry, where the troops were also terror-stricken, in place of giving them time to recover from their panic to the first of June, four days later, when the town was taken, but evacuated the same day, on account of reinforcements coming to the aid of the garrison. Newtownbarry in possession of the Irish army, they could have followed up their victory along the River Slaney to Tullow, where those brave men who failed at Carlow, on the 25th of May, would all have joined, and have had a better occasion and more time to prepare for new combats.

Another great advantage would have been obtained by this rapid march: Garrett Byrne, of Ballymanus, would have marched, with his brave county of Wicklow men, to this camp, and the junction once formed, he would have had the chief command, which would have had the happiest effect, as he enjoyed the highest consideration, and was beloved and esteemed by all. All would have obeyed and executed his orders most willingly. But instead of this, those brave Wicklow men were making night marches, in groups of twenties, to join the camp at Vinegar Hill. By the time they arrived it was not men that was wanting; for the brave and dauntless Thomas Cloney, of Moneyhore, joined the camp on the 29th of May, at the head of a splendid corps of fine, determined fellows. Cloney, though young, being about twenty-four years of age, was a man of the soundest judgment, the purest honour, and coolest bravery, and well fitted to be a chief. He was six feet two or three

inches high, well proportioned, and handsome. He would, had the war continued and succeeded, not only have become a good general, but a statesman and senator. He was ever ready to save the lives of all prisoners, and often at the risk of his own: still he was cruelly persecuted for his humanity and uprightness. His long imprisonment and sufferings are well known to every true Irish patriot. I feel at a loss for expressions to do justice to the memory of Mr. Cloney; I knew him well, and as I shall have to speak of him often before my narrative is finished, I shall endeavour to make amends for any omissions of what could have redounded to his honour.

Another gentleman, one of the purest Irish patriots that ever lived, joined the people's camp at Enniscorthy on the 29th of May. William Barker was a wealthy resident of the town, connected not only with all the Catholic aristocracy of the county, but nearly allied to the first Protestant families of the town and county; not belonging to any political society whatever, he did not hesitate to take a command when a chance offered to set Ireland independent and free. He had, in my mind, more merit than almost anyone who took part in this war.

Mr. Barker having served with distinction in France in one of the Irish Brigades, Walsh's regiment, the people had great confidence in his experience as an officer and brave soldier, and were therefore ready to obey and execute his orders. His brilliant conduct at the battle of Vinegar Hill, on the 21st of June, where, at the head of the division, he commanded the important post at the Duffrey Gate against the English troops, and where he lost his arm, proved that the people had made a good choice. But I shall enter more fully on that subject when I come to describe the battle. Mr. Barker, being consulted, proposed at once to march to take

New Ross the same day, which would probably have been accomplished without much loss, the panic then being so great amongst the King's troops. Unfortunately Mr. Barker was outvoted by the other chiefs, all of whom wished to take Wexford first. No doubt it was of great importance to have the county town at once, but it was of still greater importance not to give the enemy eight days to recruit their forces at New Ross, as was the case, for it was not attacked till the 5th of June. Had it been taken on the 29th of May it would have opened a communication and roused the people of the whole province of Munster to take up arms against the common foe, as it was the key and leading road into that country, where there were few regular troops; and as to the yeomen cavalry, they were only good for shooting the poor defenceless people in cold blood, and in the event of a general rising their cruel conduct would soon have proved more prejudicial to the King's army than to the Irish, as it would drive everyone able to carry arms to join the Irish standard. The people of the adjoining counties of Waterford, Tipperary, and Kilkenny, not rising at this critical moment, afflicted and saddened the lovers of the independence of Ireland, for the awful crisis had arrived when every true-hearted Irishman should have taken up arms to drive the common enemy out of his country. It was not want of courage, but want of unanimity amongst the chiefs to take the field, according to the pledges or promises they had solemnly given. No doubt many of them were absent or in prison, but still sufficient remained to head the people to victory, and to follow the sublime example of the brave people of the county of Wexford. But alas! the destiny of poor Ireland is still depending on chance, as it was in December, 1796, when General Grouchy, in the absence of General Hoche, failed, not from want of courage, but of a fixed

determination, to land at once the French army then under his command in Ireland, and march straightforward to Dublin, there being no English forces sufficient in the country at the time to oppose him. On the contrary, more than a hundred thousand Irishmen would have joined him before he had reached the capital, where he would have found the means of equipping and arming them in a very short time.

I may be asked, if it was so easy to raise a hundred thousand men, why not do the business without French aid? The reply is simple: a rallying point and arms were wanting to the Irish patriots of 1796. But the battle and victory of Enniscorthy, in 1798, would, in a great measure, have supplied those deficiencies, had two great faults not been committed after this victory. The first I have already described, which was not having followed Mr. Barker's advice to march on the 29th of May to New Ross, in place of Wexford, and thereby afford an opportunity to the province of Munster to rise *en masse*. This general rising would give sufficient occupation to the King's regular troops; and as to the yeomanry, I have said before they were rendering service to the Irish army by their cruelty to the people who had not joined the camp.

The second great fault was, having concentrated the Irish forces at Vinegar Hill, there to wait and accept a general battle on the 21st of June, with scarcely any pieces of artillery or cavalry of any kind, against the English army, well supplied with both. Nothing was more easy than to have avoided this battle, if the division which came from the county of Wicklow, in place of marching to Vinegar Hill to cover Wexford, had marched into the mountains of the county of Wicklow, where it had nothing to dread from either cavalry or artillery; and by this manœuvre approaching Dublin, the English division would have been obliged to fall

back immediately to cover the capital. Thus the war would have been prolonged until the French landed in August, under General Humbert. Although the forces which this brave general brought only consisted of a detachment of eight hundred men, from the moral effect it would have had, it would have been quite sufficient to raise the three provinces *en masse*: for all knew well that other expeditions were in readiness to sail from France to reinforce General Humbert's advance guard, for as such it was considered. Then the ever-to-be-lamented Tone, Tandy, and many other chiefs would have accompanied French troops to every part of Ireland, when the people would have rallied round them as their liberators.

I thought this long digression necessary to prove and to explain the immense importance of the victory gained at Enniscorthy, had it been rapidly followed up by one or two more, which at that time could have been so easily obtained. It was only necessary to continue to obey for a few days longer those chiefs under whose command the last two battles were gained, and to wait to make a proper choice of a commander-in-chief and staff from amongst the splendid young fellows who were distinguishing themselves in every combat against the common enemy.

CHAPTER II.

THE camp of Vinegar Hill on the morning of the 29th May, 1798, after the victory, presented one of the most glorious and splendid scenes that ever occurred for the independence of Ireland. The finest young fellows that any country in the world could produce were pouring in from all directions, but particularly from the barony of Bargy and the country leading to Ross. No doubt great confusion and excitement prevailed, but it was the excitement of a mass of people beseeching their leaders to lead them on to victory, which they could not fail to obtain, so bent were they on meeting the enemy and on having an opportunity of being revenged on the cruel monsters who were committing every crime, violating the women, burning the houses, shooting the owners in cold blood at their doors, in the presence of their wives and daughters, etc. The disputes between contending parties respecting the next town to be attacked were very warm indeed; some wished to return to Gorey, which they knew was again occupied by the King's troops; others wished to march on Carnew to take vengeance for the slaughter of the twenty-eight fathers of families slaughtered there previous to the Insurrection, without judge or jury, save the Protestant minister Cope, who presided at the massacre. Many came forward to show themselves as victims, caps with boiling pitch having been put on their heads, because they had had their hair cropped short. These not only brought off the skin but the flesh in many instances; numbers by this inhuman treatment were disfigured for life. Some who had been picketed and half hung claimed the right of vengeance on the towns where these unheard of persecutions had been perpetrated.

Such were the conflicting scenes to be witnessed on this memorable morning at the camp of Vinegar Hill.

The brave men who gained the battles of Oulard Hill and Enniscorthy, though they were fifteen and twenty miles from their homes, being mostly from the north and north-east of the town, still agreed with the thousands of young fellows who had just joined the camp to march forthwith and attack Ross, when, unfortunately, the appearance of Edward Fitzgerald, of New Park, and John Colclough, of Ballyteague, changed this plan. These gentlemen had been for some days prisoners with Bagenal Harvey in Wexford Jail, charged with being United Irishmen. They were liberated, and requested to go to the people's camp on Vinegar Hill to pray them to disperse and give up their arms, etc. The absurdity of telling a victorious army to disperse and go to their homes, and there wait until they might be shot in detail, showed how panic-struck the cowardly garrison of Wexford was, and how easy it would have been to have captured them and to have forced them to lay down their arms had there been a rapid march made on the town, instead of the circuitous one to the Three Rock Mountain, which was made on the 29th, and which gave the King's troops time to recover from their panic, and wait for the reinforcements they expected hourly from Ross and the Fort of Duncannon.

It was decided that John Colclough should return to Wexford to tell the garrison that no terms but a complete surrender of the town would be listened to; and in consequence, as soon as he received his instructions, he set out as the bearer of these woeful tidings for the cruel Orangemen who composed the force of the place. Edward Fitzgerald was detained at the camp, not as an hostage, but as a worthy man, possessing a large property, and enjoying great influence in the country, and to whom the people looked up as a fit person to become

their leader. Mr. Fitzgerald knew nothing of military affairs; he seemed, therefore, disinclined to assume any command, but he remained and identified himself with the people and their cause, to which he remained faithful to the last.

Mr. John Hay, of Newcastle, joined the camp this day, and as he had been some time in the French service, it was thought he would become at once one of the principal commanders; but, whether from modesty or from perceiving the want of warlike stores, discipline, ammunition, etc., that existed in the camp, and being accustomed to see nothing but regular service, he could not be prevailed on to take any command that day. Subsequently he fought bravely until he met his untimely end. He was executed at Wexford after the town was retaken.

It being decided that a small permanent camp should be kept up on Vinegar Hill, the army at length set out on its march to attack Wexford, amounting now to at least sixteen thousand men, three thousand of whom had fire-arms, and amongst these some of the best marksmen of the country; particularly those from the barony of Shelmalier, where the men were trained from their infancy to shoot wild fowl in the marshes during winter as a means of gaining their livelihood, sending loads of barnacles or sea birds to Dublin weekly. An army flanked by such rifle men had nothing to fear from the yeomen cavalry: nor were there any English regular forces assembled at the time in any part of the country that could have dared to venture to meet them in the field. Thus the march of this valiant little Irish army to the Three Rock Mountain, three miles on the other side of Wexford, was effected without impediment. A camp was immediately formed, and outposts placed to guard against surprise, and the wearied mass soon betook themselves to rest for the night. But early next

morning, the 30th of May, they were roused up by the intelligence that an armed force, with artillery, was perceived at a distance on the road leading from Duncannon Fort to Wexford to reinforce the garrison and King's troops there.

This news afforded a fortunate occasion to those brave fellows who had lately joined, and who longed so much for an opportunity to prove that they were not inferior in courage and intrepidity to those who had gained the battles of Oulard Hill and Enniscorthy. This advanced guard of the King's forces, sent forward by General Fawcett, who remained himself at Taghmon, was allowed to proceed on its way until arrived on the road under the Three Rock Mountain, when it was attacked, in front and rear, at once by a force detached from the people's camp, led on by the brave Cloney, John Kelly, of Killan, Robert Carty, and Michael Furlong, of Templescoley. The fight did not last more than fifteen minutes; the whole detachment of the King's troops was either killed, wounded, or made prisoners: it consisted of about one hundred men of the Meath Militia Artillerymen and three officers comprised, with two pieces of cannon. The result of this brilliant action had the happiest effect, as it not only caused Wexford to surrender forthwith, and struck terror into the enemies and persecutors of the people everywhere throughout the country, but it shewed that this same people could produce the greatest heroes when fighting for the independence of their beloved country against their cruel English tyrants.

I have in another part mentioned Thomas Cloney as fitted to have filled the highest situation; I must now speak of the ever-to-be-lamented John Kelly, of Killan, who was considered by all those who knew him, or who saw him in battle, to possess all the finest qualities of the truest patriot, and the bravery and heroism of the

greatest general of antiquity; this fine young man would have become the Hoche of Ireland had the war continued and succeeded. He was recovering fast from the wounds he received at the battle of Ross, when the relentless Orangemen of Wexford had him executed after the town was reoccupied by the King's troops.

No doubt the result of the victory gained under the Three Rock Mountain was great, but how much greater might it have been, had Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roache, and John Hay (all three considered by the people, from the high station and influence they had in the country, as destined to take a special command), instead of negotiating with the enemy and affording them thereby time to get away by land and sea, marched at once on the town, with fifteen thousand men and the two howitzers just taken, to intercept instantly all the roads leading out of the place, particularly the one to the barony of Forth, to prevent the possibility of a retreat on Duncannon Fort. This measure, properly executed, the garrison would have been obliged to surrender at discretion, and lay down their arms, or be slaughtered to the last man. The moment to have put this plan into execution was when Colonel Watson, marching with the garrison to attack the camp at the Three Rock Mountain, was killed at the head of the King's troops, and when all his men fled back to the town in the greatest disorder and precipitation, and with the utmost terror and dismay. Pursued vigorously then, the people would have entered with them, pell-mell, without the least hindrance. Besides, at the same time, thousands were assembled at the country side of the wooden bridge ready to co-operate with the Irish army coming from the camp at the Three Rock Mountain to attack the town. This plan not being thought of in time, or, at least, not put into execution, caused the Irish chiefs to become the dupes of the most infernal

deception or *ruse de guerre* ever practised in such cases. Two respectable and liberal Protestant gentlemen—Counsellor Richards and his brother—were deputed from the garrison to proceed to the people's camp to treat for the surrender and evacuation of the town by the King's troops; they brought a letter from Mr. Bagenal Harvey. This gentleman had been a prisoner several days in Wexford Jail, and was now liberated for the purpose of being made an instrument by his cruel enemies to obtain time for them to get away, with their arms and ammunition, all of which should have been surrendered had the people's decision been executed. The Messrs. Richards were well received at the camp, and it was immediately agreed on that one of them should remain as an hostage whilst the other returned, accompanied by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, to see the terms of the capitulation fulfilled. On their departure, the camp began to move forward from the Three Rock Mountain, with ridiculous precaution, to the Windmill hills, near the town, to be ready to receive the arms, ammunition, and other military stores to be surrendered according to the articles of the capitulation. But by the time Edward Fitzgerald and Counsellor Richards arrived in Wexford, the King's troops had fled, carrying off with them, or destroying, all the arms and ammunition the town contained, and of which the people stood in such need.

Their exasperation and indignation became so great at the idea of being outwitted by the cowardly garrison, that it required the greatest exertion on the part of the chiefs to prevent the town from being burned to the ground, and this danger was not so much apprehended from the over cautious army of the Three Rock Mountain as from the thousands of brave fellows who were coming from the other side: and had these men not

been delayed repairing the bridge, where a part of it had been burned at the other end (Ferrybank), they would in all probability have arrived in time to intercept and destroy great numbers of the troops that were escaping in the utmost confusion and disorder, without observing any kind of military discipline. It only required a few hundred resolute men to be sent after them to have defeated them completely before they reached the "Scar" at Barrystown. Thus pursued they would not have had time to quit the high road to go and kill in cold blood, as they did, the unoffending and innocent people through the country, wherever they passed.

Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, in place of having to stipulate with the King's forces for the surrender of the town, was prayed by a few of the civil authorities, Dr. Jacob, the Mayor, at the head of them, to proceed to the bridge to beseech the mass of people then crossing it not to set fire to the town. He succeeded with the greatest difficulty in appeasing and preventing them for a moment putting into execution the vengeance they thought themselves so well entitled to from the many persecutions practised by the cruel magistrates, who had fled with the King's troops, and who had contributed so much before and after the Insurrection to deluge the country with the blood of its worthiest citizens.

Whilst Mr. Fitzgerald was thus occupied in endeavouring to pacify those brave fellows who were pouring into the town over the bridge, and shouting "victory and vengeance," the army of the Three Rock Mountain that had halted at the Windmill hills entered the town with more order, their chiefs at their head, and all exerting themselves in the most praiseworthy manner to prevent pillage or harm of any kind being offered to the inhabitants, but most particularly for respect to be shown to the females of every class and party. They succeeded beyond their expectation, which was wonder-

ful, from the exasperation and disappointment of the people in not getting the military stores they were led to expect that the town would have preserved for them. Nothing could surpass the joy and enthusiasm of the patriotic portion of the townspeople, to find that their cruel enemies had fled, and to see their liberators marching into the town in great triumph. Almost every house was decorated on the occasion with green flags, green boughs, and ornaments of one description or another. All this, with the doors thrown open everywhere, and refreshments of all kinds most freely offered and distributed by the inhabitants, to an army now twenty thousand strong, contributed in a great measure to keep order: besides, parties were immediately sent to search all the ships and vessels in the harbour, in which a good deal of ammunition and arms was found, with those Orangemen who intended to escape by sea, and who were brought on shore as prisoners.

Considering all that had happened during the day, Wexford was remarkably quiet on the night of the 30th of May, but very early next morning, the 31st, all began again to be in commotion; the army became anxious to obtain new victories; orders were given to march out and encamp on the Windmill hills, and to have it divided into two separate bodies or divisions, one of which, consisting of those who inhabited the Wexford side of the Slaney, marched to Taghmon. Having learned that General Fawcett had fled from that town precipitately, back to Duncannon Fort, with the 13th Regiment, or Meath Militia, as soon as he had heard of the defeat of his advanced guard at Three Rock Mountain, there was nothing now to prevent this division of the Irish army marching instantly to attack and take the town of Ross. But unfortunately a want of bold determination prevailed amongst the leaders. At length they named Bagenal Harvey to be their com-

mander-in-chief. This gentleman, though liberal and patriotic, and enjoying the most unlimited confidence for his integrity and zeal in the sacred cause of the people, did not possess the military talents or qualities necessary for such an important rank and situation: besides, his very delicate constitution rendered him quite unfit for such a command.

Mr. Harvey, being a Protestant of the highest respectability, and chosen by his Catholic countrymen to become their commander-in-chief, should have been a sufficient proof that it was not a religious war that the Irish were engaged in against their cruel enemies, the English, but a war to obtain equal and adequate rights for people of every religious persuasion, and for the complete independence of their country.

The commander-in-chief now made choice of a number of splendid young men to compose his staff, all of whom would, with a little experience, have become distinguished field officers. Amongst these was John Devereux, of Taghmon, afterwards General Devereux in the South American Service, who contributed so much to the independence of that country with Bolivar after he had been forced to expatriate himself to North America to escape the persecutions of the Orange magistrates of Wexford. But his worthy father did not escape the wrath of those vile tyrants; they had him arrested and lodged in Wexford Jail, where he died soon after before they had time to have him executed.

Besides the means of composing his staff with young men of exemplary courage and talent, the general-in-chief, Harvey, found many other resources in the town of Wexford for his army; such as gunsmiths for repairing the fire-arms, and blacksmiths for forging pikes; a press for printing proclamations, which should have been issued and distributed in thousands, prohibiting pillage or plunder of any kind, but particularly against taking

the life of the greatest criminal before he was tried; and for this purpose a special commission or court-martial should have been formed and attached to each army to try all offenders, and have impartial justice rendered to all parties. No doubt it would have been a difficult task in the first instance to prevent the thousands who had had their nearest relations killed in cold blood previous to the rising from taking revenge when any of those monsters fell into their hands; but, unfortunately, the innocent sometimes become the victims of this kind of retaliation, and it might have proved better policy to do the reverse of what the enemy was practising every day; at all events, cold-blooded murders could never be serviceable to any cause.

The baronies of Forth and Bargy afforded great resources to General Harvey as to provisioning his camp with eatables of different kinds; the inhabitants were very industrious, and, of course, well supplied in general with provisions, but they were less alive to the degraded and enslaved state they were kept in than the people of the other baronies of the county, and had not numbers of them been shot by the King's troops retreating from Wexford to Duncannon Fort, very few of them would have joined the camp. But the news of the murder of so many innocent and defenceless people roused them from their apathy, and filled them with indignation, and, in consequence, some thousands of them assembled and waited on Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, and asked him to become their chief. This aged gentleman, though ill with the gout at the time, accepted; he mounted his horse immediately and went at their head to Wexford, with green banners flying; it caused the greatest joy to the patriots of the town to see a Protestant of his high station and large fortune in the country join their standard. But a cruel destiny awaited this worthy man; he fell a victim to the rage

of revenge, being one of the first executed when the town was retaken by the English. His brother Thomas Knox Grogan, captain of the Castletown yeoman cavalry, was killed at the battle of Arklow, fighting in the English ranks against the people. The third brother John Grogan, commander of the Heathfield cavalry, retreated with the King's troops to Duncannon Fort, and yet, notwithstanding the active part he took at the head of his corps, and his great devotion and loyalty to everything English, he had not influence enough to save his unfortunate brother Cornelius from being hanged. Such was the gratitude and the way the best services were requited by the enemies of Ireland at that awful epoch!

Captain Keogh, a Protestant gentleman well known, was named to command the town of Wexford, which was divided into wards, and a commission of the most respectable inhabitants elected to act as the police, procuring provisions, and seeing them distributed equally to all without distinction. Civil guards were organized; the men chose their officers; the guard did duty night and day, and rendered great service in keeping order.

CHAPTER III.

THIS was the favourable state of things at Wexford when General Harvey and his army corps marched from the Windmill hills to Taghmon, where he encamped for the night of the 31st May, 1798, whilst the other body or division, consisting principally of those from the north side of the Slaney, who had gained the battles of Oulard Hill and Enniscorthy, marched back from the Windmill hills, in the direction of Gorey, to Vinegar Hill and to the hill of Carrigrew. This brave little army, though having many distinguished leaders, had not as yet chosen a general-in-chief. Father John Murphy always preserved his influence with all those who knew him.

The Rev. Philip Roche had joined by this time: he was a clergyman of the most elegant manners, a fine person, tall and handsome, humane and brave beyond description. He had been attached at one time to the parish chapel of Gorey, and thereby knew of the many inhuman deeds committed by the Orange magistrates in that neighbourhood on the defenceless, unarmed people, so he did not hesitate to take an active part in the struggle.

The Rev. Father Kearns having also joined, and immediately availing himself of his influence as a clergyman, proposed to march and attack Newtownbarry or Bunclody. He was instantly followed by about two thousand five hundred brave, determined men, badly armed as to fire-arms, but with pikes and other weapons. Father Kearns was one of the strongest and most powerful men that could be met with in any country, and his bravery equalled his strength. Had he been bred to the military profession in a country like France,

where courage and merit were sure of being recompensed, he would have been a Kléber, and soon have been raised to the first rank in any army he made part of.

On the first of June Kearns and his small division marched in good order, following up the River Slaney, and driving the yeomen cavalry before them whenever they came in sight, or dared to make any stand. He halted and drew up his men on a small hill near the town of Newtownbarry, to give time to the rear guard and the stragglers to arrive and join the main body. During this halt I approached him for the first time; he was on horseback, and well mounted, and indeed it required a good horse to carry him. I took the liberty of observing to him how desirable it would be to have such a military position on the other side of the town as the one on which we were standing as soon as we should be masters of the place. He cut me short. I had still more to say; he replied, holding up his whip, "Tell all those you have any control over to fear nothing, as long as they see this whip in my hand." It was the only weapon he possessed. I need not add that this abrupt answer caused a smile on the countenances of all those who were listening to our very short conversation, and no doubt augmented their belief that this powerful man was destined to lead them to victory. To speak to him of a rallying point in case of being forced to retreat would be worse than treason; his ships were always burned.

When Father Kearns thought his little army sufficiently rested, he took off his hat, being still on horseback, and beseeched all to join him in a short prayer; all knelt down; he then gave the signal for the attack, which was executed with such promptitude and vigour that Colonel Lestrange who commanded the garrison, with five hundred regular infantry, besides the yeomen

cavalry, was overwhelmed and forced to retreat precipitately and in the greatest disorder. About twenty of the garrison having been cut off, not having time to escape, took possession of an isolated house belonging to a Mr. Maxwell and from the windows of it fired out and killed several people in the streets. It was endeavouring to dislodge these men that Father Kearns lost time, and was prevented pursuing the King's troops that were flying in such disorder, when they were met by a reinforcement of the King's County Militia that was coming to their assistance, rallied them, and of course gave them new courage. They returned to the town, and did not meet the little Irish army in a formidable position to resist them, it being dispersed through the leading streets. These were the real motives which obliged Kearns and his men to retire and evacuate Bunclody, or Newtownbarry, and not drunkenness and pillage, as the eternal enemies of every thing Irish had it propagated, in order to bring disgrace on our cause. For my own part, I must declare that I did not see a single man intoxicated during the time we occupied the town. Besides, the strongest liquors could scarcely have caused drunkenness in the short space of time the place was occupied. For, in less than an hour, Kearns and his men were again outside the town, and, being separated into different detachments, they had no doubt to fight their way through gardens and lanes for some time, but, not being followed by the infantry, they had little to apprehend from the cavalry, for twenty pikemen that kept together, with two or three with fire-arms, was quite sufficient to keep the best of those corps at a respectful distance. The number of killed and wounded was nearly equal on each side.

Thus Father Kearns' brave little army, so formidable in the morning, and from which so much was expected, had to retire without being able to accomplish the great

object for which the expedition was undertaken, namely, the opening of the communication up the Slaney into the counties of Carlow and Wicklow, and thereby affording an opportunity to the persecuted inhabitants of these counties that had been dispersed and hunted daily, like wild beasts, to rally again and assemble in such force that their enemies would have been forced to fly before them like chaff. Besides, the infamous towns of Carnew and Dunlaven, in the county of Wicklow, where so many cold-blooded murders were perpetrated previous to the rising, would have been chastised, as they merited. The town of Tullow would have been taken at once and Carlow would have been afforded another chance of revenging its disasters of the 25th of May ; and the cruel death and execution of the excellent and humane Sir Edward Crosby, whom every one lamented, with the two or three hundred victims of military executions which took place in Carlow, would have been sufficient to rouse the whole country again.

If Newtownbarry had been retained, as could so easily have been accomplished, had Colonel Lestrange been vigorously pursued for a mile outside the town, he would have been forced to quit the great road, disperse, and escape through the fields with the troops he commanded, and the reinforcements coming to his assistance would have followed the example. For such was the terror and panic spread by the yeomen cavalry in their flight, that nothing could rally them until they got to Clonegal ; and as to the few Orangemen who took refuge in the town, it would have been better to give them an opportunity to escape, which they would have had as soon as night came on, or have been burned in the houses, if they persevered in firing from them.

Kearns' men, being obliged to abandon Newtownbarry by different ways, still kept together in small detachments, any of which was quite sufficient to make

head against the yeomen cavalry. Not knowing any rallying point at the time but Vinegar Hill, they all directed their course that way, marching at their ease, stopping for the night whenever it suited them, regaining the camp in two or three days afterwards, as it answered their purpose; meeting no enemy they had plenty of time to recover from their great fatigue and prepare for new actions. For my own part, I longed to rejoin the main body as soon as possible, and not being certain where to find it, I proposed to those who kept by me to march at once to Vinegar Hill, where, no doubt, we should get all the information we required. We arrived there on the 2nd of June, and learned that all those who marched under the orders of Father John Murphy, Father Roche, and the other chiefs were then encamped on Carrigrew Hill. We immediately set out, and arrived at this camp on the 3rd of June, where I met hundreds whom I had not seen for months before, and who knew me from my childhood. The greater part of these brave fellows were just escaping from their hiding places, and had run the greatest danger coming to join the camp, having to pass through those parts of the country which were occupied by the enemy, and where all kinds of outrages were perpetrated by these cruel monsters—particularly a cavalry regiment, the Ancient Britons, accompanied by the Orangemen and Hunter Gowan, with his "black mob." To the honour of the people, the females of this murderer's family were respected by them. Hunter Gowan had fourteen daughters, all grown up; they were escaping to Arklow on the 28th of May when they were met by a party of the people commanded by Murt Murnagh, of Limerick. These young women, knowing well the number of innocent persons whom their father had shot in cold blood, expected, no doubt, every kind of ill-treatment; but Murnagh and his followers assured them they had

nothing to fear, and, after searching the jaunting cars for arms and ammunition, Murnagh and his men escorted them on the great road leading to Arklow for some distance, until they were out of the way of meeting other parties of the same description: he did this at the risk of meeting the enemy in superior force. Had he fallen into their hands this humane and generous conduct towards these young women would have been considered sufficient proof that he was a chief; consequently, he would have been tried and executed immediately as such. This was the sort of Turkish justice practised by the English throughout this war. Yet no provocation on their part could make the people debase themselves to retaliate on helpless females. They were everywhere respected, as they should be; not a single instance to the contrary could be brought forward when the war terminated; nor was there a Protestant church injured, with the exception of one at Old Ross, whilst every place of worship belonging to the Catholics was burned.

It was on the 3rd of June I had the happiness of meeting my poor step-brother, Hugh Kennedy, for the first time since I was forced to leave home in the beginning of May. I found him looking better than I could have expected after all he had suffered. He was busy forming platoons and sections. The men seemed to obey him cheerfully; he being a Dublin man was considered capable of giving them instruction, and of showing them how to form a line, how to break from the line into column by platoons and sections. I saw with pleasure the great desire every one at this camp evinced to see a military organization take place by parishes or towns—that the men of each assembled should freely choose their own officers and promise to obey them: but unfortunately there never was sufficient time to accomplish a work so necessary for the success

of our cause. Being always on the march, or skirmishing with the enemy, it was nearly impossible. Yet one thing might have been done whch was neglected; that was to oblige the chiefs and officers that were known in the United system to wear on their arms a distinctive mark according to the rank they held. This would have prevented many disagreeable occurrences that took place during our night marches. Another measure was also in contemplation which would have had the best effect. This was that as soon as the men had chosen their officers, and had consented to obey their orders, that they should consent also to have their coats cut in a kind of military form, with the skirts turned up behind, no matter what was the colour. This kind of uniform (until a better could have been provided) would have prevented them in a great measure from quitting the camp without permission from their officers. They would certainly have felt ashamed to have been seen scampering through the country whilst others were obliged to do severe duty in their place; and to be seen with their coats of a military shape in a village whilst fighting was going on at some distance would dishonour them for ever; and if they attempted to change this coat or Irish uniform for one not cut in this fashion it would be considered not only as desertion, but high treason, and thereby amenable to the severest punishment. But instead of those necessary regulations, everyone wore what he fancied made him look to advantage and appear warlike; green, of course, was the favourite colour, and, wherever it could be had, put on in profusion. As it could not be got in sufficient quantities to furnish all, it would have been advisable to have adopted the simple green cockade, and to require all to put it in their hats and nothing else. The officers wearing the same cockade, and stripes on their arms to distinguish the different ranks, would have sufficed until such time

as uniforms and epaulets could have been procured. Drums or some musical instrument were wanted to call the men to assemble. This deficiency was remedied by the standard-bearers of each corps, accompanied by a small guard, marching through the camp and crying to the men of such a corps to join their colours forthwith; and as the name of the baronies, towns, or parishes that the corps belonged to was always mentioned, it probably answered the purpose better than the sound of a drum to the ears of the country people, who as yet not having had anything to do with the drill sergeant would be quite at a loss to know what the drumming meant: but the sweet cry of the name of their native barony or village roused them up at once. How often have I admired the alertness of these brave fellows at the cry of the standard-bearer, "Shelmalier men, come to your colours," "Men of Monaseed corps, join your colours immediately; we are going to march, etc." This last mentioned town contained very few houses, but the manor of Monaseed was considerable enough, and all the inhabitants took a most active part in this war and furnished many who distinguished themselves in every battle or skirmish to the end; and all being United Irishmen, they followed the chiefs which they themselves had named with an entire confidence, and never had reason to regret the choice they had made. The standard bearer of the Monaseed corps, Pat Murray, of Crane, a determined man, rendered the greatest service by being always at his post ready to call the men to arms when required. He was quite proud of his splendid colour, and with reason, for it was one of the handsomest of the camp, being adorned with harps and green emblems, put on by handsome young ladies who sympathised in our sacred cause. Murray had the honour of taking this standard himself the first night of the rising, at Earl Mountnorris's house, Camolin Park, after Bookey

and his cavalry were defeated: it belonged to one of the Volunteer corps of 1782, and kept no doubt by the Earl as a trophy of the scanty Parliamentary independence that was torn from the English at that epoch for poor Ireland, and which the great Lord Charlemont and the great orator Flood deemed quite sufficient at the time; for the enslaved Roman Catholics, according to those bigots, were not entitled to be emancipated, nor to participate with their Protestant fellow-countrymen in the new acquired liberties. It is a well-known fact that not one Roman Catholic was admitted in to the Volunteer corps of the county of Wexford in 1782. How different were the enlightened views taken a few years later by the ever to be lamented Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, Emmet, and the other great patriots, who sacrificed everything that was dear to them to obtain equal and adequate representation for Irishmen of every religious persuasion. These great men knew too well that no justice could be obtained for Ireland but by force of arms. Unfortunately we were deprived of their aid and counsel; the greater number of them being in prison, or fled to foreign countries before the rising took place.

The brave men who belonged to the different yeomen corps who had either resigned, or been dismissed as suspected of being United Irishmen, were now at the camp of Carrigrew, rendering the greatest services, both as chiefs and instructors; particularly Grogan's corps, of Castletown; Beaumont's, of Hyde Park, and White's, of Ballyellis. The latter being an infantry corps, and all the men well drilled, all of them were acting as instructors and teaching the country people how to load and prime their firelocks with safety: whilst those who had served in the cavalry, being excellent horsemen, were looked up to as experienced military men, and consequently they for the most part acted as chiefs and

leaders, and were obeyed and followed by the innocent country people as such, without hesitation, which had the happiest effect during our short campaign.

BATTLE OF TUBBERNEERING OR CLOUGH.

The halt during the 2nd and 3rd of June at the camp of Carrigrew Hill was considered necessary to afford time to those who had gone to enquire about their families on their way back from Wexford to rejoin the camp. These two days were well spent in preparing for new combats, and in acquiring accurate information as to the strength of the enemy, and the respective positions and towns where they were concentrated. This information was soon obtained from the poor people who had to fly and escape from their homes before the King's troops that were marching on and devastating everything as they passed. Early on the morning of the 4th of June it was known that four divisions, each with artillery, and accompanied by several corps of yeomen cavalry, were marching to attack our camp at Carrigrew; one division from Carnew, one from Newtownbarry, and two other divisions were coming on two different roads from Gorey. General Loftus commanded the centre division; the division on his left was commanded by Colonel Walpole, and all these divisions were to arrive and attack the hill at the same moment.

Our little Irish army, consisting now of about ten or twelve thousand men, with a scanty supply of powder and ball for our fire-arms, and without either cavalry or artillery, with the exception of a few gentlemen farmers who were still tolerably well mounted, as all their horses had not been taken by the Orangemen, had to prepare for battle and to make head against all those regular forces that were on march to annihilate us and drive us into the sea. It was at once decided by all the chiefs

assembled, Father John Murphy and others, to march and attack the division of the King's troops coming from Gorey, to take the town if possible, and release the second batch of prisoners confined there before the cruel magistrates could have time to have them executed.

About nine o'clock in the morning of the 4th of June our army was drawn up in line in Mr. Donovan's domain near Carrigrew Hill, and I must say in a more military order than usual. The line being now broken into column, and an advanced guard of two or three hundred men formed, some of whom were mounted, orders were given to march on the road to Gorey; the advanced guard, flanked by some good sharpshooters, set out in good order, and preceded the column at the distance of a mile: I made part of this advanced guard, and almost all my friends and relations that I met at the camp made part of it also. We marched in good order until we arrived near Tubberneering, where the road leading to Gorey turned a little to the left and formed a kind of elbow. At this turn or point of the road we perceived the English army drawn up in line of battle, their artillery all placed ready to fire. Instantly one of our mounted men was sent back to apprize the head of our column of this circumstance; but before he had time to go far a discharge of the enemy's artillery and musketry sufficiently showed where they were in a position to receive us. We had a great number killed and wounded by this volley; still we kept our ground and advanced through a large field to take advantage of a ditch (a hedge) that lay between us and the enemy at our left flank, and which brought us within half musket shot of them. But this manœuvre cost us dear. Whilst crossing this field our men were literally mowed down. My first cousin, Pat Bruslaun, had a part of his thigh cut away with the grape shot, and on my other side I saw several I knew fall, and amongst them Ned Doyle, who had

been for many years a servant at my father's house: he received a musket ball through the thigh, but soon recovered from his wound, and fought in many battles afterwards with double courage. Once we got to our new position, being so very near the enemy, we had less to fear, as we could bring more readily our pikemen into action; our men with the fire-arms, having a kind of breast-work in front, kept up a well-directed fire, every shot of which must have told.

Whilst we thus occupied the enemy, our column or main body in the rear formed their line of battle, which extended much to our left flank, advanced in a kind of half moon or crescent. Colonel Walpole, seeing this manœuvre, and not finding General Loftus's division yet in sight, which was marching on his right flank, ordered a retreat, in order to gain time for this division to arrive; but the moment the fire of his cannon had ceased, we sallied out, ran on the artillery, and before the drivers had time to put to the horses, had captured three pieces of six-pounders, with cases of ammunition, and, in short, everything appertaining to this artillery. The drivers and gunners were treated with respect, but, though prisoners, they were obliged to show the men under whose guard they were left how to manœuvre and manage this artillery.

Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of our line of battle, not marching, but running to the assistance of the advanced guard; particularly so when they saw the fine park of artillery which had fallen into our possession. They very naturally thought the battle was completely gained; but they had still to fight another not far distant from thence, as Colonel Walpole halted and rallied his troops at Clough, about a mile in the rear from Tubberneering, where he was joined by a hundred grenadiers sent to him by General Loftus. With this reinforcement he expected to be able to keep his position

until the General himself, with his entire division, came to his assistance.

It is only justice to the memory of this unfortunate man to say that he displayed the bravery of a soldier, and fought with the greatest perseverance in his critical situation: but he was soon overpowered by our men, now so flushed with victory that nothng could retard their march onwards. Walpole was nearly surrounded by our forces that outflanked him before he fell. We saw him lying dead on the road, and he had the appearance of having received several gun-shot wounds. His horse lay dead beside him, with a number of private soldiers dead and wounded. His troops now fled in great disorder, and could not be rallied; they were taken by dozens in the fields and on the road to Gorey. After they had thrown away their arms, accoutrements, and everything to lighten them, they were yet overtaken by our pikemen. It was curious to see many of them with their coats turned inside out; they thought no doubt by this sign of disaffection to the English that when made prisoners they would not be injured. But this manœuvre was unnecessary, for I never heard of a single instance of a prisoner being ill-treated during those days of fighting: our men were in too good humour to be cruel after the victory they had obtained.

Although the battle was gained at Clough and the King's troops in full retreat, still there were two things to be feared and to be guarded against: first, that the cowardly yeomen, who did not venture to take part in the action, would have time to massacre the prisoners who were confined in vast numbers in Gorey, particularly those who were placed in the market house loft in the main street, through which these ferocious men were to pass; secondly, it was to be feared that the infantry escaping might have time to get into some isolated house and there barricade themselves until reinforce-

ments came to relieve them. To obviate these two disasters, we decided to pursue them so rapidly as not to afford them time to do either. From Clough to Gorey, a distance of several miles, we never allowed them to rally or make the least resistance, and so arrived in the town of Gorey at their heels. They had only time to fire through the windows where the prisoners were confined. Fortunately Esmond Kyan, who was one of them, made them all lie down quite flat on the floor the moment he perceived the enemy approaching, and by this precaution both he and his fellow-prisoners escaped, for none were wounded; the balls only broke the windows and lodged in the walls on the other side of the market house loft.

I must here say, without vanity, that I never before felt so proud or happier than I did on this occasion to think that I was among the very first of our forces who contributed to save the lives and put at liberty so many brave men. I only knew Esmond Kyan by reputation, but he was well acquainted with my father, and, of course, he knew all about me and our family. He was the greatest acquisition to us at this moment, for his bravery and activity could not be surpassed, though he had lost an arm some years before. He had a cork arm and did not appear to want one at all.

Being well instructed in gunnery, he went instantly to the hill or rising ground above the town, where our camp was pitched, and immediately took charge of our newly-acquired park of artillery: and certainly a braver or more experienced officer could not have got the command of it. He soon had the honour to fire the first salute with this cannon when General Loftus appeared in sight, with all his forces, to attack us, which made this over-cautious General quickly disappear. Seeing this volley so well directed he naturally thought that he had approached too near our camp and thereby ran the

risk of having his artillery captured also. But, fortunately for him, our men were quite exhausted, not having had time to repose or take refreshments of any kind during the day, otherwise he would have been pursued and probably forced to leave some of his cannon behind him. A few of our men, who were pretty well mounted, were sent after Loftus's division to see what direction it had taken. These men soon returned, and told us that the King's troops were not marching, but running away on the road to Carnew. What a pity that we had no cavalry equipped and well armed to follow and attack their rear guard, which, making off in such confusion, would have been forced to surrender, or at least great numbers of prisoners would have been made.

The result of this day's fighting was incalculable for our cause; to see such numbers of fine fellows rushing into the greatest danger for the love of their country and its independence, as military discipline as yet could scarcely be expected to prevail. I wish I could recollect all their names to mention them in this narrative as a small tribute to the memory of such true patriots, who risked everything that was dear to them on earth to see Ireland as she ought to be. Some, however, I can never forget, such as Ned Fennell, John Doyle, Nick Murphy, Michael Redmond, Murt Murnagh, Laurence and Luke Finn, Isaac and Jacob Byrne, of Ballyellis; as to poor Anthony Perry, of Inch, though he had got out of prison a few days before, he was suffering so much from the cruel treatment he had received there, the application of a pitch-cap on his head, which raised all the skin of his head and a part of his face, that he was miserably low-spirited and weak, and could not render the service he otherwise would have afforded us had he been well and in his usual state of health, for he was a real soldier and devoted to the cause.

The very inaccurate accounts published of the battle

of Tubberneering or Clough by persons who evidently were not there oblige me to be more particular in mentioning all that came within my own knowledge during that memorable day, the 4th of June, 1798. That day the great power of the pike as a war weapon, if the men are properly disciplined, was fully shown.

One version attributes Walpole's defeat to his love of dress, about which it is said he spent more time than on military operations and tactics. Yet we see he lost no time that morning at his toilette, for he would have been exact to the moment at the Hill of Carrigrew, according to the concerted plan he had with General Loftus, had we not met him on the road; as to his not having scouts out, the best proof that he had is that they apprised him of our march and that he was not surprised, as he had his division drawn up in line of battle ready to receive us; and certainly he had plenty of time to retreat back on Gorey before our main body could have come up with him had he preferred running away to fighting or risking a battle. Another says: "No vedette was out from either army, and that the collision was sudden, etc." Our advanced guard, on the contrary, marched with all the precautions usually taken by detachments sent to reconnoitre, that is to avoid falling into an ambuscade on either side, and to push on until the enemy was properly discovered. All this we accomplished, and, after having met the enemy, we might have fallen back on our main body without fear or blame of any kind. Fortunately we kept our position, and thereby contributed by our perseverance to the victory. A third version is that General Loftus, on hearing the report of Walpole's cannon and other fire-arms in the engagements, not being able to go across the country, proceeded by the road to the scene of action, etc. Why could he not have come by the same way the grenadiers came that he sent to reinforce Walpole at Clough, and he would have arrived in time

to participate in the action. The divisions that were marching from Newtownbarry and Carnew to attack us, as well as the one commanded by General Loftus himself, all heard the firing, and knew well that the battle was going on. Why did they prefer keeping at so respectful a distance? Their cavalry were so well mounted, and such great fox-hunters, they might have crossed the open country anywhere, and have arrived in our rear, and thereby have caused a timely diversion in favour of Walpole's army. The truth is they were panic-struck, and could not readily be brought into action. Besides, their speciality was to murder inoffensive people in cold blood, not to meet the armed foe in the field of battle.

I have already mentioned that by our driving the regular troops and the cruel yeomanry through the town of Gorey in such a rapid manner we not only saved the lives of more than a hundred prisoners who were lodged in the town jail and on the market loft, but also the lives of many others who expected every moment to be torn from their homes and families. Amongst these were several of my acquaintances, and I need not say with what joy and alacrity they came to welcome us as their liberators, and to join our standard, and to share henceforward all our perils and fatigues. Denis Doyle was one of them whom I knew from my childhood, as both he and his family were our neighbours, and we were accustomed to meet every Sunday at the Chapel of Monaseed. He had been a short time settled in Gorey as a timber merchant, and he expected every moment either to be dragged to prison or shot. I was the first he recognized amongst our forces, and he ran to meet me with open arms: he could scarcely contain his wonder and joy when I told him about the battle we had just gained; he mentioned to me how Walpole had laid several wagers that we could not resist

twenty minutes on the Hill of Carrigrew, and Doyle himself told me he thought it was impossible that we could make head against the regular troops he saw assembled and marched off that morning to attack our camp, with artillery of every description, and accompanied by a dozen corps of yeomanry cavalry.

Denis Doyle from that day became one of our brave and active officers: he was young, handsome, and spirited. When the war terminated he had the good fortune to escape to America, and set up in the same business at New York which he had been following at Gorey. His brother, Davy, had been practising as a lawyer in America for two or three years previous to this, which, no doubt, induced him to go and join him there. Another of his brothers, Mr. James Doyle, took a very active part all through the war, and after the defeat at the Boyne he escaped and got to Dublin, where he had to hide for a long time, and could never venture to return to his home. He was married to a daughter of Mr. Kavanagh, of Ballycarten, and a niece of Father Frank Cavanagh. My friend and schoolfellow, Johnny Doyle, who distinguished himself so much, and whom I have mentioned before, was first cousin to these Doyles. Mr. James D'Arcy, brother to the Rev. Father D'Arcy (Roman Catholic priest), who had replaced at one time Father O'Leary as chaplain to the Spanish Ambassador at London, acted throughout the Insurrection with coolness and bravery. He was married to another of Mr. Kavanagh's daughters. Being obliged to abandon his home and property, he came to reside at Dublin. His elder brother, Mr. Matthew D'Arcy, was forced to quit Gorey, with his young family, to escape the vengeance of the Orangemen; he settled at Islandbridge, Dublin.

The Messrs. Redmond (Denis and John), first cousins to the D'Arcys, and brothers to the brave Michael Red-

mond who was killed at the battle of Arklow, escaped to Dublin, where they had to hide for some time; they could not return to their homes.

Edward Byrne, or "Little Ned," as we used to call him, though he was nearly six feet high, because he was the last of the brothers, was brother to Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, and to the ever-to-be-lamented William Byrne who was executed at Wicklow, and to whose sister, Miss Fanny Byrne, Lord Cornwallis had promised a reprieve, but this cold-hearted, inhuman man did not keep his promise. He allowed the unhappy young lady to repair to Wicklow to weep over the cold remains of her beloved brother, whose only crime was having saved the lives of many prisoners at the risk of his own. Byrne's innocence became proverbial ever after through the country; when anyone was going to be tried the people would cry out: "Oh! surely that man is as innocent as poor Billy Byrne."

After the Insurrection was over, Ned Byrne married in Dublin the third and youngest daughter of Mr. Kavanagh, of Ballyscarton, sister to the brave Thomas Kavanagh who was killed at the battle of Arklow. He thereby became brother-in-law to James Doyle, James D'Arcy, and Ned Kavanagh, and allied to the Redmonds.

Nearly half a century after, I was transcribing these notes one day at Paris when I received a Dublin newspaper, in which I saw an account of a great entertainment given at the Mansion House by the Catholic Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, Mr. John D'Arcy, son to the late Matthew D'Arcy, nephew to Mr. James to the late Matthew D'Arcy, nephew to Mr. James the other Insurgent Chiefs of 1798, to the English Protestant Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Clarendon, under whose administration the unfortunate country suffered greater miseries than at any other epoch of her history.

I don't mention this coincidence to disparage Mr. John D'Arcy, for whom I feel the greatest esteem; for he only complied with the duties incumbent on the high situation he owes to his fellow-citizens when he entertained the enemy of the independence of Ireland, for which so many of his near relations suffered.

I only mention the circumstance on account of the questions put to me so often by my French friends, who cannot conceive why such vast numbers of Irish Catholics are abandoning the land of their birth to escape famine and the many unheard of miseries there, to go off to America, whilst they have still the means of paying their passage, whilst the Catholic Lord Mayor and the Protestant Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are on such friendly terms; it is quite beyond their comprehension, for they say that if there was anything like a St. Bartholomew or a revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they could easily understand the matter; but it appears to them quite incomprehensible to see Catholic lords and Catholic members of the House of Commons sitting in the English Parliament, whilst Irish Catholics are allowed to die every day from want and hunger; they think this state of thing is equal, if not worse, to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. That only lasted a day, but the extermination never ceases in Ireland. To all this I answer that many causes may be assigned for all this misery, but the great one is religious dissensions; that about the time I was born no Catholic could purchase land as a perpetuity, though all the soil had belonged to his ancestors. They were allowed to rent it on leases of 31 years, but as soon as the land was reclaimed and improved it was let over their heads to some descendants of the followers of Cromwell. These men, on account of professing the Protestant religion, got leases of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, or ninety-nine years, renewable for ever. They thus

became the middle-men and cruel taskmasters of the unfortunate Irish serfs: and although at a later period a law was passed empowering Roman Catholics to purchase land, very few were able to avail themselves of this concession on account of the difficulty, or I may say the impossibility, of getting small portions of land to buy. The titles to the large estates were so disputed in Chancery that no one cared to have anything to do with them. The law to sell encumbered estates only passed when the million had fled or were about to emigrate to America—that happy country where the labourer is sure of his hire, and where he cannot be evicted when he has improved his land. The Irish Catholics, so justly renowned for the steadiness with which they have borne persecution on account of their religion, see the number of the members of that religion diminishing yearly from starvation and bad government. I add that until such time as the Irish have the power of making their own local laws no redress can be expected, English Whigs and English Tories seeming delighted to witness the decrease of the Irish population. Thus that unfortunate country is doomed to remain an enslaved province of England, and to be despised by every Clarendon who may be sent over to misgovern it. But I must quit this painful digression, and resume my narrative at Gorey.

Although the King's troops had retreated in every direction, still it was thought that when they met reinforcements on their way they might return. It was, therefore, deemed necessary for us to take every precaution not to be surprised as we were at Newtownbarry after we had taken that town; and, in consequence, Denis Doyle and I were entrusted to place guards and out-posts at every entrance into Gorey; whilst others were charged with the same service at the camp. We took particular care to place a strong guard on the road

to Arklow, from which direction an attack was to be dreaded. We chose men of confidence as chiefs of each post, and after we had given them the watchword and countersign, we made several rounds during the night, and found all those chiefs of posts doing their duty perfectly well, although I believe it was the first time any of them ever performed such a service. Some time before day we were relieved from the danger of being attacked from the Arklow side, as a large body of Arklow men came to join our standard and told us how the King's troops had evacuated that town and were retreating on the road to Wicklow. This was joyful news to me, as I could now lie down with safety to rest; not in a bed, for that was a luxury I had not been accustomed to for many months past. When I awoke in the morning, the 5th of June (1798), I found that several small parties had been sent from the camp to reconnoitre, one of them specially charged to burn the house of that monster Hunter Gowan, about two or three miles distant from Gorey. This kind of retaliation was a poor compensation, and no consolation to the unfortunate relations of his victims. Fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers, sisters, all had been left to mourn those butchered by such magistrates in the pay of the English Government.

About this time a proclamation was issued from head quarters, Wexford, out-lawing Hunter Gowan, James Boyd, Hawtrey White, and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, all magistrates and commanders of yeomen corps, all of whom had committed the most horrid cold-blooded murders of the peaceable and well-disposed people throughout the country, previous to the Insurrection.

It has been frequently asked, why Arklow was not occupied forthwith by our forces, as the enemy had abandoned the place. No doubt a small body of our men might have been detached there, to keep possession of

the town and to make a general perquisition for arms and ammunition, which we stood in such need of. But it would have been imprudent to have marched with all our forces, and leave General Loftus in our rear at Carnew, where we were told he was assembling an army and making the greatest preparations to come and attack our camp, having received reinforcements from Tullow, Carlow and different other places. Perhaps too much time was allowed to elapse before the march on Carnew was ordered: but let that be as it may, a halt became absolutely necessary, to afford time to procure provisions for so numerous a body of men as we now were, amounting to nearly twenty thousand, and at that season of the year, when all the old provisions become so scarce, it was on meat alone we could count, to furnish our troops the means of living. As to rations of bread and other victuals, we found the greatest difficulty in procuring any quantity, the country being everywhere pillaged and devastated by the King's troops and Orangemen, who had been placed with the unfortunate inhabitants on free quarters previous to the rising.

Killing cattle at our camp to supply the men, was often attended with great inconvenience and waste; when the distribution of the meat was made, the men not having immediately the means of cooking it, never thought of carrying it with them raw, when the order to march was given. The offal and hides being left on the ground would have caused a pestilence in the hot weather, had it not been for the great exertions of an old gentleman of eighty, Mr. Barney Murray of Gorey, who rode every day to the camp and had them carried away and buried. For this act of humanity, he was imprisoned when the tyrants returned.

On the 6th of June I made a part of a detachment sent to reconnoitre; we were about thirty in number, tolerably well mounted and armed; we gave directions in

different villages where we passed, to the elderly men who could not join the camp, to take fat cattle from the domains of our enemies, have them killed, the meat boiled and cut in small portions, and have it forwarded without delay to our army at Gorey. Our orders were complied with as well as could be expected under such circumstances. We pushed on our reconnoissance in the direction of Shillelagh, and had already made seven or eight miles without meeting the enemy, when all at once, we perceived a corps of cavalry on march. We of course did not advance but halted to see what direction they would take; they drew up and halted also, the moment they saw we would not advance. After remaining a short time they wheeled about and marched back. We concluded that by this manœuvre they wished to draw us into an ambuscade. Perhaps they only followed their instructions, or that they supposed we could not have ventured so far, if we had not had our main body very near us to fall back on. Be that as it may, we thought it prudent to avoid a combat with a force three times our number: besides, our mission being accomplished, we returned to our camp at Gorey without having exchanged a shot with the enemy.

The next day, the 7th of June, I got the command of another small party to reconnoitre. We took nearly the same direction as the day before, but I wished to return by another way in order to obtain something certain about the enemy's force at Carnew, and to approach this town as near as I could with safety for that purpose. Being assured by some country people that the King's troops had left that place, I now longed to get back to communicate to the leaders all the information I had acquired, and as Monaseed lay in the way, I wished to pay a short visit to my dear mother, and to let the men who accompanied me take some refreshments at our house. We had not been there many minutes, when we

perceived a horseman coming on the road we had just left; I went out and met him. It struck me at once that he was a spy. As he did not give any satisfactory account of who he was, or where he was going, I thought it right to have him arrested. He was rather well-looking and about twenty-two or three years of age; his horse, bridle and saddle were fit to mount any man; he had no arms. We could not find the least scrap of paper on him; he, no doubt, might have had one sewed in his clothes, but we had no time to make a minute search. I had a musket primed and loaded in his presence, placed him on his knees and had it levelled at him, threatening to shoot him forthwith if he did not tell me something about where he was going. All to no purpose, nothing would he divulge, and yet I was convinced he was going on a mission for the enemy. Being eager to rejoin our camp without delay, I got one of our tenants, Maguire, who had been seeing his wife and children, and was about returning on foot to the camp, to mount the prisoner's horse and get him (the prisoner) up behind him.

We rode off quickly, and about two miles from Gorey we met our entire army in full march to attack Carnew. I was instantly surrounded by the chiefs who were desirous to hear all the news I had acquired during the day. When I satisfied them on this point, and told them all the particulars about the prisoner, the column was ordered to halt, and Esmond Kyan took charge of him and engaged he would soon make him speak. For this purpose, he made him put his head into the mouth of the howitzer or mortar, and threatened to blow him up into the air, if he did not immediately confess all he knew. But just as with me, nothing whatever could he extort from this most extraordinary young man, and yet it was evident he came from the country then occupied by our enemies. As it was useless to try any further experiments on this obstinate fellow, he was sent to the

rear of the column to be escorted with the other prisoners, and our army resumed its march towards Carnew; although it was now well known that General Loftus had quit the town the day before and marched with all the forces under his orders to Tullow. But it appeared that a march on Carnew, or a demonstration of some kind had become necessary to appease the wrath of the vast numbers who had had their dearest friends and relations slaughtered there, previous to the rising. How far this march was inconsistent with our military operations, we learned before many days passed; but it was a difficult matter to avoid committing faults, circumstanced as we were.

Our army encamped, the 7th of June, on Kileavan Hill, near Carnew, and in a short time afterwards, the greatest part of this town was burned. Many houses, however, belonging to those who were known not to have participated in the cold-blooded murders and tortures perpetrated there, were exempted from this useless retaliation.

To destroy isolated houses, liable to serve as citadels or places of refuge to the enemy, became necessary, according to our plan of carrying on the war, but otherwise it was bad policy to destroy any habitation, no matter who the owner might be. Bob Blaney's malt houses, and indeed all his concerns were saved, because he was so well known for his humanity and exertions in endeavouring to save the lives of the unfortunate people who were brought to Carnew to be tortured there previous to the insurrection; his brother Ralph was less popular, and of course his house shared the fate of his neighbours. Yet it was known that Ralph Blaney, after the war was over, did many kind acts to people who were in distress. His handsome house at Buckstown, not being destroyed, made him very grateful to the people of that neighbourhood, whom he knew had contributed to save his property there.

Our camp on Kileavan Hill was visited by some Protestants of the neighbourhood, who feeling they had nothing to dread on account of the neutral part they maintained during this struggle for independence, approached their Catholic acquaintances with confidence. They received them well, as persons considered friendly to our cause. But judge of my surprise, and how glad I was, when I saw amongst these visitors, young Effy Page, Ralph Blaney's clerk, he, who had had poor Ned Nowlan taken prisoner on the 24th of May, when we were passing at Hacketstown. I have mentioned all the particulars of this matter in the beginning of my narrative. Of course I had Page taken into custody, and given up to Nowlan's two uncles, Taddy and Darby Laughlan, and to his brother John Nowlan. All three were fortunately present at the camp at the time. I related to them in Page's presence, how he had their nephew and brother arrested and thrown into prison at Hacketstown; he owned it was true, and added, that Nowlan was safe, and would be exchanged for him; hoped he would not be ill treated, etc. I impressed in the strongest manner on the uncles and brother of poor Nowlan the necessity of keeping this young scamp well guarded until the exchange took place; that if they had not been there I should have taken charge of Page myself and never lost sight of him before all was accomplished. Of course they replied I might rest assured they would do everything necessary to hasten the release of their relative. I quit them upon this, having a good deal to do elsewhere. I was happy to think that chance had thrown this young scoundrel into our hands, and that thereby poor Nowlan would be snatched from an untimely end. Think, then, of my sorrow and indignation, when Taddy Laughlan, the uncle, told me next day that young Page's father, with whom he was well acquainted, came to him and pledged himself in the most

solemn manner that if his son was put at liberty they both would go immediately and have Nolan liberated. Laughlan had the fatuity to accede to this proposition, thinking, no doubt, it was the surest way of getting his nephew out of prison; but unfortunately he was cruelly disappointed. In thirteen days afterwards poor Nowlan was brought back to Carnew, and there immolated, to appease the thirst of the bloody Orangemen of that place.

Ned Nowlan was a powerful strong man, twenty-four years of age. The murder of so fine a young fellow was deeply felt by all who knew him, particularly as no charge whatever could be brought against him. But it sufficed that he was brave and a Roman Catholic, to have him sacrificed to the fury of the relentless tyrants and magistrates of Carnew. It makes me melancholy to think that he was not saved. His mother's sisters were married to respectable farmers, enjoying consideration and influence in the country. They did not exert themselves on this occasion as they might have done. Both Page and his father should have been retained prisoners and the females of their family charged with negotiating the exchange of the prisoners. Alas! nothing was done.

An incident occurred, scarcely worth noticing, if it did not shew how much we stood in need of discipline and some kind of control, to prevent our young men scampering through the country without any object in view.

Before quitting the camp at Kileavan Hill, I wished to leave a provision of salt at my mother's; it was an article we then began to feel the want of, and for this purpose I brought my nephew James Kennedy, a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, mounted on a breeding mare, more than twenty years old, and the only one of all our horses that the Orangemen left on the land. I

was accompanied by Jacob Byrne of Ballyellis. We were riding slowly, when we stopped to speak with some friends we met who were just coming out of the town of Carnew. My nephew who preceded us about two hundred yards, was thrown on the road in the most brutal manner by two fellows who mounted the old mare and came up meeting us. The poor boy, all covered with dust, was running after them, crying and shouting to stop them. I crossed them in the road and desired them to alight instantly, which they positively refused to do. Jacob Byrne, in assisting me to arrest these fellows, narrowly escaped; my piece in the struggle went off and shot his horse dead under him; both fell so suddenly on the road that I feared he was badly wounded. Fortunately he did not receive the least injury; he lost a fine horse, that was all, and the scamps betook themselves to the fields, leaving the old mare behind them. So we proceeded to Carnew. Mrs. Leonard, a widow, who kept a great warehouse and establishment there, and whose premises were respected in the general conflagration, had put aside for me a small bag of salt, which young Kennedy took charge of. But I had to have him escorted back to our house, three miles distant. This circumstance with many similar that occurred, shewed the necessity there was to have companies formed, and the captains and lieutenants regularly elected by their men: these companies to be from one to two hundred strong, to answer the proximity of the locality the men belonged to: each company to have a first and second captain, a first and second lieutenant, a first and second ensign: one at least of each of these ranks to be continually present with his company. Their duty, of course, would be to look after the welfare of all those who elected them to the honour of the command; to see that provisions were procured and regularly distributed, but of all things, to pass a minute

inspection every morning of the arms of their respective companies, and to be more particular about the pikes, as on this weapon so much depended; it being remarked that many of our men, as soon as they got any kind of firelock, even an old pistol which could not fire a shot, gave away their pikes to others. These men, at the inspection, could be mildly admonished and made ashamed of having given away a fine pike that such good use of had been made at the last battle, etc. A simple organization of this kind, with a few other military regulations, would have made our army of pikemen formidable indeed. Our fire-arms being of different calibres, we could not easily get cartridges made to fit them all; and this was another reason why we should have paid more attention to see that the pikes were always in good condition.

By the march of our army to Kileavan Hill we shewed the enemy that had retreated on Tullow under the command of General Loftus that we expected to have met them in the open field; but they preferred shutting themselves up in the town, after evacuating Shillelagh, Tinahely, and all that part of the county of Wicklow bordering on the county of Wexford, sooner than risk a battle against our pikemen in the plain, though they had cavalry well mounted and knew we had none. Thus we were obliged to go and attack them in their towns, where they were entrenched and barricaded in such a strong way that our pikemen found the greatest difficulty in making use of their arms.

But there was a plan suggested which if it had been put into execution would have in some measure remedied our critical situation and have forced the enemy to quit their strongholds. This plan consisted in having a corps of six or eight thousand men detached as a corps of observation, manœuvring from Tinahely to Rathdrum, and menacing to intercept the Dublin road leading to

Arklow, the command of this corps to be entrusted to Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus. This gentleman was well known to the gentry of the county of Wexford and much esteemed by them; but he was still better known in the county of Wicklow, where all the people were ready to follow him through thick and thin. It was in this situation he could have rendered the most important service, aided by so many chiefs, all of whom had distinguished themselves in each combat with the enemy, such as Dan Kervin, of Ballanacar, and a host of others equally brave and enterprising. Garrett Byrne's instructions were to be, to avoid a general battle; to attack all small parties of the enemy and harass them in every way; to keep open his communication with the main body or army; but if separated by a superior force of the enemy, he could retire into the mountains of Wicklow, to Glenmalure and the Seven Churches, where his men would have flocks of sheep at their disposition, and from thence he could have easily opened a communication with the Kildare men. Had this plan been decided on and carried into execution on the 5th or 6th of June, we should not have had to fight a battle at Arklow, for the town was abandoned by the King's forces, and the panic was so great, that we might have reached Dublin without meeting much resistance, and in all probability have assembled there in a few days, under the walls of the capital, more than sixty thousand fighting men, that would have come flocking from all parts of Ireland, to join the standard of independence.

All these plans were suddenly relinquished on learning that the town of Arklow was re-occupied by the English and the Orange yeomanry, and by reinforcements from Dublin; carriages, jaunting cars, carts, waggons, etc., all being pressed into requisition to transport troops there in all haste, to strengthen the garrison.

Our army returned on the 8th of June to its former

camp at Gorey Hill, to make preparations for the attack of the enemy at Arklow. Our ammunition became very scarce, except for the artillery, of which we had still a tolerably good supply, and provisions of all kinds were very difficult to be had for so numerous a body as was now agglomerated at our camp.

Different applications for gunpowder was made to the town of Wexford, which were not complied with, under the pretext that it was all wanted for the defence of the city, as if we were not defending the town more effectually than its inhabitants. Though we were thirty miles away, still we were fighting their battles as well as our own. At length we received a very small barrel of powder from Wexford; a scanty supply, no doubt, but it arrived very opportunely, the eve of a great battle; it was distributed immediately to those who had firelocks, as there was no time to have it made into cartridges. It was whilst witnessing this distribution that poor Nick Murphy and I lamented the loss of our large jar of fine powder, which held sufficient to have supplied our army for a long time.

I have mentioned already how John Sheridan had discovered to Hunter Gowan the place where we had this jar concealed, whilst Murphy and I were absent, going from place to place to conceal ourselves and to escape the fury of the Orangemen.

About this time the result of the hard-fought battle at Ross was known at our camp, and also that Bagenal Harvey had resigned the chief command, and that Father Philip Roche had been chosen by the people to replace him as commander-in-chief of their forces before Ross.

Roche was a very superior, intelligent man. Of course we regretted seeing him leave our corps, though we were in no want of chiefs to lead us to victory. We had still Father John Murphy and Father Michael

Murphy, both enjoying immense influence amongst the fighting men.

Besides, we had Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, and many other distinguished leaders, all of whom by this time were well known to have merited the rank they obtained in the United Irish system. What we wanted most, was gunpowder and a proper plan of campaigning, to draw the enemy from their entrenchments into the plain, and thereby enable us to bring our intrepid pikemen into action, as we did at the memorable battle of Tubberneering against Walpole.

We were now in possession of the whole of the county of Wexford, except Newtownbarry on the Slaney confines of the county of Carlow, New Ross on the Barrow confines of Waterford and Kilkenny county, and the Fort of Duncannon. We were also masters of that part of the county of Wicklow bordering on the county of Wexford, from Carnew to Shillelagh and Tinahely to the town of Arklow. It is only justice to say that those districts of the county of Wicklow furnished our army with the most determined, fine, brave fellows, and all to a man, priding themselves on being United Irishmen. They had all, either personally, or some members of their families, suffered the most cruel tortures and persecution, such as having had pitch caps put on their heads; they had been picketed or half hung; they had had the King's troops living on free quarters at their respective homes, and there committing all sorts of atrocious crimes, shooting the inhabitants, burning the houses, etc. Several men from Dunlavin came to tell the dreadful fate of their nearest relations who had been murdered there in cold blood previous to the rising. These fine fellows were now only occupied how they could best serve their country's cause. How much it is to be lamented that the inhabitants of all the districts of Ireland were not then animated with the same love of

independence! Then indeed the English yoke would have been soon shaken off, and no power could have fastened it on again. England would have had too much to do at home to keep her own population quiet, and guard herself against the French nation, at that time so powerful and so desirous to see England weakened and reduced to be a second-rate state, which evidently she would have been the moment Ireland was separated from her.

A short notice of a man whom I knew well, from one of the above-mentioned districts in the county of Wicklow, and who acted throughout our struggle for independence a most conspicuous part, first in the organization of the United Irish system, and subsequently as one of our brave chiefs in the war, will be in its place here on account of what is to follow.

Matthew Doyle, who resided on the way between Ballyarthur and Arklow, was appointed by the provincial chiefs to travel in the adjacent counties, to give instructions to the societies, and to report on their progress. Putenham MacCabe was frequently sent from Dublin on the same mission. I met them at Nick Murphy's house, at Monaseed, where they stopped the night, to take refreshments. No two men could be more dissimilar in manner. MacCabe was quite a man of the world, rather handsome, plausible in conversation, with a mysterious air of importance, which was greatly enhanced by his tie, wig, and other disguises he had to put on during the perilous mission he had undertaken for the welfare of Ireland. I met MacCabe in Paris in 1803. I never could rightly understand his patriotism. We were several Irish officers at the time, just setting off from Paris for Brest, from which place we expected an expedition would soon sail to free our unfortunate country. MacCabe seemed to gibe at our great hurry to repair to the coast, just as if he knew the secrets of the Govern-

ment; nor could I ever learn that he volunteered to go on any of the expeditions preparing in the French seaports to invade Ireland. Yet he ran great risks, going frequently to England and Ireland and returning to France during the war. In 1807 I was with a battalion of our regiment in garrison at Antwerp. MacCabe arrived there from England by way of Amsterdam; he had two ladies under his care, who were coming from Ireland, Madame Berthemy and her daughter Mademoiselle Berthemy. We invited these ladies and MacCabe to dine with us at our mess, which they accepted, and we spent a very pleasant evening at the Hotel du Lion d'Or. MacCabe shewed us a handsome case of pistols he had purchased in London, and which he intended for General Arthur O'Connor. This was the last time I ever spoke to MacCabe, though I saw him one day in the streets of Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons. He had just arrived from Dublin, where he had been imprisoned some time.

Matthew Doyle was a stout, healthy looking man; when travelling he was always mounted on a good horse, as the farmers and graziers generally are when going on their business to fairs or markets. In this way Doyle passed through the country quietly, without attracting any notice, yet notwithstanding all his precautions, his dwelling was one of the first in the country where the soldiers were let loose on free quarters. The Ancient Britons, finding Doyle had escaped into the woods, established themselves in his house, where they kept his wife and children prisoners until they were called away when Arklow was abandoned on the 5th of June. Doyle had the satisfaction of seeing, before the war terminated, these cruel monsters nearly all slain at the battle of Ballyellis in which he took an active part. But in a few days after, he was taken prisoner and on the point of being shot, when it was thought better to put him

into a regiment as a private soldier; this regiment being one of those sent to Egypt under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Doyle made the campaign there against the French. When discharged a few years afterwards, he was very vain of his military acquirements, which he trusted might one day be employed for the emancipation of his country. He was introduced to poor Robert Emmet in 1803.

I mention all these particulars about Doyle previous to giving an account of the battle of Arklow, because no man knew the environs of that town better than he did, and no one was more capable of making a diversion in the rear of the enemy's line, had it been resolved to do so during the battle, and which no doubt would have rendered the victory less dear to our army.

BATTLE OF ARKLOW—9TH OF JUNE, 1798.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, all the preparations that were possible to be made being now ready, and all our men who were absent during the night having joined their respective corps, the order to march from Gorey Hill was given, and never did I witness anything before like the joy that seemed to brighten every countenance when this command was repeated from rank to rank throughout the entire column; it had more the appearance of a march to some great place of amusement than to the battle field. I think we mustered twenty thousand strong at least, but we had not two thousand firelocks fit for use. The greater part of the muskets were taken by the country people, little accustomed to make use of them, the locks soon became deranged, and we had no gunsmiths following our army to repair them, nor had we even blacksmiths to repair our pikes; for those poor fellows were either shot, trans-

ported, or in prison previous to the rising. But still we had some three or four thousand tolerably well mounted pikes in our army, and the remainder of the men were armed with weapons of different sorts, all of which in close fighting would suffice against the soldier's gun and bayonet. We met no scouting parties from the enemy's camp before we reached Coolgreany; in this town we made a short halt, to let the men take some refreshments, and after a rest of less than an hour we resumed our march on Arklow, the enemy's cavalry flying back before us, without waiting to exchange a single shot with our advanced guard. Thus we arrived between three and four o'clock (after making ten Irish miles), in front of the enemy's line, which we found intrenched and barricaded, to commence a regular battle, with our very irregular troops, against a regular and disciplined English army. We first perceived a number of field officers seemingly very busy riding before their line of battle, but they, as soon as the first shot was fired from our troops, retired to the rear of their line, and we saw one of them fall from his horse, we supposed either badly wounded or killed. He belonged to the Durham Fencibles that occupied this strong position.

Esmond Kyan lost no time in drawing up our artillery to attack this position, and the very first volley he fired he had the satisfaction to see that he had dismounted one of the enemy's cannon. The Monaseed corps, to which I belonged, entered the field in front of the enemy's intrenchments at the same time with Esmond Kyan and the artillery; but we were instantly ordered to file to the right and attack the outlets or fishery where the enemy was in great force, and the corps not yet arrived were to take our place to guard the artillery and force the enemy's position in that direction.

We immediately obeyed and marched to attack the fishery, but we were greatly exposed to the fire from the

enemy's intrenchment in crossing an open field, and by this prompt measure we lost several fine fellows. We were soon joined by other corps of our army that had made a circuitous road and consequently without losing any men. We, being now in sufficient force, began the attack, and in a short time the battle became general in every direction where the King's troops were perceived, and the yeoman cavalry shewed more pluck on this occasion than usual. They accompanied the regular forces in several charges against our men, but without success, for we forced both them and the English troops to abandon their position in the fishery with great loss of men killed and wounded. Such were the prodigies of valour exhibited by our chiefs at the head of their respective corps, that General Needham, who commanded in chief the King's forces, from the onset despaired of success, and he had already begun to take the necessary dispositions to effect his retreat before the great mass of our pikemen should be brought against him. His troops, he saw plainly, though they fought bravely, could no longer resist the impetuosity of our attacks in the open field. Besides, he feared every moment that his forces might disband in confusion, particularly that part of Walpole's division which escaped at Tubberneering, and which, although now considerably reinforced by the Cavan militia and other troops sent from Dublin, could not forget its late panic at Clough, where Walpole was killed.

General Needham had also the cavalry regiment of Ancient Britons and at least a dozen corps of yeoman cavalry to bring against us, whilst we had scarcely any men mounted to make head against them; yet we defeated and dispersed them in every engagement during the day. Captain Thomas Knox Grogan at the head of the Castletown cavalry was one of the first who attempted to charge our troops; both he and his cousin

James Moor of Monaseed and several others of his corps were killed in an instant and the rest dispersed. I knew them both well; Moor was a near neighbour, and we rented land from Grogan, one of the most worthy men in the country. All the other cavalry corps that came to attack us, were defeated and dispersed in like manner as Grogan's. So we were now, after four hours of desperate fighting, completely masters of the field of battle, with the exception of one corner, the position occupied by Colonel Skerret and the Durham Fencibles, and this post was only attacked by our artillery, commanded by Esmond Kyan. Unfortunately, this brave and experienced officer, after having forced Skerret to abandon his first stronghold, received a wound which disabled him for some time. He had his cork arm with a part of the stump carried off by a cannon ball. This accident afforded time to Skerret and his much vaunted Durham Fencibles to barricade themselves in their new position. But, had a few hundred of our pikemen been brought to bear on them during this manœuvre, they would have fled as well as all the other troops under the command of General Needham. For really those Fencibles showed no bravery, further than to keep themselves under cover and away as much as possible from our pikemen. They never once attempted during the battle to assist the other troops of their division, which were overwhelmed in every direction by our army. Thus by keeping as much as he could out of the fight, Colonel Skerret made a reputation for himself, and for which, according to the military lottery, he was recompensed with the rank of general.

On the other hand the intrepid and heroic chiefs of our Irish army looked for no other reward than to see their country free and independent. Stimulated by this sublime aspiration, they cheerfully marched to meet the enemy, no matter how perilous the situation, and gene-

rally under the greatest disadvantage, suffering all manner of privations; and here it is only just that I should mention some of those who displayed the greatest bravery and courage during this action.

The brave Michael Redmond with the Limerick corps, and the men of his own neighbourhood contributed most powerfully in gaining the battle. After defeating the King's troops in the fishery, he was pursuing them into the town, when he received a mortal wound of which he expired instantly. This misfortune threw a damp over the men who looked to poor Redmond as their principal chief; but they were again cheered and encouraged by Anthony Perry, Murt Murnagh and other intrepid leaders.

The Reverend Michael Murphy who led on his men with skill and courage, enjoying, as he did, an immense influence over all those who knew him, his death in the heat of the battle was no doubt a cruel loss, but not an irreparable one, as some people would have it thought; for, if it was considered necessary to have a clergyman to lead the people to victory, there was still one in our ranks who enjoyed a greater ascendancy over the masses than the unfortunate man who was killed. Father John Murphy, apparently with the simplicity of a child, was a lion in the fight; in short he knew not, nor cared, nor feared danger, from the moment he was forced to take the field to save his life from the tyrants who had burned his house, his chapel, and all he possessed, on the 26th of May: and this day at Arklow he was seen in every critical situation encouraging the men and exposing himself to the greatest danger, wherever he thought his presence could be useful. He was so well known that the moment he was perceived there was a general burst of joy and enthusiasm throughout the ranks of the army. Thus it may be fairly said of Father John, that he contributed most powerfully to the success of the day at Arklow.

James Kavanagh of Ballyscarton and Michael Fearet of Tara, with many other fine fellows, were killed at the head of their men, driving the King's troops from the fishery. Dan Kervan with the other county of Wicklow leaders, distinguished themselves by their coolness and bravery all through the fighting; and of the Monaseed corps, I must as usual mention Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Nick Murphy, and indeed I could add a host of others who shewed the greatest intrepidity in heading their men in the thick of the fire. In short, in every corps of our army, were to be seen during this battle very young men indeed, displaying the greatest courage and carelessness about the great danger they were exposed to. Such was the endearing love of country and independence which animated the soul of each, that if they had been well commanded, the enemy had no force in Ireland to withstand them any time. I enter into these particulars to shew that we were not in want of brave and experienced leaders to head the men in the action. What we wanted was a commander-in-chief, who should have been chosen by all the other chiefs, previous to the battle, and whose orders alone should have been punctually executed, and no other that did not emanate from him. There were several trustworthy men to whom this important command might have been confided, such as Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Fitzgerald of New Park, and indeed many others who would have been quite equal to the task, with a council to direct them and a staff of aides-des-camp, composed of fine young fellows, to carry their orders and assist them in the fight. But instead of having a general-in-chief and a staff organized in this way, we were often at a loss to know from whom the orders came. For my own part, I never could ascertain who it was that gave the order to our army to march back to our camp at Gorey Hill, at the moment

the battle was gained and the King's forces quitting the town and retreating on the road to Wicklow. The Durham Fencibles that were left to cover this retreat only waited till it became dark to begin their retrograde march unperceived.

Our army had only to make a few fires at a little distance to shew the enemy we were encamped for the night, and a short time after the town would have been completely evacuated, not only by the English troops, but by the yeomen and Orangemen of every description.

How melancholy to think a victory so dearly bought should have been abandoned—for which no good or plausible motive could ever be assigned. No doubt we had expended nearly all our ammunition, but that should have served as a sufficient reason to have brought all our pikemen instantly to pursue the enemy whilst in a state of disorder and panic struck, as they really were that day at Arklow.

My firm belief is to day, as it was that day, that if we had had no artillery, the battle would have been won in half the time; for we should have attacked the position of the Durham Fencibles at the very onset, with some thousand determined pikemen, in place of leaving those valiant fellows inactive to admire the effect of each cannon shot. No doubt our little artillery was admirably directed and did wonders, until Esmond Kyan's wound deprived the Irish army of this gallant man's services; he was in every sense of the word a real soldier, and a true patriot.

A diversion in the rear of the enemy's line during the battle might have accelerated their retreat and have thrown them into still greater disorder and confusion. Matthew Doyle, of whom I have already spoken, offered to execute this diversion, but it was considered unnecessary. Of course Doyle and his men betook themselves to the front of the fight. Had a house or two been set

on fire in the rear of the enemy, as was the case at the battle of Enniscorthy, on the 28th of May (which decided instantly the success there in our favour), the same result would have been obtained for us at Arklow; for the King's troops, finding themselves attacked in their rear, would begin to fly in every direction; and already disaffection was plainly seen in their ranks, and the Irish private soldier had learned that he would not be badly treated if he fell into our hands. Thus, had we followed up our victory, in a very short time vast numbers of the Irish would have deserted from the English and come to join our standard; for, with the exception of the Orangemen, all the Irish that were brought against us only waited a fit opportunity to abandon their tyrants and come over to us; and no one knew this better than General Needham. That was the reason he wished to effect his retreat in time, before the disaffection became general in his army. But the unhappy destiny of poor Ireland would have it, that we were really ignorant of our own strength, and did not know how to avail ourselves of the immense advantages we had already acquired; having the whole country everywhere through the county of Wicklow favourable to us, by which the King's forces were obliged to pass, they never could attempt again to make another stand before they reached Dublin, and our army would, at every mile it advanced, be considerably augmented by those brave fellows who had had to take refuge in the Wicklow mountains, and who would now sally forth to attack the enemy in disorder, retreating in haste and confusion to escape from twenty thousand men, by whom they were closely pursued after their defeat at Arklow.

Nothing but the most precipitate march or flight could have saved any portion of them. General Needham dreaded this desertion; of course he apprised his Government of his critical situation. The Government

had no reinforcements to send him but Irish militia regiments, in whose loyalty now no confidence could be placed.

The infernal Orange system and lodges which the Government allowed to be organized in all the Irish militia regiments, would soon have had the happiest effect for us, had we but followed up our victory. For all those who refused to take the Orange test, particularly the Roman Catholics of those regiments, only waited a favourable occasion to escape from all kinds of persecutions and insults, which they had daily to put up with from the Orange ringleaders, who treated them as vile united rebels, croppies, etc.

No redress could they expect from officers who were sworn Orangemen themselves. Thus this schism and division was augmenting in every Irish militia regiment, and with it insubordination and indiscipline, such as was never known in any army before, and which confirmed the prediction of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, when he resigned the chief command of this army on the 29th of April, 1798, sooner than tarnish his military fame by remaining to lead a band of ruffians to scenes of cold-blooded slaughter and desolation. "The English army," he declared, "in Ireland was formidable to all but the enemy."

Never before had the English Government in Ireland been so near its total destruction. When Hoche's expedition appeared on the coast in 1796, the Irish nation was ready to avail itself of it to throw off the English yoke; but now the people found they were adequate to accomplish this great act themselves without foreign aid. What a pity that there was not some enterprising chief at their head at Arklow, to have followed up our victory to the city of Dublin, where we should have mustered more than a hundred thousand in a few days; consequently the capital would have been occupied without

delay by our forces, when a provisional government would have been organized and the whole Irish nation called on to proclaim its independence. Then would every emblem of the cruel English Government have disappeared from the soil of our beloved country, which would once more take its rank amongst the other independent states of the earth!

My great anxiety to appreciate the result of the battle, or what might have been the result of our victory at Arklow, has led me away from our march back to Gorey, but I now resume the details of this sad march.

Being masters of the country all round and of the battle-field, where not an enemy was to be seen, we should have deserved the greatest blame had we neglected to carry with us our unfortunate wounded men. For my own part, I did all in my power to have those who were wounded near me during the action carried away by their comrades, until the means of transporting them on cars could be procured, which was difficult on account of its being now quite dark night. Had we, as we should have done, got all the brave men who were killed in the action, buried, it would have deprived Lord Mountnorris and the ferocious Ancient Britons of the cannibal pleasure they enjoyed in mangling the body and roasting the heart of the Reverend Michael Murphy. But I shall not dwell on this painful subject, of which so much has been published by the bookmakers of that epoch.

When I reached Gorey late at night, I went to see about the wounded men of my acquaintance; they were placed on a ground floor in the main street, and as yet their wounds were undressed. One of them, poor young Owen Bruslaun took me by the hand, when I proposed to bring a surgeon, he told me it was useless, that he could not recover, and in a few minutes after he expired. Two others died before I left the room. Many

of those who were not badly wounded were taken by their friends to their respective homes, where they were sure to be well taken care of by the females of their families. A melancholy occupation, no doubt, for the poor mothers, wives and sisters; but we had no regular hospitals as yet organized, which was the worst feature of our campaigning. Not to be left the hope of being cured of our wounds was grievous indeed, but what was still worse was the certainty of being instantly put to death if made prisoners. Well, with this gloomy prospect before our eyes, I think we were more dauntless and more ready to meet the enemy in an open fight than ever; and so far from desponding and remaining at Gorey Hill on the defensive, notwithstanding our mistaken retrograde movement from Arklow, we resumed our military offensive operations the day after. Our losses in killed and wounded were, no doubt, considerable, and they must have been equally great with the enemy. The numbers could never be rightly ascertained; we brought some hundreds of wounded men away from the field of battle, and from the night coming on, it appeared that many more were not brought off. When those unfortunate men were discovered by the enemy next day, they were instantly slaughtered.

Esmond Kyan and some others of the wounded chiefs had to go to Wexford to get surgical advice. Thus ended the battle of Arklow.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR great mistake at Arklow of not bivouacking when the enemy was in full retreat (for I shall not call it a failure, as we gained the battle there), obliged us to adopt a new plan; it was to endeavour to bring the enemy to meet us in the open field. This plan consisted in changing frequently our camp, marching and countermarching before the English line, to try to induce them to quit their strongholds and come to attack us in their turn, that our pikemen might be instantly brought into action.

Our camp on Gorey Hill (after we returned from Arklow) became stationary there for the 10th and 11th of June, to allow time to all those who went to visit their families to return and rejoin their respective corps.

On the 12th of June our army marched from Gorey and encamped the same day on Limerick Hill, from which place scouting and reconnoitring parties were detached in the direction thought the most likely to meet with the enemy, who, by the by, fled back whenever we approached them and refused to engage in combat with our men.

The English forces at Arklow were particularly cautious to avoid meeting our pikemen, from whom they had so recently received a terrible specimen of the utility and advantage of that long-handled weapon, called the pike, when properly brought to bear upon the foe. The garrison of Arklow, however, took courage and ventured to send out several detachments into the country and neighbourhood at some miles distant from the town—not to meet our army in open fight, but to murder in cold blood all the unfortunate innocent people who were found in their houses. The Ancient British horse regi-

ment accompanied by the yeomen cavalry corps, glutted their ferocious appetites in these most monstrous deeds. Even the Orange historian, Gordon, is obliged to own the great extent and enormity of those crimes. He at the same time wishes to palliate them by saying that the insurgents used reprisals at their camp. No doubt there were many, and it was nearly impossible it could be otherwise, in the presence of such vast numbers who had had their dearest parents slaughtered previous to the insurrection by the inhuman magistrates and Orange yeomanry. Yet, notwithstanding, many prisoners were saved, against whom the most serious imputations for sanguinary deeds could be produced. I contributed in several instances as much as lay in my power to have those vile, ungrateful fellows spared, because I thought the spilling of blood in this way could never serve our cause. I on one occasion in the market-house loft at Gorey had influence enough to prevent the famous magistrate and Protestant minister Owens from being killed—one who had made himself conspicuous in putting on pitch-caps on the unfortunate people who had the misfortune to be brought before him, as a justice of the peace. When several of those who had been thus treated by this miserable bigot insisted on having him put to death forthwith, I pointed out to them how he had had his sufferings from a pitch-cap, which had taken all the hair and skin from his head, and that it would not be worth their while to inflict on him any other punishment; besides, that he had in consequence become silly. Owens, finding I had succeeded in dissuading them from their design for the moment, played his part very well. Perceiving some young girls amongst those whom curiosity brought to see the prisoners, he offered his services to marry any of them who wished to be joined in wedlock to their lovers. A young man and a young girl being very near us, he advanced and put their hands

together, and instantly began the ceremony of marriage, when the poor innocent girl gave a terrible scream and ran away, which caused much laughter and seemingly amused all present. Whether it was that she did not like the young man, or scrupled being married by a Protestant minister, I did not learn. Owens had to show himself at the window of the market-house loft whenever any of our corps passed through the street. Fortunately for him, the windows being very high from the ground, the pikes could not reach him. A strong guard was continually left at this prison until the day our army left Gorey and marched to Limerick Hill; then Owens and the other prisoners that were confined there were sent off to Wexford, escorted by brave men who did not thirst for spilling human blood, and thereby escaped from the reprisals, which sooner or later they might expect did they remain in Gorey. What a contrast was this humane conduct to the ferocious Hunter Gowan and the young bloodhounds who composed his corps of yeomen cavalry; these cowardly murderers being well aware of what awaited them if taken prisoners, took good care to keep out of the way of our army and never to risk meeting in battle the friends of the fine fellows they had slaughtered in cold blood previous to the insurrection breaking out. The father, however, of two of those young bloodhounds, who had made themselves so conspicuous in shooting poor Garrett Fennell, James D'Arcy and many others, on the 25th of May, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner and brought to our camp at Limerick Hill. John Thumping was his name; he lived at Ballygullen; he was brother-in-law to Hunter Gowan, they having married two sisters; and the brother of their wives, Tommy Norton, was the worthy companion of the monster Hunter Gowan in all his cruel deeds during this lamentable period—an epoch which, either by history or tradition must go down to the latest posterity, remind-

ing the rising generations never to be at rest, nor to forgive, until they get completely rid of their sanguinary task-masters, the inhuman English.

Returning one evening to our camp at Limerick Hill, I passed on the way some men escorting a prisoner whom I recognized to be John Thumping; I knew him well by sight, though I never had spoken to him. I feared the worst for this unfortunate man on account of his son's bad reputation and his other infamous connections, such as Gowan, etc. I hastened to the camp to communicate my apprehensions to Ned Fennell, whom I met on horseback. He was also just returning from a reconnoitring party, as I was. This fine undaunted fellow, like every brave man, shuddered at the idea of having innocent blood spilt: he perfectly agreed with me that Thumping should only be made accountable for his own acts and not for those of his infernal sons. We both instantly rode back to meet the escort that was conducting the prisoner to the camp, when at the bottom of the hill we perceived a crowd of people and a man lying dead at some distance. It was the unfortunate Thumping, who being met by men who had their fathers and brothers murdered by his sons and Hunter Gowan, instantly put him to death. Had poor Ned Fennell arrived a few minutes sooner he would have saved the unfortunate man, as none could claim a prior right to retaliate than he whose brother had been one of the first victims, having been murdered by the young Thumpings, but not by the father.

The winter after the war terminated, a poor young lad, who lived by his labour, having been one of those who escorted Thumping to the camp, was executed at Arklow for his death. Mat Fennell, the brother of Ned and Garrett, was arrested at the same time; probably his youth saved him (for he was only sixteen) from being offered up as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the

vindictive Orangemen and cruel magistrates of the country at that epoch. It is melancholy to have to speak of these sad reprisals. I witnessed none at our camp of Carrigrew Hill, Kilkevin or Gorey.

All our manœuvring and exertions to induce General Needham and the garrison of Arklow to come out and meet us in the open field of battle, proved fruitless; and, learning that General Loftus had quit Tullow at the head of the King's troops there, and was marching in the direction of Tinahely, whilst General Dundas with his division had arrived from Baltinglass at Hacketstown, to co-operate with General Loftus, we immediately left our camp at Limerick Hill and marched to meet them.

On the 15th of June our advanced guard had some smart skirmishing with the English forces, and after driving them before us and making a number of prisoners, we encamped at Mount Pleasant on the 16th of June, and there prepared for battle.

The next morning, the 17th, those generals at the head of the English forces, Loftus and Dundas, who had marched, one from Tullow and the other from Hacketstown, quite determined to attack our camp, and who had even boasted that we could not resist them or keep our position for half an hour at Mount Pleasant, when they approached in sight of our army, and found it in line so formidably drawn up to receive them, hesitated and suddenly halted their army instead of coming to attack our line and begin the battle. Our generals seeing this hesitation of the enemy, ordered our brave fellows to sally from the camp and to commence the fight, which was instantly executed with great success. We forced the King's troops to retire precipitately and to abandon a large park of cattle, with a quantity of provisions they had following their army; and notwithstanding the vast number of the cavalry they had covering their rear,

we took a great number of prisoners and forced the enemy to quit their first position and to take another on a hill at a great distance, from which position they were preparing to fall back on Tullow and Hacketstown. Here, as well as in most other places where we engaged the enemy, skill alone was wanting to follow up the King's troops to insure success. The people had numbers and courage enough to overthrow any force which had been sent against them, if they had been skilfully commanded.

On this day all our corps evinced the greatest courage and quickness to march to atack the enemy, but I must mention one corps in particular which proved to the English on this occasion that they would have been well received by our pikemen, had they advanced to attack our line, or have waited in their own to accept the battle. I don't mean that Matthew Doyle and the Arklow men whom he commanded fought with more courage and displayed more intrepidity than the other corps of our little army, but this I must say, that I could not help admiring the clever military manner he kept his men, manœuvring, marching and counter-marching in presence of the enemy. Doyle was stripped in his shirt, a red girdle or sash round his waist, an immense drawn sabre in his hand. He was at the head of about two hundred fine fellows, all keeping their ranks, as if they had been trained soldiers and strictly executing his commands. At one moment a large corps of the enemy's cavalry came galloping on the road under where we were drawn up and quite near us, but before they had time to pass, Doyle had his men drawn up across the road, at a point which formed an elbow, ready to meet them. The cavalry, on perceiving this formidable barrier impeding their passage, halted suddenly, wheeled about, and ran away, which caused great cheering amongst our men, who were placed on an eminence near the road, and by

this time within pistol shot of the cavalry, whilst they were in the act of wheeling about. Many of them must have been wounded from the fire of our gunsmen, which was kept up as long as the enemy was within reach. The enthusiasm caused by this skirmish might have been turned to good account, for our pikemen were now ready to march against any cavalry, infantry or artillery, but it was late in the day, and the main body of the enemy was too far off to be reached before night. The town of Tinahely afforded us very little resource. As a military position it was not worth anything to us; we got, however, some gunpowder, of which we stood in the greatest need, and a few firearms, all in bad condition, which had been left by the Orangemen in the confusion of their escape.

We were joined here by many brave men who had been till then hiding in the mountains, hourly in danger of being discovered and shot if they attempted to quit their hiding places.

It was during the stay our army made at the camp of Mount Pleasant, that poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus, by his humane interference, saved the lives of several prisoners, against whom charges of persecuting the people were brought. Amongst those prisoners was Thomas Dowse, a gentleman farmer and grazier, with whom poor Byrne was on intimate terms. Of course, he used all his influence and succeeded in getting Dowse put at liberty. Could it be believed, that Dowse's evidence on Byrne's trial at Wicklow afterwards, in which he declared his heartfelt gratitude, and said that to Byrne alone he owed his life, was the principal one on which the unfortunate Billy Byrne was found guilty and executed there; Byrne's influence with the insurgents showing he was a rebel to the British Government.

At Mount Pleasant Byrne was in his own country and neighbourhood, where every one knew him and loved

him and respected him; it was not extraordinary that he could save persons against whom no very serious crimes were proved; still this humane act sufficed with the cruel ascendancy men who conducted the trial at Wicklow, to show that Byrne must have been a chief, or he would not have had the power to save Thomas Dowse from being put to death. How monstrous, and how lamentable to have so fine a fellow sacrificed, to appease the thirst of the Orange bloodhounds!

Brigade-Major Fitzgerald of General Hunter's staff at Wexford, procured for Byrne a protection from the General-in-Chief of the English forces there, on the faith of which protection he quitted the country and came to Dublin to join his sisters. There he had been publicly walking about for more than a month previous to his arrest, so conscious was he of his innocence and that he had nothing to apprehend; particularly as his elder brother, Garrett Byrne, who was one of the principal leaders and distinguished generals of our Irish army, had surrendered some time before to Sir John Moore, on condition of being allowed to quit the country and expatriate himself for ever. What a pity that William Byrne had not to do with a man like Sir John Moore, who valued his own word of honour and his reputation, pledged to Garrett Byrne, more than any flattery or reward he could obtain from the Castle Inquisitors who presided over the destinies of the unfortunate country at that memorable epoch in the city of Dublin.

I trust it may not be thought presumption in me to say so much on this sad subject, but though very young at the time, I knew poor Byrne too well not to appreciate his high mind, and the horror with which he spoke of crimes committed previous to and during the insurrection. I dined beside him two days before his arrest, at the house of my half-brother, Edward Kennedy. I came from my hiding place to meet him there, and could not

help observing the serenity of his manner and the great security he felt that no danger could await him, in consequence of the protection he had obtained.

Alas! he was soon cruelly undeceived and taught that no reliance could be placed on the protection granted by the authorisation of the cold-hearted Lord Cornwallis, or of any of the English tyrants then ruling over unhappy Ireland.

Byrne's sudden trial and execution at Wicklow caused the most sorrowful sensation throughout the country and saddened the hearts of all those to whom he was personally known. He was a perfect gentleman, with the soundest understanding. He evinced the greatest courage. He was amiable and simple in his manners; handsome, powerfully strong and well-proportioned; six feet six inches in height, about twenty-four years of age. Such the ever to be lamented Billy Byrne.

I must not omit to mention the name of a generous high-minded lady, who came to our camp at Mount Pleasant, for the purpose of aiding and assisting Billy Byrne to get several prisoners liberated. This lady was Mrs. Meagher, of Coolalugh, whose son-in-law, Dan Kervin, was one of the leaders of the county of Wicklow men, and who distinguished himself so much at the battle of Arklow; he enjoyed great influence in our army. Mrs. Meagher being a Miss Byrne before her marriage, and related to the Ballymanus family, and possessing very graceful manners, succeeded beyond her expectations in persuading even those who had had their dearest relations murdered by the Orangemen, that retaliation could not bring them to life, and that it would be better to show themselves generous and merciful on this occasion.

I must here mention how I became connected with Mrs. Meagher, and her son-in-law, Dan Kervin. The latter married, about 1795, my brother-in-law's

sister, Miss Mary Doyle, of Ballytemple. I was at their wedding, which terminated in a melancholy way. After spending a delightful evening, just about eleven at night, when the young married couple were retiring from the supper table, the bride in crossing the hall to go to her bedroom fell dead on the floor. She was leaning on my sister's arm at the time. It is needless to say what all felt that sad night, when they were suddenly plunged from the height of gaiety and mirth into such sorrow. The year after this mournful event, Dan Kervin married one of Mrs. Meagher's daughters, by whom he had two children. He was killed by a cannon-ball at the battle of Vinegar Hill. Mrs. Meagher's eldest son, Peter, who resided in Dublin, and my half-brother, Edward Kennedy, married two sisters, the Miss Leonard's, of Meath Street.

I mention the above circumstances to show the opportunity I had of knowing and ascertaining all that could be hoped or expected of a general rising in the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare.

At our camp at Mount Pleasant, three men from the city of Dublin, who had escaped with difficulty through the Wicklow mountains, joined us. They were known to Dan Kervin, and they brought us the sad tidings that the Dublin people were completely disarmed, their chiefs in prison, or fled from the country, and the brave Kildare men, who first took the field, dispersed in every direction; and from the newspapers of the month of May, which they gave to Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs, we learned that General Buonaparte had been named Commander-in-Chief of the French army, destined to invade both England and Ireland. This news, no doubt, was gladly received at our camp. But what a cruel delusion for the poor Irish to be counting on any kind of aid or assistance from France, at the moment the conqueror of Italy and his forty thousand men were on their

way to Egypt! Besides this intelligence only tended at such a moment to create a difference of opinion between the leaders; as some of them thought it would be better and wiser policy to wait for the landing of the French in Ireland, and not to risk a general battle before a junction to co-operate with them could be effected; whilst, on the other hand, the majority of the chiefs thought that to stand on the defensive would be attended with the worst consequences, not having any strong places to fall back on, where our army could defend itself. They resolved, therefore, to meet the enemy in the open field, but, at the same time, to choose good military positions, where our pikemen could be speedily brought into action; and, in consequence of this resolution, our army marched, on the 19th of June, to Kilcavin Hill, and there drew up in line of battle, and, I must say, the most formidable one I had yet seen since the commencement of the war. Every one was at his post, and in hopes that the generals, Dundas and Loftus, with their divisions, would not hesitate to come and attack us; but, as usual, those prudent generals kept at a certain distance, no doubt to induce us to quit our strong position of Kilcavin Hill. Thus, we had to move forward, to bring the enemy to action, on the direction of Carnew, in which town, though nearly all burned, the English generals, now joined by General Lake and his staff, intended to establish their head-quarters. Here great skirmishing between our gun-men and the enemy's rifle-men commenced, and our little artillery, that followed in the rear, was brought to the front, and opened a smart cannonade on the enemy. This, with our formidable line of pikemen moving forward like a wall, made the King's troops retrograde. They were quickly pursued, and the fighting continued till night put a stop to it. Our pikemen never before showed a more determined desire to make good use of

their arms than on this occasion, and had the enemy accepted the battle from us in our strong position that day on the hill, we should have gained it beyond a doubt. How lamentable to be engaged the whole day skirmishing, without being able to bring the enemy to a general action, where the great mass of our pikemen would have had an opportunity of participating in it, and have shown what could be accomplished by brave men armed with this powerful weapon, the pike, then the terror of the English troops, as well as of the Orangemen.

We had some fine fellows killed and a great number wounded during this day's fighting. My brother Hugh received a ball through his thigh, and my dear sister, as soon as she heard of it, came and had his wound dressed, and remained with him after she had placed him on a car, and got a confidential man to drive it in case of being obliged to march. It was very fortunate she had all this done in my absence, otherwise our poor brother might have been abandoned; for I could not have left my post, being then busily engaged with the enemy on the road to Carnew, leading from our camp, which post, with the brave men who remained with me, we maintained till it became dark and the enemy had fallen back on Carnew.

When we rejoined our camp on the hill, we found it was already nearly evacuated, a night-march being ordered, after a council of the principal chiefs had been held, in consequence of despatches from the General-in-Chief of the Irish forces before Ross, in which he stated he could not keep his position there, and that he would be forced to fall back with his corps of army to cover the town of Wexford. He recommended also to our general the necessity of concentrating forthwith all their forces at Vinegar Hill, in order to co-operate with his army. On this latter subject a warm debate took place in the council between the chiefs. Both Anthony Perry, and all the

county of Wicklow leaders, were for making a rapid march to Rathdrum, thereby to intercept the communication of the King's forces with Dublin through that part of the county of Wicklow; and if this plan was not adopted, to manœuvre and fight the enemy the best way we could in the country which we now occupied and where we were still victorious; as neither the English troops nor the yeomen we had before us ventured to come into close contact with our pikemen.

Either of those plans executed would have proved a better diversion in favour of Wexford than our silly march to Vinegar Hill. But Edward Fitzgerald, who deservedly enjoyed great influence amongst the county of Wexford men, and indeed with Garrett Byrne and many of the Wicklow chiefs also, thought it more advisable to concentrate the Irish forces at Vinegar Hill, and there fight a general battle. Unfortunately this opinion prevailed, and, in consequence, our little army began its movement in the night of the 19th of June, 1798, without meeting any obstruction from the enemy, who only learned in the morning that we had left Kilcavin Hill. Finding that we were not followed by the King's troops, we halted to repose for the night, in the neighbourhood of Camolin, Ferns, etc., where we procured some refreshments for our men, who were by this time exceedingly exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

Next morning, the 20th of June, we resumed our march towards Vinegar Hill, very slowly, to give time to the stragglers and to those who had to go some distance to seek something to eat, to regain their respective corps.

Our column by this time became greatly encumbered by vast numbers of poor women escaping with their children and everything valuable they could carry off with them from the English army and yeomen, who were devastating the whole country we had left, going from house to house, shooting every sick or wounded man they

met, ravishing the women, etc. It would be difficult to describe the cruel situation of the unfortunate females who had to remain in their respective homes, to nurse and take care of their sick and wounded parents, now abandoned and left to be butchered by the merciless English soldiery. The recollection of all this makes me shudder and blush with shame for my country witnessing the perpetration of those monstrous crimes, and not having had the courage to rise up *en masse*, and rather be sacrificed to the last man, than to lie prostrate at their tyrants' feet, whilst they were committing all these outrages. It is, indeed, lamentable to think of all this. We might at any time on the 20th of June, have turned about with ten thousand resolute pikemen, and have attacked the English troops that were following us, commanded by Generals Dundas and Loftus, with a certainty of defeating them and of being avenged for the cruelties they had committed; but no, it was doomed we should muster on Vinegar Hill, and abandon that great extent of country where we had been so successful, and thereby play the game our enemies so long desired to see us play.

Now, General Needham could with safety move from Arklow, with all the troops under his command and follow on our left flank, whilst General Duff had nothing now to impede his march on our right flank, with the forces he had under his orders at Newtownbarry, particularly as he was supported by General Johnston, who was marching from Ross, having nothing more to fear on that side, with all the King's troops there, to co-operate in the simultaneous attack which General Loftus intended making on the town of Enniscorthy and Vinegar Hill.

How could our generals for an instant think that Vinegar Hill was a military position susceptible of defence for any time without provisions, military stores, or great guns? It stands high, no doubt, over the river Slaney and the town of Enniscorthy, which it commands;

but on the other side, both artillery and cavalry, as well as infantry, can march to the top of the hill with the greatest ease. But the die of war was cast. Our little Irish army must be drawn up and assembled on this hill *en masse*, and there wait the arrival of the English army, now moving after us from all directions, with vast parks of artillery, well supplied with everything necessary for battle, whilst we had with us but two six-pounders, and a small mortar or howitzer, with scarcely a round of ammunition for these cannons. The town of Enniscorthy had placed on the hill a few small one-pounders, which were of very little use, not having any cartridges prepared to fit them.

On leaving our bivouac the morning of the 20th of June, we formed a tolerably well organized rear-guard to cover our column, which was moving very slowly, on account of being greatly encumbered with numberless carts and cars, conveying the families escaping from the terrible devastation carried on throughout the country we had abandoned, by the English and the yeomanry.

During this day's march I several times halted that part of the rear-guard under my command, the moment we perceived the enemy's cavalry approaching, in order to afford time to our embarrassed column to advance and get out of the narrow passages; but this cavalry halted also, when they saw us drawn up *en masse* to receive them, and if any of our cars were thrown across the road to impede their march, the sight of those cars was quite sufficient to make them retrograde, such was their dread of getting into an ambuscade. So we had scarcely any skirmishing or fighting before we arrived at the foot of Vinegar Hill, late in the evening. It was dark night, but the thousands of little fires to be seen in the fields and plain all round the hill, where our people were preparing to get something to eat and to pass the night, afforded plenty of light, and presented at the same time the

appearance of a vast camp, or rather the bivouac of a regular French army.

As soon as I had heard the dispositions that had been ordered for the next day, I, with all those brave men who had made part of the rear-guard with me during the march, betook ourselves to rest for the night, not being required to do any duty, in consequence of arriving so late. I need not add that we all slept most soundly, till wakened by some random gun-shots about two o'clock in the morning (the memorable 21st of June, 1798) when we were informed that General Johnston, who had marched from Ross with the King's troops to attack Enniscorthy, had had his advanced guard beat back on the 20th by some of our forces, commanded by Mr. William Barker, of Enniscorthy, and the Reverend Moses Kearns, and that the skirmishing continued till night put an end to it, quite to the advantage and satisfaction of those brave chiefs.

We also heard that the Irish army before Ross, commanded by the Reverend Philip Roche, General-in-Chief, retreated from Lacken Hill on the 19th of June, to the Three Rock Mountain, and the next day, the 20th of June, General Roche marched his army from thence to Longraig or Foulksmill, and there fought a desperate battle against General Moore, who commanded the King's troops, but the latter being on the point of being joined by a large reinforcement just landed from England, General Roche, after fighting for four hours, resolved to retire and fall back once more on Wexford, which retreat was effected with great order. Sir John Moore, no doubt, thought it prudent not to risk another battle before his army was reinforced, and he was even on the point of retreating when he learned that two regiments were rapidly advancing to his support, and then contented himself to keep his ground and wait for this reinforcement.

All these accounts showed plainly that we had no assistance to expect at Vinegar Hill from this part of our Irish forces, now fallen back to cover the town of Wexford; and to add to this misfortune, one of our generals, Edward Roache, who had been the principal instigator of the false manœuvre of marching our army from the strong military position we occupied in the county of Wicklow, to be concentrated at Enniscorthy and Vinegar Hill, and who had made such solemn promises to repair to his own country, and there oblige the thousands of men who had been absent visiting their families to rejoin forthwith their respective corps, lost too much time by going to Wexford; where he consulted with those men who thought that, through the intercession and immediate interference of their "noble" prisoner, Lord Kingsborough, with General Lake, General-in-Chief of the English forces, everything would be obtained for the salvation of themselves and the town of Wexford. They were soon cruelly undeceived, and we were doomed to fight the battle of Vinegar Hill in the absence of General Edward Roche and his brave division of five thousand strong, and the best marksmen of the Irish army.

In spite of this defalcation, we mustered nearly twenty thousand on the 21st, but not more than from three to four thousand had fire-arms, with a very scanty provision of powder and ball; whilst General Lake had twenty thousand regular English troops to oppose to us, with a vast park of artillery and military stores of all kinds, besides numerous corps of yeomanry cavalry well equipped and armed, attached to each division of his army.

BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL AND ENNISCORTHY—RETREAT OF THE IRISH ARMY TO WEXFORD, 21ST OF JUNE, 1798.

At break of day the different corps began to quit their bivouacs, each to repair to the position assigned to them on the hill and on all the roads leading into the town of Enniscorthy. Our wounded men, that we had transported on cars with us from the county of Wicklow, in order to have them placed in the hospital, we left at Drumgold, one of the suburbs of the town under Vinegar Hill; we had also to leave there a vast number of women and young girls, who had followed their husbands and brothers, to escape from the English monsters who were devastating their homes. All this caused a sad embarrassment, no doubt, to our column, but by no means damped the courage of our men; on the contrary, if anything was required to rouse them to deeds of valour, it was this occasion to protect these innocent females, their dearest ties to life. What a heart-breaking scene to witness the separation which here took place at the dawn of day, husbands quitting their wives, brothers their sisters, never more to meet!

Skirmishing at all our advanced posts commenced with the day; however the battle did not become general on the whole line before seven o'clock, but at day-break several cannon-shots were heard in different directions from the enemy's camps. These were signal guns, which proved to us that we were now nearly surrounded on all sides, except the Wexford one which should have been occupied by General Needham, it was said, had he followed his instructions. This is mere twaddle; he remained in the rear, in reserve, by the orders of his general-in-chief, Lake, to keep the road open to Gorey. This prudent English general, who refused to fight us at

Kilcavin Hill, did not like to risk a charge of our pikemen, without having a division in reserve to fall back on, in case of defeat. His powerful artillery commenced a tremendous fire, which was for some time directed against the summit of the hill, which was considered our strong position, where it was thought our men were massed, ready to be brought into action. Our small artillery, in answering the enemy's great guns, soon expended the last round of ammunition, and to very little effect. We wanted Esmond Kyan here to command it, as he did at the battle of Arklow, but unfortunately this brave officer had to remain at Wexford to get his wound cured. To remedy instantly the bad effect which the ceasing of our artillery might produce, a large column of chosen pikemen was formed, composed of the county of Wicklow men, Monaseed, Ballyellis, Gorey corps, etc., to attack the enemy's left flank, and, if possible, to turn it and to bring our pikemen into the action; which now appeared the only resource we could count on, for our gun-men had also nearly expended their scanty supply of ammunition. As to defending the intrenchments that were raised on the hill, it would have been quite ridiculous to have attempted it, they not being more than a couple of feet high in many parts.

I had not seen Vinegar Hill since the morning after the battle of Newtownbarry, the 2nd of June, and I was surprised to find that scarcely anything had been done to make it formidable against the enemy; the vast fences and ditches which surrounded it on three sides, and which should have been levelled to the ground, for at least a cannon shot, or half a mile's distance, were all left untouched. The English forces, availing themselves of these defences, advanced from field to field, bringing with them their cannon, which they placed to great advantage behind and under the cover of the hedges and fences, whilst our men were exposed to a terrible fire

from their artillery and small arms, without being able to drive them back from their strongholds in those fields.

Several columns of our pikemen, however, were instantly brought to attack the enemy's formidable position behind the fences in the fields, and it was in leading on one of those desperate charges, that the splendid Dan Kervin was killed, at the head of the brave county of Wicklow men. His death at this moment was a severe loss, though he was soon replaced by a leader equally brave; yet his men could not be easily roused from the gloom cast over them by this misfortune; besides many fine fellows, their comrades, fell at the same moment beside Kervin. Indeed, it is a miracle how the other chiefs escaped; they all displayed the greatest coolness and courage, charging at the head of their men under the tremendous fire of the enemy's batteries, which were sending cannon-ball, grape-shot, musket-ball, as thickly as a shower of hail stones.

A. Perry, E. Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Father John Murphy, Jemmy Doyle, Ned Fennell, Nick Murphy and many others whose names I don't recollect at this moment, distinguished themselves at this memorable battle. I must also mention the names of some brave men who were killed, and with whom I was well acquainted. Two brave young men, brothers, Pat and Ned Headen, were killed beside one another. They left a widowed mother. Their eldest brother, James, was transported. John Shehan, of Monaseed, a young man who showed great courage, was killed. James Mallow, of Ballylusk, who left a wife and three children, fought bravely and was killed at the head of our column. Thomas Neill, of Armagh, who kept a general warehouse and cloth shop, an industrious worthy man, fell also; his unhappy widow, before she could be brought to contract a second marriage, came to Dublin twelve month after this epoch, to the place where I was

hiding, to ascertain from me her husband's death. When I satisfied her on the subject, she returned home and married Bryan Reilly, a brave young man, who carried on the business, as her former husband had done.

I had been in many combats and battles, but I never before witnessed such a display of bravery and intrepidity as was shown all along our line, for nearly two hours, until our ammunition was expended. It was then recommended by some of our chiefs to assemble all our forces and to attack the enemy's left flank, overturn it and march back to the county of Wicklow.

At the commencement of the battle, this plan might have been easily executed; but would it not have been cruel and shameful thus to abandon the town and the brave fellows who were defending it so heroically? And also, to abandon our wounded men and the unfortunate families who had escaped and followed our camp?

The town of Enniscorthy and its outlets were splendidly defended by Mr. William Barker and Father Kearns, who, with the corps they commanded, were at the advanced posts beyond the Duffrey gate at day-light, where they had been skirmishing the evening before with the English forces, under the command of General Johnston.

Mr. Barker had one four-pounder mounted on a car, which was of little use, except from the moral effect it might have had on his men. His military acquirements and the knowledge of tactics, which he had learned in the service of France, were now of the greatest advantage, and turned to the best account for the defence of the place confided to his charge.

Mr. Barker first began by placing a strong guard in reserve on the bridge, and then advanced with the main body to meet the enemy, having each flank covered with his gun-men. In this order of battle he commenced a most desperate attack on the enemy's line and kept his

ground until it was perceived that our forces had retreated from the hill; still he defended and disputed every position, and held his post on the bridge with a valour beyond description, until he lost his arm and was carried away from the field of battle.

Mr. Barker was surrounded by those brave Enniscorthy men, who were ready to follow him through thick and thin. His loss from their ranks was severely felt by them; at this critical moment the undaunted Kearns replaced Mr. Barker in the command, but he, too, soon received a wound which deprived this division of our army of two trustworthy chiefs.

Now, the retreat from the town, as well as the hill, became inevitable; all moved rapidly towards the Wexford road, which was not intercepted by the unrelenting general-in-chief, Lake, who contented himself this day with occupying the town, and having our sick and wounded burned in the house which served as an hospital. All the wounded found on the field of battle, or in the houses, were, by his orders, instantly put to death. Fortunately for Mr. Barker, some humane officers of the general's staff quartered themselves at his house, which they saved from being burned, and they prevented the cruel Orangemen from shooting him. One of those staff officers was a surgeon of the English troops. This gentleman operated the amputation of Mr. Barker's shattered arm, and carefully dressed his wound for a day or two. But this kind attention soon ceased. By order of the general-in-chief, Mr. Barker was arrested, and sent forthwith and lodged in Wexford jail, there to be tried as a leader and a general of the insurgents, and, of course, to be found guilty, and as such to be executed without mercy. He was accompanied to his dismal prison by his worthy wife, with her child Arthur, there to wait and abide his trial before a court-martial, composed of prejudiced Orangemen. It would be difficult to give a description of the

afflicting scenes they witnessed, between the executions taking place daily, and the malignant fever raging in the prison. Mr. Devereux, of Taghmon, died of this sickness in the next cell to Mr. Barker's. He was the father of General John Devereux, since so distinguished in fighting for the independence of South America under Bolivar.

Mrs. Barker lost no time in informing her brother-in-law, Mr. Arthur Barker, of Waterford, of their great misfortune and sad situation. This gentleman, who was well known to the first people in Wexford, and who was not in any way implicated in the insurrection, came instantly to his brother's assistance. After the greatest exertions he succeeded in having Mr. Barker provisionally released on account of his bad state of health. Mr. Arthur Barker, well knowing that new charges would soon be brought forward against his brother William, hastened to get him, his wife and child conveyed away into some safe hiding place, until a neutral ship could be engaged to take them aboard. In a short time he found a vessel ready to sail for Hamburg, on board of which he had his three dear relatives embarked, and took a last farewell of them, never to meet again. After a long and stormy passage, and having narrowly escaped being discovered by the English cruisers, Mr. William Barker, with his wife and child, landed at the port of Hamburg. His first care was to inform the French minister of Foreign Affairs of his arrivel there, and to pray him to have passports forwarded for him and his family to repair immediately to Paris, etc., that he would wait at Altona for the answer. By return of post Mr. Barker received what he asked, and set out instantly with his family for the French capital, and on arriving there he had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who told him to prepare in all haste a memoir or statement of all he knew of the situation of Ireland in general,

but particularly to mention what he thought could be done for the brave county of Wexford people, and to be careful to mention the best landing places there, and where the deepest water was to be had on the coast, etc. It is needless to say with what readiness Mr. Barker complied with the Minister's injunction. With his perfect knowledge of the French language, the memoir was soon prepared and presented to the Minister, who assured him that its contents would be taken into the most serious consideration by the Government and Directory.

After this Mr. Barker went to reside at St.-Germaine-en-Laye, and having furnished to the French Government all the information he could recollect on the state of Ireland, he left that town and went to live at Morlaix with his family, to be near Brest, and to be ready to accompany the first expedition that should sail from that port for his unfortunate country. This brave and unassuming officer, who had seen real services in France, and who had made in point of fortune and otherwise, such great sacrifices for Ireland, might have availed himself (as many of his countrymen would have done), of those sacrifices and services to obtain a high rank from the French Government. But he asked no other favour than to be comprised in making part of any expedition destined for his country, the independence of which occupied all his thoughts. To see this great end achieved, there was no sacrifice under heaven that Mr. William Barker was not ready to make. I met him in 1803 in the Irish legion at Morlaix, for the first time from the battle of Vinegar Hill, when I learned from him all the details of his sufferings, and fortunate escape from Wexford jail.

Mr. Barker's timely arrival in Paris proved one thing, at least, to the French Government, that it was our total want of ammunition, even for the arms we possessed, that caused our failure. What a shame it was to that

Government not to have attempted to smuggle arms and powder and ball to us, whilst we were masters of the sea-coast round, from Ross to Arklow, for nearly a month; had General Humbert landed, with his eleven hundred men, in June instead of August, 1798, he would have been joined by a levy *en masse* from all parts of Ireland. For such were the persecutions and tortures which the people had to endure, that they were ready to avail themselves of any rallying point that offered to be avenged of their cruel tyrants.

Humbert landed too late, when our armies were dispersed. Still had he avoided the vanity of a general action with the English army, and have marched with his eight hundred remaining men into the mountains, he could have gained time, and probably his Government would have been induced to send him a reinforcement. I recollect well when he surrendered to Lord Cornwallis, that we were still in sufficient force in the mountains of Wicklow to have rallied the brave men of that county, as well as those of Carlow and Wexford, had General Humbert had an army capable of keeping the field for any time. The Irish soldiers in the English regiments would have joined him in thousands, and the Irish militia regiments, with the exception of the Orangemen, only waited for a good opportunity to declare for the independence of their country.

Our retreat from Vinegar Hill was not so disastrous as might have been expected, from the powerful force of regular troops well supplied with artillery, which General Lake had at his disposition to send after us. No doubt, the cruel slaughter of all those unarmed and helpless people who were overtaken in the environs of Enniscorthy, and for a mile from the hill, was beyond all description. Mercy at this moment was out of the question; there was no instance of a single person being

made prisoner on this occasion, all were barbarously butchered. But when we once got our rearguard reorganized on the Wexford high-road, we were able to save a vast number of our stragglers, for then the cowardly cavalry, as usual, feared to approach and attack us.

We afterwards effected our retreat tolerably well to the town of Wexford. And here our two armies that had separated on the 31st of May at the Windmill Hill, near the town, then flushed with victory, one to go northwards to attack Gorey and Arklow, the other to go to take New Ross, met again, but unfortunately under very different circumstances, they being now completely dismayed and disheartened after our recent defeats; and it is grievous to think that our generals did not seem to have any preconcerted plan of action in the event of such disasters as we were now experiencing. This was the critical moment, when leaders should have shown that energy of character which would inspire their followers would enthusiasm and confidence. They should have rallied and harangued their men, sworn anew never to separate from them until the great end for which they took up arms was accomplished; resolved on changing the system of carrying on the war, by avoiding as much as possible general actions, or battles with the enemy, and attacking only the detached forces when success was certain; made regulations that it should be considered a crime and punishable for any man to appear in our columns who had not fire-arms, a pike, or some weapon equivalent; but of all things they should have devised some better method of bringing our pikemen to charge the enemy *en masse*, and with that impetuosity which no guns or bayonets could withstand for a moment.

Long before our corps, retreating from Vinegar Hill, had time to reach Wexford, the town was occupied by the division under the command of the General-in-

Chief, the Reverend Philip Roche, which had been encamped the night before on the Three Rock Mountain. It is needless for me to add that, in consequence of this occupation, we had nothing to expect in the way of refreshments on our arrival from Enniscorthy. The greatest disorder and tumult seemed to reign all through the town.

Edward Hay and some of the principal inhabitants of Wexford had the folly to expect that because they saved Lord Kingsborough from being put to death, and had treated him kindly during his imprisonment, that they could, through the intercession of this notorious chief of the inventors of pitch-caps and other instruments of torture, negotiate a treaty of peace with the general-in-chief of the English forces, Lake, and obtain from the latter honourable terms for the Irish army. In consequence of this sad delusion, three deputations were named to be the bearers of Lord Kingsborough's recommendation on the subject. They were composed as follows: Edward Hay and Captain MacManus, of the Antrim militia, whom we made prisoner at the battle of Tubberneering. This officer was taken out of jail to accompany Mr. Edward Hay. On the road to Oulard, where they expected to meet General Needham, Mr. Robert Carty, of Birchgrove, and Lieutenant Harman, of the North Cork militia, a prisoner also, went to meet General Sir John Moore. Mr. Thomas Cloney and Captain O'Hea of the North Cork militia (the latter let out of prison to accompany Mr. Cloney), were specially charged with carrying Lord Kingsborough's despatches and letters to General Lake at his headquarters of Enniscorthy. These gentlemen were thus three leaders of the people and three prisoners of ours set at liberty to accompany them.

Lord Kingsborough, no doubt desirous to escape from prison, wished to be one of the deputies himself to go to

negotiate for the inhabitants of Wexford, with the general-in-chief of the English army; but it was thought unsafe for his lordship to quit at such a critical moment the town which was supposed to have been surrendered to him early that morning, many hours before the result of the battle of Vinegar Hill could be known in Wexford. Besides, the inhabitants wished to keep him as an hostage until his promises to them were fulfilled. Lord Kingsborough now saw plainly himself that there was no safety for him but in the custody of those humane individuals who had already so often saved his life at the great risk of their own. He wisely kept out of the sight of the enraged people who occupied the town, whilst waiting an answer to his despatches, sent by the Wexford embassy to the English headquarters at Enniscorthy. But he cruelly deluded those credulous Wexford people by telling them to count on the clemency of the unfeeling General Lake, in the course of whose military career in Ireland, not a single act of humanity did the unfortunate people ever experience from him where he was in command.

The following is the very laconic answer from General Lake to Lord Kingsborough's entreaties in favour of the Wexford people.

Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to any terms made by rebels in arms against their Sovereign; whilst they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction. To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed),

GENERAL LAKE.

Enniscorthy, June 22nd, 1798.

Fortunately for Lord Kingsborough the town was evacuated by our forces before this answer arrived;

otherwise he would probably have been torn to pieces by the deluded people, who had counted on his great influence for protection. How unfortunate for several of our leaders that they did not know this answer sooner; they would have seen by it that they had nothing to expect from the lenity of Lake, and that they should not have left the brave people who were ready to follow them through all dangers. I am sorry to be obliged to make any allusion to those unhappy men, who showed so much resignation and courage, mounting the scaffold to be launched into eternity; but how much better it would have been for them to have remained with those brave fellows who kept the field and never despaired of success! The worst that could happen would be to die fighting gloriously against the enemies of Ireland.

A melancholy inference may be drawn from the kind treatment Lord Kingsborough experienced from the citizens of Wexford, during his imprisonment in that town. Had he been put to death, or cruelly tortured, according to his own fashion, by them, many of those leaders who left our ranks, counting on his intercession, would have remained at the head of their respective corps, and they would thereby have shown to their English tyrants, that a people fighting for liberty and the independence of their country, fully determined to sacrifice everything for it, and to persevere to the last extremity, must finally succeed. The English Government felt this and knew well that if the war was prolonged, an expedition from France, with a reinforcement to the Irish army, might hourly be expected, when consequently a general rising would take place throughout Ireland. Lord Cornwallis was therefore despatched in haste from England to offer different and better terms to the Irish army than those proposed by General Lake at Enniscorthy. To the intercession of the too notorious flogging, strangling, hanging, Lord Kingsborough, not a

single good measure or pardon could ever be attributed, notwithstanding all he owed to those humane inhabitants of Wexford, who so often saved his life at the risk of being put to death themselves.

It was much to be regretted that a distinguished leader, Thomas Cloney, had been chosen as one of the deputies to go on the very hopeless embassy to General Lake's headquarters at Enniscorthy, to seek for terms for the citizens of Wexford. Possessing, as Mr. Cloney did, the confidence and regard of a brave and generous people, who looked up to him as their trustworthy chief, he should not for a moment have separated himself from them; besides, his presence at this momentous crisis was too necessary with what we called the Ross division of the Irish army, when almost all the other leaders of that division or corps of army, Bagenal Harvey, John Hay, John Colclough, etc., were absent, from what motive was best known to themselves. The brave and undaunted John Kelly of Killan, whose courage and intrepidity had been so conspicuous at the battle of Ross, lay dangerously ill of the wound he received there. Under these circumstances, clergymen, or men like Edward Hay, whose presence at the Irish camp could have been dispensed with, should have been chosen to go on this silly mission to the English general's headquarters, whilst brave leaders, like Cloney, remaining at the head of the fine fellows they had the honour of commanding, would have proved to the enemy that the Irish army was still formidable.

By adopting a different plan of campaigning, avoiding general battles, and of all things not seeking to defend weak positions like Vinegar Hill, we should be able always to outmarch the English infantry and defeat them in detail. As to the cavalry, in a country like Ireland, so fenced everywhere with hedge-rows and ditches, there was nothing to be feared. Besides, our men began

to hold the English cavalry in the greatest contempt, which was half the battle. By following this system, we might have continued the war with success and with a certainty that the English army would be every day getting weaker from sickness, desertion and other cause, when it was found that we could keep the field in spite of its manœuvring and destroy all the small detachments sent to seek provisions through the country. But to accomplish this plan of campaigning, the chiefs should be the first to show the good example to the brave men they were leading to victory, to be resolved never under any circumstances to separate themselves from them until a final and satisfactory result could be obtained for all.

I am persuaded that the brave Cloney always felt the deepest anguish that he had accepted this fruitless mission, the execution of which might have cost him his life. He never, however, after this fatal embassy of the 22nd of June, joined our ranks, nor took any part in the war we were still carrying on against our cruel enemies. His absence from that division of the Irish army which fought so bravely against Sir John Moore, at Longraig on the 20th of June, and where he, Cloney, displayed the greatest valour, was indeed severely felt by all those fine fellows who were accustomed to see at their head, this splendid young man then about twenty-five years of age, and six feet four in height.

Although Mr. Cloney did not any more make part of our army, he could not escape the wrath of the Wexford ascendancy faction: he was soon arrested, imprisoned, tried by a court martial, and condemned to exile. He returned to Ireland in 1803 and was again arrested and kept in Kilmainham Jail for three years. My half-brother Edward Kennedy, was one of his fellow state prisoners during that period; they were only liberated by the Fox administration in 1806. Thus the brave Cloney's long imprisonment, and the many persecutions

he had to bear up against for the love of Ireland well entitle him to hold a rank amongst the immortal Irish martyrs who suffered all kinds of torture and persecution for the freedom and independence of their beloved country.

I felt unhappy, on the retreat from Vinegar Hill to Wexford, not to see many of my friends and comrades of the Monaseed corps, Nick Murphy, Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, etc.; however, on entering the town, I heard that they were already arrived, but the two latter I never saw more. Fennell was killed at the attack on Hacketstown a few days afterwards, and the brave young Johnny Doyle was killed at the head of a reconnoitring party the morning of the battle and complete defeat of the Ancient Britons, at Ballyellis, very near his father's house. The loss of those fine fellows was severely felt, particularly by the Monaseed corps, in which they were two of the most distinguished officers.

I also heard that my poor brother Hugh arrived safe with the other wounded men from Vinegar Hill, and that they were sent out of town on the road to the mountain of Forth, or the Three Rock Mountain, where it was said that a camp would be formed for the night. Of course I was very anxious to follow them and to repair to this camp, but first I wished to see some of our generals whom I understood were still in town, to ascertain from them what plan had been decided on for our future operations. I was in this perplexed situation surrounded by numbers of those brave men from my own neighbourhood, all of whom looked up to me at this critical moment for information. We marched through different streets without being able to learn where those generals could be found; such was the great confusion which prevailed, we repeatedly asked for Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc., but none could point out to

us the house, or houses, where they were. At length we came in front of a house where we perceived the Catholic Bishop, Dr. Caulfield, at a window, haranguing a multitude of people and imploring them to quit the town forthwith and repair to the camp, that the generals were already gone there. We were also informed that the three clergymen, the Reverend Philip Roche, Reverend W. Kearns, and Father John Murphy were gone to the camp. I was delighted to learn that those brave men had escaped. I knew that Father Kearns was wounded defending Enniscorthy and it was reported that Father John Murphy was killed on the hill. I was doubly rejoiced that he was safe, for his energy of character and great coolness and decision in times of danger endeared him to all those who served with him since the commencement of our campaign. How unfeeling, and uncharitable, and unjust it is of those Roman Catholic historians who have taken upon them to write of the insurrection of 1798 in the county of Wexford, to condemn, and endeavour to tarnish the reputation of those priests who fought so bravely at the head of the people, in their efforts to expel the common enemy! At the same time, these timid historians are obliged to allow, that those clergymen were left no alternative but to take the field, in self-defence, as death and torture awaited them the moment they fell into the enemy's hands. Were these same vastly loyal historians asked, if the undaunted and noble part which the Spanish priests took to drive the French out of their country, during Napoleon's most unjustifiable war, was not most glorious, and if the monks and clergy did not immortalize themselves at the siege, and the unprecedented defence of Saragossa, I am persuaded that they would answer in the affirmative, without making any allusion whatever to the Gospel, as they did in the case of the poor Irish priests. Yet, the

mission of the French soldiers in Spain, was not to hunt down priests, nor to burn or desecrate the places of worship belonging to the inhabitants, but they were there as conquerors, and as such, though less cruel and less bigoted than the English in Ireland, the Spaniards were perfectly right to make every possible sacrifice until the French were expelled from their country. They finally succeeded, and the brave clergymen who were killed in this holy struggle are not spoken of by the historians of that epoch as having "deserved an untimely and fatal end." On the contrary, their memory is revered by all, and they are considered as true martyrs who died for the independence of their beloved Spain.

I was marching to join the camp at the head of those brave men I had just assembled in the town, when my nephew, James Kennedy, a young lad of twelve years of age, came running up to me in tears, and told me his step-father (Mat Kavanagh), had been killed by his side during the battle of Vinegar Hill. Felix Fornen of Monaseed, a tenant of ours, and a very worthy man, was with him, and had been very kind to him on the retreat. Fornen told me that he felt so ill himself with dysentery, that he was bent on returning home, to join his wife, even at the risk of being shot on the way, and that if I would allow my nephew to go with him, he would take him home to his mother who lived near where he did. I consented, though I feared they would find great difficulty in making twenty-five miles, on account of the state of the country. Fornen told me he intended to travel by night, and to hide in the day, and he was sure in this way, of escaping and of bringing my nephew safe also. Fortunately, they had not to travel by night, nor to hide in the day, for in a short time after I left them, they fell in with the division of our army that marched over the bridge on the direction to

Gorey. So my dear mother heard in a few days after, from her grandson James Kennedy, that both my poor brother Hugh and I were still living. His wound was getting better after the ball was extracted.

When I marched out of Wexford to join the camp at the mountain of Forth, I thought all our forces were to assemble there, and it was only when I met Father John Murphy at the council of war, which we held at night at Sleedagh, Bargy Barony, that I learned that a division of our army with some of the principal chiefs, Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Edward Roche, Esmond Kyan, etc., had taken quite an opposite direction, crossed the wooden bridge and marched on the road to Gorey.

I have already mentioned how General Edward Roche arrived at Vinegar Hill with his division of five thousand men, too late to take any part in the battle we fought there, but both he and his troops retreated back to Wexford with us. As they were less in want of provisions than the other corps of our army, he was able to keep them together encamped at the Windmill Hill, near the town, until he and the other chiefs, who, as well as Father John Murphy, were not duped by the false promises of Lord Kingsborough, decided on assembling and rallying all the men who were dispersed in the town of Wexford, and crossing the wooden bridge forthwith. I should have preferred making part of that division, as it was to pass near our place on its way to the county of Wicklow, a country by the by, which we should not have left, as it affords so many suitable positions for the system of warfare we were now obliged to adopt against the enemy.

I had scarcely any acquaintance amongst the inhabitants of Wexford; I went, however, to the house of a Mrs. Rosseder, where I expected to meet my friend Nick Murphy, she being his cousin. But it was shut up, and no one appeared to be living in it. Mr. Murphy's

mother was of the family of the Roches and nearly related to General Edward Roche and other families of the town. Had I met him, I should have known the decision newly taken to cross the wooden bridge with a division of our forces, and consequently I should have brought all those brave fellows I rallied in the streets of Wexford to join that division and have marched with it to Pepper Castle, where it halted to pass the night. I need not say I should have preferred acting with those commanders, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc., whose brilliant courage I witnessed at the battle of Arklow and elsewhere; however, I was consoled to be with the Reverend John Murphy, who did not despair of being able to out-manœuvre Sir John Moore and the other English generals; and for this purpose, in place of going to encamp on the mountain of Forth, he marched into the Barony of Forth, and by this circuitous march, he found the route next day quite open before him, either to move into the counties of Carlow or Kilkenny, etc.

As the next chapter will contain all those marches, I shall continue to speak about Wexford, and relate every thing I learned during my short stay there.

Much has been said of the massacre which took place on the bridge of Wexford and the nearly superhuman exertions of some of the principal inhabitants to save Lord Kingsborough and his fellow prisoners. Why not have kept them all in the same jail and under the same guard? This would have ensured equal safety to the poor as well as to the rich and the noble. As those transactions took place before the 21st of June, of course I could not have witnessed them, and have only now to state, that I never knew one of our leaders, or the brave men who followed them, in this war of extermination, who did not hold in the utmost horror these abominable cold-blooded reprisals. It is true

many plans were suggested to try to make the English generals desist from shooting their prisoners, but without avail. One was, that every time it was ascertained that one of our men had been murdered at the English camp, ten English prisoners with us should draw lots, two only were to be drawn, the first shot forthwith, the second pardoned and sent to the English head-quarters to declare what he had witnessed, and that if the murders did not cease at the English camp, the most unheard-of retaliation should be executed in every direction where an English soldier could be found.

This was the state of the country when the wily Lord Cornwallis, then the most competent judge of what a people driven to the last desperation is capable of accomplishing, recollecting America, arrived in Ireland to issue proclamations, and to offer protections to all chiefs as well as to their men. We soon perceived our ranks thinned in consequence of those delusive protections granted by England's Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant. His conduct at that awful crisis reminds me of Ibrahim Pasha's in Greece or the Morea. When he arrived there at the head of thirty thousand Egyptians, to reconquer the Greeks for the emperor of the Turks, he too issued proclamations and gave protections to all those Greeks who returned to their homes, and in a few days the villages became repeopled. The undaunted Greek generals perceiving they were nearly abandoned in the mountains, soon hit on a stratagem to put an end to this desertion; a desperate one, no doubt. They laid ambuscades in the neighbourhood of those villages where already the Egyptian soldiers were peaceably mixing with the inhabitants. After a sufficient number of those soldiers were caught, when night came on they were marched through those villages, some put to death there, others were allowed to escape, after having their noses and ears cut off, to carry the tidings to Ibrahim's

camp near Navarino. This half-savage, half-warrior, sallied forth with all his forces, burned and destroyed every village and town from Navarino to Patrass, and shot every woman and child he found on his way. He could not be persuaded that those unfortunate inhabitants did not participate in these mutilations and murders. Consequently, the Turkish justice was in this instance quite surpassed by the Egyptian chief. Until this event, it was well known, that no person holding this extraordinary man's protection was ever molested, if he was not guilty of some new fault. Under his jurisdiction poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus would not have been executed, for he committed no crime after he got the protection of the Lord Lieutenant, nor indeed before receiving it either. But Ibrahim had not had the advantage of studying at the "refined" Pitt and Castlereagh school, as Lord Cornwallis had; he thought he might be just without endangering his holy religion or the Turkish state.

In consequence of this monstrous butchery, the camps of the Greek generals in the mountains were reinforced by all those who were fortunate enough to escape the Egyptian scimitar. These camps became henceforth the only places of shelter and safety for the entire population of the Morea. From this moment all the world could see that though Ibrahim had a disciplined army, he never could pacify or conquer a people capable of making any sacrifice under heaven to shake off the monstrous Turkish yoke. In 1828 I marched through those burned villages, being then attached to the staff of the French general-in-chief, who was sent with an army to drive both Turks and Egyptians from the land of the Morea, and to leave to its heroic defenders the right to govern themselves. I had an opportunity of learning all their unheard of sufferings during this cruel and protracted war.

General Maison ordered me to remain with a detach-

ment of infantry, a few days at Pyrgos (a town which had a population of ten or twelve thousand before the war), until the unfortunate inhabitants had time to return from their hiding-places. On the fourth day the Greek Governor of that province, Mr. Ruffa de Benneguela, told me all were arrived, then amounting to about twelve hundred men, women and children. The rest had perished by the sword, sickness and famine. I mention all this to show how dearly liberty must be bought when there is not a levy *en masse* in the first instance to crush and annihilate the taskmasters and cruel tyrants, who are in possession of the strongholds. Had a simultaneous rising taken place in Ireland in the month of May, 1798, as it had been agreed on by the Irish Directory and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, what a mass of misery might have been prevented! Torrents of blood might not then have been shed in vain. Or, had even ten counties of the provinces of Munster and Leinster commenced the war at the same time, and with the same success as the county of Wexford, England had then no forces to resist so powerful a mass of people resolved to shake off her yoke.

It is well known that all the Irish militia regiments only waited for this rising to come flocking to our standard of independence. The Orangemen of those regiments of course would not join, but without intending it, they were rendering as good service; as they regarded all the Catholic soldiers as United Irishmen, they never ceased insulting them, and had them punished on the most trivial pretexts. When a detachment of the Wexford militia was made prisoners at Goresbridge, or Newbridge, on the river Barrow, on the 23rd of June, by our forces, the Orangemen of this detachment were soon denounced by their Catholic comrades as being the principal instigators of all the punishments they underwent in the regiment, the

flogging, etc. Seven of those unfortunate Orangemen were put to death the same night, by their own comrades, who availed themselves of this opportunity to be revenged for all the tortures they had endured at the regiment. This may serve as a specimen of what the authorization of organizing Orange Lodges in all the regiments then in Ireland was likely to produce.

We wanted an able General-in-Chief, or in other words an honest dictator, whose orders could never be disobeyed under pain of death, as on the prompt execution of them depended the success of our holy undertaking. To these different and untoward contingencies, and to General Humbert and his few French soldiers not arriving in time, may in a great measure be attributed our failure in the county of Wexford.

If we had had a general commanding in Wexford on the 21st of June, of the stamp of the Greek generals I have mentioned, he would, no doubt, have despatched Lord Kingsborough and his fellow prisoners to the English headquarters with their ears and noses cut off, the moment he learned that all our sick and wounded were burned in the hospital at Enniscorthy by orders of General Lake. This reprisal and mutilation of the noble Lord and his companions might have served as a warning to the following unfortunate gentlemen: Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Captain Keogh, Cornelius Grogan, John Colclough, Reverend Philip Roche, John Hay, Patrick Prendergast, John Kelly of Killan, etc.; it would have shown them, that away from the people's camp they could make no terms for themselves or any one else; and by remaining with the people, they would at least have saved the citizens of Wexford the hideous spectacle of their heads being placed on pikes over the public edifices of the town and there left to bleach and wither into dust.

Poor John Kelly of Killan was obliged to quit his

command on account of the desperate wound he received at the battle of New Ross. He was brought in a car to the place of execution. He would have stood by the people to the last.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER relating the incidents that occurred during my short stay at Wexford, the 21st of June, I resume the account of our march from that town towards the Three Rock Mountain, where we expected to encamp for the night; but before we had made a mile on the road, we perceived that a column of our army was moving from the mountain in the direction of Johnstown in the barony of Forth. I instantly, with the brave men who accompanied me, changed our direction and followed the movement of this column. It being very late in the evening, and we in the greatest need of some kind of refreshment after the fatigues of this memorable day, I ordered a short halt at Johnstown, near the mansion of poor Cornelius Grogan. Here I met a worthy man who had known me from my childhood, Mr. Nash. This gentleman had been agent to the Grogan family, and when he came to receive the rents of the Castletown and Monaseed estates, frequently stopped at our house. He desired an old servant to endeavour to get me something to eat, and whilst we were speaking of old and better times, the poor woman came back to say, that she could give nothing but a slice of barley bread and some sour milk. I soon devoured them, and found both delicious. Mr. Nash told me poor Grogan was very ill, and suffering from gout and rheumatism. I took my leave of him, and when I thought the men had got all the refreshments the place could afford, we set out again to join our division, which had halted to bivouac for the night at a place called Sleedagh in the barony of Bargy.

I need not say how happy I was on arriving at this camp to find that my brother Hugh, with many other

wounded men, were all there, and that they had been kindly treated on the way from Vinegar Hill by the men who were charged to escort them. But my disappointment and dismay was very great indeed, when I learned that the principal division of our little army had crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford and directed its course to the county of Wicklow, and that almost all the chiefs with whom I had been accustomed to act, and who I expected to meet here, made part of that division, such as Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Nick Murphy, etc. I also regretted not to see Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, and Edward Roche. The presence of these leaders at the head of our column always inspired our brave fellows with a confidence that they would be well commanded.

I now felt that my responsibility became great indeed, in consequence of this separation. As all the men of the Monaseed corps, as well as the county of Wicklow men who followed me here from Vinegar Hill, looked to me at present as their chief, in the absence of those chiefs who marched with the division on the direction to the county of Wicklow, they requested me to act as such, and added that they would obey my orders. I accepted, and promised to do the best I could in our critical situation.

A council of war was held in the night, at the instigation of the Reverend Philip Roche, who wished we should remain at this camp of Sleedagh, until he went to Wexford, where, he said, he was certain to obtain a cessation of arms, and good terms from the English general-in-chief, Lake; on which the Reverend John Murphy declared, for his part, he could have no reliance on such negotiations, and he never would advise any one to surrender and give up their arms. We all loudly applauded this declaration, and added that we were ready to follow him through thick and thin. Poor Roche now

resolved to go alone to the English headquarters; he mounted his horse, and before setting off, he desired to know from Father John Murphy how he was to know where to direct to him, in the event of obtaining the good terms he expected. Murphy replied: "You will have no difficulty to learn the direction our little army will take, for everywhere that we pass we shall burn all the isolated slated houses which might serve as a refuge to the enemy." These were the last words they ever exchanged. I was quite close to them at the time. It was now near daylight; the Reverend P. Roche rode off to Wexford, whilst we were preparing to quit our bivouac. What a sad instance of the frailty and weakness of human nature in this man, so brave on the field of battle the day before, at the head of fifteen thousand men, though badly armed; had he remained at his post as general, and not have placed any faith in the insidious promises of the vile Lord Kingsborough, he would have thereby enabled us by his military genius and imposing manners to have prolonged the war until ammunition came from France; all of which we hourly expected.

Poor Roche was very handsome and more than six feet high. He enjoyed considerable influence, particularly over those brave men he commanded at Foulksmill; and his able retreat to the Three Rock Mountain after that battle, did him the greatest honour. For he only left the field of action at the very last, when he was assured that all the wounded men were sent away and safe.

From his camp at the Three Rock Mountain, he immediately repaired to the council room at Wexford, where he insisted all should be stationary until the result of the negotiation with General Lake could be known. Unfortunately this declaration did the greatest injury, as many fine fighting fellows went to their homes, whilst waiting an answer from the delegates which were sent

to the English headquarters at Enniscorthy; and consequently, these brave men, learning the cruel treatment their general received, never rejoined our army again. Poor Father Roche thought that because he had been humane himself and had saved the lives of the enemy in every instance where he had influence, that he had nothing to risk in meeting the bloody and implacable ascendancy, again in possession of Wexford; but he was soon cruelly undeceived. On entering the town he was torn from his horse and ignominiously dragged through the streets to the scaffold. He deserved a better fate.

I should have mentioned before, that the Reverend Moses Kearns, suffering from the wound he got at Enniscorthy, and by great loss of blood, became so weak that he was obliged to remain behind at a farmer's house on the way from Wexford. This brave chief's absence at so critical a moment was another severe loss. Like Father John Murphy, he would not have been deceived by the false promises of the vile Lord Kingsborough, nor would he have abandoned the brave men whom he had the honour to command.

Bagenal Harvey, John Colclough, and John Hay with other leaders remaining behind at Wexford, counting on the treaty which Lord Kingsborough had made in their favour with General Lake, the Reverend John Murphy now became the principal chief of our very small corps of army at Sleedagh bivouac.

On the morning of the 22nd of June it did not amount to more than five or six thousand men, and I doubt even if we could have mustered so strong. Still, had the then Governor of Wexford, Captain Matthew Keogh been actuated with the same desperate spirit which fired the Russian Governor at Moscow, and sacrificed Lord Kingsborough, our ranks instead of being thinner, would have been swelled beyond anything we experienced since the commencement of the war. It was doomed

otherwise. Intrigue carried the day with the weak leaders of the people, who remained behind in the town of Wexford.

At daylight we left our bivouac and formed the column for marching, greatly encumbered, as usual, with our wounded and vast numbers of females, who were following their brothers, or other relatives, not having any place of refuge, or other means of escaping from the monsters then ravaging their homes.

We moved on the direction of Foulksmill and Long-graig, where the battle was fought on the 20th, against General Sir John Moore, and where the unfortunate Reverend Philip Roche showed so much generalship, and also where Thomas Cloney and many other fine fellows displayed the greatest talent and bravery. This field of battle was a dismal sight; mangled bodies lying still unburied all around; broken carts and waggons strewed over the field and on the adjacent roads. However, these obstacles did not stop our march.

As the English general, Moore, after the battle of the 20th at Foulksmill, retreated on Taghmon, he marched from thence to Wexford on the 22nd of June, when he had learned that the Irish army had evacuated the town; so that our small division marched in his rear and passed over the country which he had abandoned. By this manœuvre and circuitous march, we were enabled to bend our course into the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, etc., and, as usual, the cowardly cavalry fled before us; so we had very little skirmishing with them before we reached Killan, the town that gave birth to the brave and ever to be regretted John Kelly.

From this place we pursued the enemy closely until we came up with them at the village of Killedmond on the county of Carlow side of the boundary, where they seemed to be in great force, having been joined there by a reinforcement. Of course they prepared to dispute the

passage and give us battle; but we soon became masters of the village and drove both the infantry and cavalry from it, as in this instance our pikemen were brought to bear on them in the street, though not till they had set fire to several houses before they fled. The barracks they occupied being a slated house, Father John Murphy ordered it to be burned.

By this time our small army was quite exhausted, from so long and so fatiguing a march, and stood much in need both of refreshments and sleep. We bivouacked not far from this village for the night of the 22nd of June, and early next morning, the 23rd, hearing that there was a regular force of cavalry and infantry stationed at the little town of Goresbridge, to defend the passage there of the river Barrow, we left our bivouac in the highest spirits, and marched to attack this post. Coming near the town we were met by the Fourth Dragoon Guards, and after a short skirmish we forced them to retreat and fall back on their infantry, the Wexford militia, which began a brisk fire, and a smart engagement ensued, during which we had several wounded. But now, whether from a fear of disaffection in his troops, or a terror of another kind, the commanding officer of the militia hastened to mount behind a dragoon soldier, galloped away, and left his men to do the best they could. Abandoned by their officer, who did not endeavour to effect his retreat in time with them, their fire soon ceased, when they were surrounded and made prisoners. No doubt, the officer knowing that the greater number of his soldiers were Catholics, and suspecting they were inclined to join our ranks, hastened to escape, lest they might bring him by force with them. This is the only apology that can be offered on the occasion for his conduct. It was, however, well ascertained through the English army then in Ireland, that the great mass of the Roman Catholic soldiers were pre-

disposed to come over to join our standard, but particularly so, those of the Irish militia regiments. Indeed it was not only the Catholics, but all the Dissenters of the militia regiments, who wished to see Ireland independent and self-governed. They waited with impatience for a French army, round which they would have rallied without hesitation; as, according to a prophecy they had in the north, nothing could be accomplished before French aid arrived. I had proofs of the strong and implicit faith they had in this prophecy. I was in the Wicklow mountains at the time General Humbert landed in Ireland. Some days after this was known, a sergeant and about twenty men of the Antrim militia regiment then stationed at Arklow came to join us. I asked the sergeant why he did not come sooner; he replied, that the prophecy in which he believed, said, nothing could be done before the French landed; and that that was the reason why he did not come and join our army when we were in greater force. He was a Presbyterian in religion, and one of the best conducted young men that could be. He began immediately to drill our men. He was an excellent instructor, and if we had had at the commencement several like him, they would have rendered vast service. I shall have often to speak of this sergeant when I come to relate what I witnessed during the autumn and winter of 1798, in the Wicklow mountains. We called him Antrim John, and we considered him a great acquisition to our cause at that critical moment.

After we took possession of the little town of Geiesbridge, where we got a good quantity of flour, we marched to the ridge of Leinster and encamped there that night. Fires were lighted immediately through the camp, and all the young women who were following their relations betook themselves to making bread, or slim cakes, the best way they could of the sacks of flour

which were brought to the bivouac. This, with a number of sheep killed, sufficed at least for that day to give every one something to eat. Our wounded men were conveyed to the camp and good care taken of them. Though my poor brother Hugh's wound was getting better, still he had to remain on the car, fearing to inflame his thigh if he attempted to walk. I was obliged to place on the same car with him, poor Jacob Byrne of Ballyellis, who was wounded this day; the ball entered under his hip and passed right through to his other side. I thought it impossible he could ever recover from this desperate wound. A young man whom I did not know, seeing me very anxious about Byrne, told me he had studied surgery, and that if I would allow him, he would dress the wound. Of course I accepted his kind offer, although I did not approve of the manner he intended to operate; but the case being, as I thought, hopeless, I let him try his hand. The dressing consisted simply of a band of linen, about two inches wide and a couple of yards long, and when this bandage was well steeped in whiskey, he fastened one end of it to a slight ratan and passed it through the wound, withdrawing the ratan and leaving the linen in the wound, with injunctions not to pull it out; he said that suppuration would be kept up by leaving it in, and as the wound healed it would emit all strange bodies. Poor Byrne suffered this rough operation with great resignation. I had him again placed on the car with my brother, and charged the trustworthy man who drove the horse to be attentive to both, and to be always on the alert and ready to follow our column when it set out to march.

It will be seen before the end of my narrative, the wonderful escape this brave man Byrne had, and this is the reason I give the above details regarding the dressing of his wound. They show the scanty means we possessed of being useful to unfortunate men in his situation.

As the country people were so terror stricken about the neighbourhood of the ridge of Leinster, that they were not able to give us any information respecting the enemy's positions, we had to send reconnoitring parties in all directions. After their return we betook ourselves to rest, and passed a few hours tolerably well. At daylight we were again under arms and marching to Castlecomer. By this manœuvre we afforded a safe occasion to the vast number of colliers who were waiting our arrival, to quit their hiding places and to come and join our standard.

On quitting our bivouac, a sad spectacle was offered to our view. A cruel and foul deed was committed during the night. Several of the prisoners belonging to the Wexford militia were put to death by their own comrades, who, having met in our army many of their relatives, had been put at liberty. They of course joined our ranks and changed immediately their uniforms for coloured clothes. Thus metamorphosed they perpetrated these cold-blooded murders, which every brave man must execrate. One of these militia soldiers, named Bruslaur, was the prime instigator of this horrible and coward revenge. It appeared that he had been cruelly punished and flogged, for being an United Irishman, on the evidence sworn against him by those unfortunate men. He, of course, said in his defence, that they were all sworn Orangemen, and did everything in their power to have him and his fellow Catholic soldiers put to death. Let that be as it may, it was but too true that the infamous Orange system was encouraged and sanctioned by all the Protestant officers of those Irish militia regiments.

It was about half-past two o'clock in the morning of the 24th of June, when we set out in good marching order, and before five o'clock we arrived at the village of Dunain, where we were immediately joined by vast

numbers of colliers, the most determined looking fighting fellows I ever beheld; badly armed, no doubt, with old rusty swords and pistols, but well disposed to make use of them, and to exchange them for better fire-arms when an occasion offered.

A battalion of the Waterford militia which had been stationed at the Colliery, or village of Dunain, about three or four hundred strong, at our approach abandoned the place and retreated on the town of Castlecomer. I was riding beside Father John Murphy at the head of our column, entering this village of Dunain, when we saw the great masses coming to join us. He at once decided that I should proceed on the high road with a part of our forces, whilst he would march himself under the guidance of the colliers and with the remainder of our troops, by another way to attack Castlecomer.

The column halted for a few minutes only. I had a very fine horse, that my men brought me the day before; he being now foundered for the want of a fore shoe, I went to the first blacksmith's forge I perceived, and asked the smith if he would have the goodness to put on a shoe on my horse; he replied he could not then light a fire, that he was just come from his hiding-place, and besides, he was in too great haste to march and fight along with us. However, when I showed him that I had the horse shoe, he searched and found as many nails as were necessary, and soon tacked it on. I asked a woman who was standing at the door to be good enough to give me a glass of water, but the smith ordered her to bring me a glass of good beer, and a crust of bread. This brave fellow seemed quite displeased with me at offering to pay him for the little service he had rendered me; as he supposed I was a chief and that we were going to fight in the same cause, he thought it was the least he could do. I galloped off, and I soon got again to the head of our column, which was drawn up and halted on

the great road to Castlecomer. At some distance from thence, a detachment of the English forces was also drawn up on the righ road. They appeared to be about sixty or seventy in number. Our men told me that they thought these English soldiers wished to come and join us, or at least to surrender; that they had hoisted a white handkerchief, etc. I instantly resolved to ride on and see if they wished to surrender, and to offer them all the protection and security they should require, on the event of their laying down their arms.

I told our men to be careful not to fire a shot, and to be prepared to receive these English soldiers kindly; and if they marched back with me, to open right and left and let them pass to the rear of our column. I then rode off, and when I arrived at the detachment I found it was a company of the Waterford militia; two officers on foot belonging to it came to me and stood on each side of me, whilst one of their soldiers held the reins of my bridle.

These officers told me that they made part of the rear-guard of their forces, retreating from the Colliery, and now, seeing that they were not only outflanked, but completely cut off from their regiment, if they were sure of being treated as prisoners of war, they would surrender. I assured them that orders were given before I left our column, that the first men who should attempt to molest them, would be instantly shot. I further pledged myself to risk my own life in every instance to save theirs. All was now agreed on between us; these soldiers marching with the butt end of their muskets in the air, and thus to pass through our column to the rear, when they would have to give up all their arms and ammunition.

Unfortunately one of our men, of the name of Doyle, coming through the fields, and knowing nothing of the capitulation, seeing me, as he thought, a prisoner, leaped into the road, and drove his pike into the soldier who was holding my horse; on which, one of the officers ordered

his men to fire, and the other discharged his pistol at me. My horse received a ball in the shoulder. They fired only a few shots, when they turned about and began to escape the best way they could, throwing away accoutrements, arms, etc., to be able to run the quicker. Many of them were, however, overtaken before they got to Castlecomer, and the few who did escape over the bridge got into Lady Anne Butler's house, which was already occupied by the English troops whom Father John Murphy had beaten from their position in the town, and forced to take refuge in it. This house being two or three stories high, and isolated, the enemy kept up a tremendous fire from all the windows on our forces arriving before it, so that we had several killed and wounded in an instant, without being able to approach it. We had quantities of hay and straw loaded on carts and pushed on by our men; we endeavoured under cover of them to cross the bridge and get up to the house. This stratagem failed; for the men who were pushing the carts, not being sufficiently covered, were shot through the angles of the loads of straw. I had my horse killed under me by one of these volleys fired from the windows of this house.

A young man who was on horseback in shade of a wall, seeing my horse fall, came good-naturedly and offered me his horse, which I accepted, and mounted immediately and rode off to a small church about a quarter of a mile from the bridge; we had placed our prisoners there under a strong guard. I chose from amongst these prisoners, a black servant man in livery, as the most conspicuous, brought him back with me to the bridge in front of Lady Anne Butler's house, made him tie a white handkerchief to a cane, and hold it over his head; on the sight of this, the fire from the house ceased.

I then gave him his instructions, told him he should go into the house, ask to see the officer commanding the

English troops there, tell him that the rear of the house was set on fire by another party of our forces, whilst we were engaged in the front; that if he came out with his men and brought their arms and ammunition to us, they should not only be protected but set at liberty to go where they pleased. That if they did not accept this offer they would all be inevitably consumed in less than half an hour, as quantities of fuel and combustible matter of every kind was applied to the rear of the house by our men commanded by the General-in-Chief in person, who was at present completely master of the whole town, with the exception of this single house, now on fire. As to himself, I told him he should be taken care of and put at liberty, whatever might be the result of the negotiation. This honest black servant left me, marched quietly to the hall-door, which was opened for him from within, and in less than five minutes came back to me on the bridge where I remained to receive him. The answer he brought to my proposal from the officers besieged was as follows: that they knew but too well that the house in which they were was on fire, and, consequently, they were ready to surrender; but first, they wished to have a written protection signed by the Reverend John Murphy, whom they understood was our Commander-in-Chief, otherwise they could not venture, on account of what had happened that morning to a company of their troops retreating from the Colliery; that the chief to whom the company surrendered was unable to protect them, etc. I, of course, sorely felt the truth of this observation, and lamented the fatal error which gave ground for it, and caused the failure of the most humane intention to save so many lives, and at the same time to get their arms and ammunition, which we so much needed at that moment.

I now, accompanied by my black "parlementaire," went to seek for Father John, to get him to give this

written document required by the besieged officers, and to tell him of all that had occurred since we separated at the Colliery. After making a great round through the gardens, I at length had an interview with him across the river, which is very narrow there ; he highly approved of the promises I had made to the besieged. He told the black servant to return with me, and desired he should go instantly back to the house, and tell the English troops there that the moment he (Father John Murphy) could procure pen, ink and paper, he would send them the written protection they required ; that he would then give orders to cease adding more fuel to the house now in flames, hoped they would not hesitate getting out of it before it was too late, and that he would be at the bridge, along with me, to receive and protect them. On which I returned again with my black messenger to the bridge, repeating to him his instructions. I sent him as before, but this time he could announce that he had seen and conversed himself with our General-in-Chief, who pledged himself in the most solemn manner that all the promises I had made to the military who took refuge in the house now on fire should be strictly adhered to, and that the moment they came out and gave up their arms and ammunition, they would be put at liberty to go where they pleased, and that the greatest care would be taken that none of them should be molested.

Of course I now expected that there would be no further difficulties raised by those unfortunate men who were on the point of being consumed, and that they would surrender and come out without hesitation, before the house crumbled into pieces under them. I waited most anxiously, thinking every minute an hour, but there was no appearance of any movement from the house. I thought it strange that the besieged should take so long to deliberate and decide this time ; more than half an hour elapsed, when at length I saw the hall-door open,

and the worthy black man running towards me; he cried out this time: "O! Sir, they won't surrender, they see from the top windows an army coming to their relief, but the house is all in smoke and flames about them." I thanked him for the way he behaved, and bid him stay by me. I instantly despatched several of our men to seek out Father John, who was still in the town, to let him know the failure of our negotiation, and the cause of it. Soon after we heard the firing of muskets on the hill to our left flank, and the whistling of balls through a grove of trees on the same side. This firing came from the English division which marched from Kilkenny under the command of General Sir Charles Asgill. If this General had had the courage to have marched straight on to Castlecomer, instead of firing at two musket shots' distance from us, he might have surprised many of our men scattered through the town; but now we were apprised and had plenty of time to rally our forces, and take an advantageous position on a rising ground opposite to his line, and there wait and offer him battle, which he prudently declined to accept, and which was to be regretted; for our little army was now flushed with victory, and powerfully aided, as we expected it would be, by the colliers, who would bravely fight to keep up their ancient reputation as the defenders of Irish rights.

I, not having entered Castlecomer, except in the neighbourhood of the house at the foot of the bridge, from which the greatest resistance was made by the enemy, and where our forces sustained the greatest losses, and where so many brave men fell, cannot give all the details of what took place in the town; but it was attacked and carried in the most brilliant manner by Father John Murphy and the fine fellows he commanded, and with very little loss.

Although I have already related a great deal of what I myself witnessed during this memorable day, still other

incidents occurred later which will shew the chances we had in our favour, had the English accepted the battle.

In moving up the road from the bridge of Castlecomer, after we had rallied our forces, we heard the enemy's firing, though we did not see their line before the head of our column passed the grove or wood on our right flank; then we perceived General Asgill's division drawn up in line of battle at a very little more than a musket shot's distance from us, and curious to say, the firing ceased, and he allowed our column to gain the rising ground opposite his line, and there to form our line of battle, whilst he might have attacked us, marching by the flank, exposed to all his fire, and in the worst position possible to resist or sustain such an attack.

During this march another odd thing happened. A private soldier from the centre of the English line quit his ranks and came running towards us, armed and equipped. Several shots were fired after him, without effect. This soldier told us we might count on seeing many others of his comrades follow his example.

It is difficult to know to what to attribute such great want of decision on the part of General Asgill, as he was cruel and bloodthirsty. Perhaps his conscience told him he would want courage on the occasion, or perhaps he thought implicit confidence could not be placed in the troops he commanded. Or was it that he waited for a reinforcement he expected before he would risk a battle with us? Those three motives combined must have weighed very heavily indeed upon him, for he abandoned the field and marched back with his division on the road to Kilkenny, leaving us at perfect liberty to return to Castlecomer if we wished. But then we could have no object in doing so, as it never was our intention to guard or keep the town; and having got all the arms and ammunition it contained, except those which remained with the English troops in the house at the foot of the bridge.

If we could have even suspected that General Asgill feared risking a battle, we should have left a part of our forces before the house at the foot of the bridge, until we could have had time to return and force the besieged to come out and lay down their arms, which they would have done now without hesitation, finding they had no relief to expect from this too prudent warrior.

Although a council of war seemed expedient in our critical position, yet none was held, as Father John Murphy communicated to us his plan, which we all agreed to, as the best to be followed under the present circumstances.

We knew that General Asgill retreated to wait for reinforcements, and we suspected that he wished to draw us into an ambuscade, if we had pursued him on the road to Kilkenny. Without artillery we could not think of going to attack a city where the enemy was well provided with cannon, ammunition, and arms of every description. Nothing but the certainty that we should be joined by the mass of the population could have warranted such a proceeding. And to the shame of the people of that country be it said, they preferred to bow in abject slavery and crouch beneath the tyrants' cruelty, sooner than come boldly to take the field with us.

Father John, perceiving our men quite exhausted from want of repose and sleep, after the fatigues they had endured this day, marching and fighting, resolved at once to go and take a military position at some appropriate situation in the Queen's county, where we could bivouac and pass the night with safety.

Though our march from Castlecomer was not impeded by the enemy, yet it was distressing to witness how our men, from weakness, threw themselves flat on the roadside and there fell fast asleep. This showed the necessity of halting sooner than was first intended; for Father John's plan was to march that day through that part of

the Queen's county leading to the town of Athy (county of Kildare), from which place and neighbourhood, he learned, thousands of fighting men only waited our arrival to come flocking to join our standard, and thus avail themselves of their courage, and indeed more than sufficient numbers to overthrow the King's forces, that were keeping them in bondage.

Unfortunately at that sorrowful moment the population lay prostrated and enervated at their tyrants' feet; all their own chiefs being either in exile, banished, executed or imprisoned.

After we passed the night of the 24th of June in the Queen's county, seeing not the least disposition on the part of its inhabitants either to aid or assist us in our present struggle to shake off the cruel English yoke, we began our movement on the 25th to approach as near as we could that day to Scollagh Gap, Mount Leinster and Blackstairs; we wished to be masters of those important passes into the counties of Carlow and Wexford, in order to be able to obtain some tidings of the principal division of our army, which separated from us on the 21st of June in Wexford and marched over the wooden bridge, in the direction of the county of Wicklow. We were at all times most anxious to open a communication with that division, but it now became imperative to do so, in consequence of our critical situation and the want of ammunition. For the accomplishment of this poor Father John Murphy suggested a plan, to the wise instructions of which we all willingly adhered. They were very simple. He desired that all those who had any quantity of powder should divide it with their comrades who had none; and he ordered all those whose fire-arms were out of repair to provide for themselves pikes, or some weapon equivalent, such as pitch forks, etc. Thus armed, and marching in close order, we had nothing to dread from either cavalry or infantry, and we should be able to force

our way through any of the passes, and might always avoid risking a battle against a superior force of the enemy, and only accept it when we were sure of victory.

Our retrograde march from the Queen's county to repass the river Barrow (though we had scarcely any skirmishing with an enemy who fled from us the moment we drew up to attack it), was still more fatiguing than our march the day before from Castlecomer. The long road we had to make, the great heat of the weather, and not being joined as we expected by the people of that county, (not even perceiving the numbers of the colliers increase, on whose great exertions and assistance we counted so much, which was the principal cause that induced Father John to come into the country); all this was disheartening indeed, and we arrived, weary and exhausted, very late in the evening of the 25th of June, at our bivouac on the Hill of Kilcomney, county of Carlow side. And now I must endeavour to explain our situation here, as it will be the last time I shall ever have to speak of Father John Murphy as our commander. I trust it may not be thought I say too much about myself, and the intercourse I had with him after we left Wexford. Telling my own story may be considered as the narrative of what took place, and indeed as the history of the events and results which followed and happened to every one of my comrades, nearly in the same way, with the exception that many of them had not the good fortune to escape as I have had.

We placed our out-posts as we were accustomed to do every night, and had our wounded brought to the centre of the camp, as well as the females who were following their beloved husbands and brohers. Our position here at Kilcomney Hill was by no means a military one, or well chosen, having roads leading to it from several directions. It had, however, one advantage, that of being near the Pass of Scollagh Gap, by which we

intended marching next day, and of fighting our way to the county of Wicklow. The arrangements for the night being completed, in a few minutes all were sound asleep.

I awoke next morning, the 26th of June, a little before daylight, and my first care was to rouse up some men to send to reconnoitre on different roads. Lamentable to say, almost all of them complained how they had been robbed of their fire-arms during the night by the colliers. A general cry of indignation went through our camp against these scoundrels, on whom we counted to see performing the greatest military achievements in our ranks; now not only having deserted, but having availed themselves of our brave men being overpowered with fatigue and want of sleep to wrench their arms from them, and escape to their coal pits or former hiding-places. One can only compare these colliers to the men who were renowned for fighting at fairs and "patterns," who we seldom remarked as first in the battle, now that we were fighting for our independence, and to shake off the English yoke.

Young men, sons of gentlemen farmers, and the farmers' sons, generally speaking, were the men to whom the people looked up with confidence in this perilous struggle; and in no instance during this campaign were they deceived. Those brave, modest young men, who would have thought it a dishonour to be engaged in a fight at a fair, were now everywhere seen, first in the danger, leading their men to victory.

I hastened to seek Father John, to let him know what I had learned, and to take his orders. He was already apprised of the treachery of the colliers, and remarked, how many of them went off the night before when we were in the Queen's county. He also knew that the King's troops were moving on several directions to surround and attack our camp, as all our reconnoitring

parties returning after they met the enemy, confirmed this report. The morning being foggy, we could not well distinguish the force of the troops coming on different roads to surround us, but it was at once resolved to go on and meet and attack those advancing through the pass of Scollagh Gap, and to force our way at any price by that road, as we could have no pretence to make head against all the English divisions arriving by the other routes, in our deplorable state, with a scanty supply of ammunition for the fire-arms which the colliers did not deprive us of.

The enemy's cavalry, which marched out from the Pass of Scollagh Gap, was boldly attacked and beaten back by our gunsmen, well supported in this instance by our pikemen; so that in a short time we were masters of a sufficient extent of it to admit all our forces, which still amounted to four or five thousand. The greatest care was taken to bring off all our wounded, as well as the females who were following, and to leave nothing at our bivouac to become the prey of a ferocious enemy.

Yet the hired Press of the English ascendancy of that day would have it that we abandoned ten pieces of artillery and quantities of baggage, and had thousands killed and wounded. We had no artillery to abandon, never having had any since we left Wexford on the 21st of June; and as to the losses sustained, ours were far less than the enemy's; our rearguard of sharpshooters covering our retreat through this pass, availing themselves of rocks on either side, they took deliberate aim and killed or wounded almost every officer who appeared at the head of his men following us, whilst our advanced guard opened the way, fighting desperately, driving the enemy before them, until we got completely through the Pass of Scollagh Gap; and the much prized and greatly spoken of Major Mathews thought it pru-

dent not to pursue us with the troops he commanded to the other side of Scollagh Gap; and as to the cowardly General Sir Charles Asgill, who was at the head of three or four thousand regular troops, his friends might have attributed to his "humanity," his not wishing to come to close quarters with us, had he not, to his disgrace, preferred a more safe and easy victory, running with his army through the districts adjoining Kilcomney, and instead of pursuing and fighting with us in the field, murdering in cold blood the unarmed, inoffensive inhabitants, who never left their homes, and who, consequently, had taken no part in the war. They were now cruelly rewarded for their neutrality by this monster, who spared neither age nor sex; men, women and children were butchered without mercy in their houses and fields where they were peaceably occupied.

What we had accomplished this morning, the 26th of June, might have been considered a victory, had not a dismal cloud soon overcast all our hopes and future plans. The Reverend John Murphy was missing. In vain did we seek him in our column, nowhere was he to be found. It is most unaccountable how this excellent, brave, and enterprising chief became separated from the main body, as all our movements were executed according to his directions, and there being sufficient time for everyone to get away from our bivouac before the King's troops could arrive there. Father John would have joined us in the Pass, where we were fighting and driving the enemy before us, had not something fatal prevented him. We never could learn positively the final end of this most excellent, worthy man. Nearly a year after this time, subscriptions were made in the city of Dublin to defray the expenses, it was said, of getting Father John Murphy to escape to America.

Mr. Martin Byrne, a woollen draper in Francis Street, and several of his friends, were very active in this

matter; they wished that some person who knew him would meet the clergyman to whom the money was to be given, to assure them that this man was the real Father John Murphy who distinguished himself so much in our late campaign. I was hiding in Dublin at that time, and was waited on by a friend who asked me to accompany him to Mr. Martin Byrne's house, to see a fellow whom he feared was only personating Father John, in order to swindle benevolent patriots out of their money. I readily complied, and on the first sight of a black looking fellow, told Mr. Byrne and his friends that they were imposed on by an impostor who had not the least resemblance to poor Father John. It was reported then that he had been executed at Tullow, but scarcely anyone would believe it, as no mention appeared of his arrest in the Government papers of the day, when the vindictive ascendancy would have been too glad to have to announce officially such good news as the hanging of a popish priest.

When we got through the Pass of Scollagh Gap, we must have appeared formidable to the enemy on that side of it. For we soon perceived that the King's troops had fled and retreated on Enniscorthy and Newtownbarry; as I have already said, the famous General Asgill, not deeming it prudent to follow us, we were again masters of our movements, and sufficiently strong, notwithstanding the want of ammunition and the good fire-arms which the colliers robbed us of, to march and form a junction with the other division of our army which separated from us at Wexford, and which we supposed then to be somewhere in the county of Wicklow.

Unfortunately our General-in-Chief was absent at this critical moment, and though brave and intrepid leaders were still at the head of our men, they could not agree on what was best to be done. All of them from

the neighbourhood of Wexford and Enniscorthy seemed bent on going to the extensive woods of Killaughram, as the best and surest place to recruit their forces in, and to wait there to hear news of the other Irish division; whilst all of us from the northern part of the county of Wexford persisted on the necessity of marching forthwith in the direction of the Wicklow mountains, where we might be sure of obtaining intelligence, and probably join the division without difficulty. I did everything in my power to dissuade these brave fellows from separating from us, by pointing out to them the great danger they would run of being surrounded, and of their retreat being made impossible. But it was all in vain; they were decided, having only five or six miles to march, they said, before reaching those famous woods with which many of them seemed well acquainted, whilst they observed, that our party might have thirty, or even forty miles to march before we could expect to join the corps commanded by Garrett Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc.

Further supplication now became useless; thus from the want of union did our separation and dislocation begin. We were only pursued by an enemy that but ventured to send out its cavalry to kill our stragglers escaping isolated to visit their families and homes. We who were resolved to fight our way to the Wicklow mountains, found by this last lamentable separation, our numbers indeed very inadequate to such an undertaking. Still we persevered and hoped for the best.

I had my poor brother Hugh, and Jacob Byrne, of whose desperate wound I have already spoken, placed on the same car, and the same faithful man who drove the horse, from the day Hugh was wounded, the 18th of June, took the greatest care of them both. Byrne's miraculous escape and extraordinary recovery in those awful times will show what even a few determined men

can accomplish in the most perilous situation by sticking firmly together.

All the cars on which our wounded were placed, got safely through the Pass of Scollagh Gap. The one on which were my brother and Byrne had still a long and dreary route to make of more than thirty miles, from being obliged to avoid the towns where the English had garrisons, such as Clonegal, Bunclody or Newtownbarry, Ferns, Carnew, etc.

It required an escort composed of men of the most undaunted stamp to brave the dangers which overspread the country we had to march through, from Scollagh Gap to the Wicklow mountains, and that so recently after the battle of Vinegar Hill, which so flushed the Yeomen and Orangemen with victory. Yet the sight of our little column made those cowardly assassins fall back on their English supporters, who occupied the towns, and leave us at liberty to push forward and accomplish our plan, with some skirmishing from time to time no doubt.

Monaseed being on the direct route to the Wicklow mountains, I hoped I should there have the pleasure of meeting once more my dear mother. My surprise and grief was great indeed when arriving at our house, not to find a living being to give me the least intelligence about her. Everything was in disorder. the doors wide open, windows and furniture broken, etc. Two of our tenants living on a farm (Fox Cover) at some distance from the house and high road, we hastened to go thither in expectation of finding some one to give us information. Fortunately Mrs. Maguire, the wife of one of the tenants, happened to be at home

This good woman relieved my painful anxiety: she told me my dear mother was safe and well, with her faithful servant Biddy Cosker, at Buckstown House, then belonging to Ralph Blaney, where poor Ned Fennell's

father had brought them, with the females of his own family for protection. Mr. Fennell having saved this house, when our army passed that way, Mr. Blaney felt very grateful and offered his services in return, of which this worthy man Fennell availed himself on this melancholy occasion, to procure a safe refuge for our unprotected mothers and sisters.

Poor Jacob Byrne's own dwelling place, Ballyellis, being too near that dreadful Orange town Carnew, he could not be brought there without risking being shot instantly; he was therefore placed in a house belonging to us, adjacent to Maguire's, and which only served for keeping cattle in winter. One of his sisters being informed of his arrival and of his sad condition, came and remained with him day and night in this waste house; keeping the door continually wide open to prevent suspicion that anyone was concealed there. Provisions of one kind or other were brought and left with them during the night, by females, whose courage and humanity in those terrible times deserve the greatest praise. In less than a month Byrne gained sufficient strength to get to another hiding-place, and from thence finally to Dublin, where I met him the year after, perfectly recovered from his extraordinary wound, with no other treatment than that which his poor sister had been able to render him.

I think it right to mention those details, to show how the very worst wounds are cured sometimes without surgical aid. And I think it necessary to speak of our long march from Scollagh Gap, to show that those brave men who separated from us to go and take refuge in the woods of Killaughram, might have passed through the country where the horse and car passed on which Jacob Byrne was transported to Monaseed, and from this place have gone with us until we joined the other division at our army at the Gold mines.

My brother Hugh's wound being now a great deal better, he resolved to march with us, and on no account to remain behind. My dear sister who never left him an instant from the day he received his wound, had now to separate from us and go to remain with our mother at Buckstown House, and there endeavour to comfort and console her in the best way she could. Though very young at the time, she was quite adequate to such a task, enjoying great moral courage, and a flow of spirits which prevented her desponding in the worst of times. This happy disposition of our sister made our separation from her less painful than it otherwise would have been; besides, we knew she would be safe at Buckstown house with our dear mother and the worthy Fennell family.

Before continuing our route to the Gold mines, we wished to get news of the different combats which had taken place during the last eight days, and indeed it was most cheering to receive the accounts we got on arriving at Monaseed, of the advantages gained over the King's troops in those districts by our forces commanded by Anthony Perry, Garrett Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Esmond Kyan, etc., the victory called "the Bloody Friday," the attack on Hacketstown, on Chamney's House, Cootalin, Ballygraheen Hill near Shillelagh, and the battle and defeat of the Ancient Britons. All those details, though given to us by poor females whose husbands and brothers no doubt shared in those actions, we found afterwards to be quite exact; and the list of the names of the unfortunate victims murdered in cold blood on the 20th and 21st of June in their houses, where they lay sick, unable to escape, by these monsters holding commissions from the English Government as magistrates and commanders of yeoman corps, was accurate indeed. One shudders to think of it.

Here is one instance of the many, which may serve as

an illustration how these foul deeds were perpetrated by cowardly monsters who never ventured to meet us on the field of battle.

Hunter Gowan, justice of the peace, captain of a corps of yeomen cavalry, knowing that Patrick Bruslaun, a near neighbour of his, and with whom he had always lived on the most friendly terms, was confined to bed with a wound, rode to Bruslaun's house, knocked at the door and asked Mrs. Bruslaun in the kindest manner respecting her husband's health. "You see," said he, pointing to his troops drawn up at a distance from the house, "I would not let my men approach, lest they might do any injury. Conduct me to your husband's room, I want to have a chat with poor Pat." She, not having the least suspicion of what was to follow, ushered Gowan to her husband's bedside. He put out his hand, and after exchanging some words with poor Bruslaun, deliberately took out his pistol and shot him through the heart. Turning round on his heel he said to the unfortunate woman, "You will now be saved the trouble of nursing your damned popish rebel husband."

These details I had from Mrs. Bruslaun's own lips. And how many more of the same kind could I not add to them, were it of any use now to look back to that awful epoch of English tyranny and slaughter in Ireland?

Poor Bruslaun was not forty years of age; he left three children quite young. He was, without exception, one of the bravest men that ever lived. He was respected by everyone who knew him. For my own part I loved him from my childhood like a brother. I had many first cousins, but to none of them was I so attached as to him; his mother was my father's eldest sister.

How grievous to think that none of those would-be patriotic writers on Irish affairs had courage to go, even some years after 1798, when no danger could await them, through those counties, and there collect materials, and

where previous to the insurrection so many cold-blooded murders were perpetrated on the innocent and peaceable inhabitants by these magistrates holding commissions as justices of the peace, as colonels of militia regiments, and as chiefs of yeomanry corps, and who were a disgrace to humanity and everything sacred on earth!

I was "residing," or in other words hiding at Booterstown Lane near Dublin, in the winter of 1799. The Parish Priest there, the Reverend Father Connelly, on whom I sometimes called, asked me one night if I would have any objection to go to town, to meet a friend of his who was preparing something for the Press, on the causes which brought about the insurrection. I answered I had none whatever to go and see any friend of his, whom I presumed was like himself, a staunch patriot. He smiled and told me that the gentleman was Counsellor MacCanna, and that he would fix a night with him when it would be convenient and safe to receive me at his house in Dublin. He added how Mr. MacCanna wished to be acquainted with those from whom he could acquire information respecting the murders committed previous to the breaking out of the insurrection, at Carnew and in that neighbourhood by the magistrates of the district, and especially those perpetrated by Hunter Gowan previous to the rising. "I told Mr. MacCanna," said Father Connelly, "that you, being from that country, would put him in the way of obtaining all he required."

According to appointment, I waited on Counsellor MacCanna, at his dwelling place in Dublin, and there furnished him with the names of numbers of those who were slaughtered at the little town of Carnew and elsewhere previous to the insurrection; in short, I gave him all the information on that subject which I thought could lead to a perfect discovery of the instigators and authors of those cold-blooded murders. I gave him the names

of the magistrates who presided at those executions in the hall court of the castle of Carnew, and mentioned particularly Cope, the Protestant minister and justice of the peace of the district, who acted as prime executioner in that tragical scene. Mr. MacCanna told me, all I mentioned to him should be verified on the spot, and that he would avail himself of every occasion to procure such information as would tend to a complete exposure of the infamous expedients resorted to by the Irish Government of that epoch, and which sanctioned those murders in almost every district in Ireland.

I left Mr. MacCanna highly flattered by his kind reception, and could not help admiring his ardent manner in speaking of the cruel transactions which were carrying on at the time to destroy every vestige of Irish liberty. His great zeal on this occasion did not surprise me, as I knew he was a Roman Catholic, and that his principal aim would be to prove to the world that the Irish people were not making a religious struggle, but were carrying on a just war of self-defence against the most unheard-of tyranny, exercised by the English agents, and the vile creatures they hired in Ireland to aid and assist them in the perpetration of all their monstrous, cold-blooded murders.

When I returned to Booterstown Lane and told the worthy patriot Father Connelly of my most agreeable interview with his valued friend Counsellor MacCanna, he was quite enchanted, and said we might soon expect to see something appropriate to the times we lived in published from the pen of this highly gifted man, whose talents for writing were then well known, as was also his great devotion to the interest of Ireland.

Having learned at Monaseed everything respecting the enemy's position, and that we should only have to fight their cavalry, we marched off to join the other division of our army, which, we were informed, was

encamped near the Gold mines. Both my brother Hugh and I, knowing every part of this country we had to pass through, felt the greatest confidence that we should be able to fight our way, though our numbers were diminished in consequence of our long march from Scollagh Gap. Many of these brave men likewise, passing near their homes, naturally wished to go and see what had become of their families in their absence. Still we had a sufficient number to make head against any corps of cavalry; indeed fifty pikemen and three or four gunsmen would have sufficed at that moment to prevent these dastards from approaching our column. Such was their fear, since the recent lesson they had received the day the Ancient Britons were defeated, that the sight of a car abandoned on the way, or drawn across the road, made them halt and cease their pursuit, lest they should be surprised and fall into an ambuscade prepared by our forces; and from the experience we acquired in our long march from Scollagh Gap, I am convinced that with six companies of pikemen well organized, and about six or eight good marksmen with rifle carbines and plenty of ammunition, attached to each company, we could have crossed the country in every direction in spite of the cavalry that could have been brought against us; for the moment a cavalry corps attempted to charge, our men would quit the road and get behind some hedge or ditch, and there wait until the cavalry was sufficiently near to be sure to take a few of them down at the first volley, when it was certain the remainder would wheel about and escape; besides, if no means of erecting an obstacle was at hand, we had always the resource of immediately forming our pikemen into a solid hollow square, which certainly would not be broken by the cowardly cavalry we had to engage with at that epoch.

No country in the world, except La Vendée in France,

offers the same advantages for making war against cavalry as Ireland, on account of the smallness of the fields, and the very high fences with which they are surrounded in every part. How curious it is, we had no instance of those bold fox hunters who composed the yeomen cavalry corps (and whose horses never refused leaping any kind of fence), making a charge through fields to attack even twenty of our pikemen who kept well together; but a single isolated man was sure to be pursued and cut down by them. Poor Ned Kennedy of Ballyellis, passing at some distance from his own place, left us to go and inquire about his family; being alone, a troop of horse attacked him, but before they could kill him he wounded three of them with his pike in a desperate manner. Had Kennedy had a dozen of brave fellows like himself along with him at the time, probably the troop would not have ventured on so perilous a combat. He was away at some distance from our little column, and that sufficed to give courage to the fox-hunters. To conclude this chapter I shall mention the heartfelt delight we experienced on meeting at the White Heaps the other division of our army, which we so much longed to join. It was on its march from the Gold mines. We returned with it to Ballyfad, where we bivouacked for the night.

I need not say how glad we were to see again so many of the chiefs with this division, and all looking tolerably well, viz.: Anthony Perry, Garrett Byrne, E. Fitzgerald, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc., but alas! many others were missing. The splendid Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, and several of my dearest friends were killed in different combats whilst we were fighting at Castlecomer. However, the friend of my childhood and with whom I began my United Irish career, the brave and truly patriotic Nick Murphy of Monaseed, was here; and although he was suffering sadly from a

fall and sprained foot, which obliged him to ride behind a man on a pillion, still he did not despond. He did not despair of our being able to keep the field and making head against the enemy, until relief in ammunition could be procured, even from some neutral country not at war with England. It was at this juncture that Murphy and I had to lament the loss of our large jar of powder, which the unfortunate Jack Sheridan discovered and surrendered to Hunter Gowan and by which Sheridan escaped being put to death. The want we were in of ammunition often was the cause which induced us to go and attack barracks and houses where we thought we might have a chance of procuring some. By these perilous and rash attacks the lives of the bravest of our men were sacrificed, which would have been avoided if we had had a competent supply of powder and ball to carry on a defensive campaign, whilst waiting the assistance we hourly expected from France. It was even hoped at the time that when a proper application would be made by our friends in America, that the brave people of that country would hasten to send us arms and ammunition. They have since, in the Greek struggle to shake off the Turkish yoke, afforded the most important service to that nation, by sending there provisions of every kind.

From the neutral powers of the Continent we had nothing to expect; on the contrary, they were furnishing their Hessian soldiers to our enemies the English, to aid and assist them in ravaging and plundering poor Ireland. Thus we were doomed to be left to our own resources; and still, if all those who took the United Irish test, had been of the same stamp as the brave Nick Murphy of Monaseed, we should have succeeded in prolonging the war until we should have awakened the sympathy of some generous nation in our favour. He was, I must say, without exception, one of the most determined men

engaged in our struggle. He never thought that he could do half enough to forward the sacred cause we had undertaken. He was high-spirited and honourable, liked by all who knew him, simple and unpretending in his manners, and very well informed. He was handsome, active, and well made, though rather slight; he was twenty-four years of age.

After the disasters at the Boyne, Murphy escaped to Dublin, and was hiding at Mr. Dillon's house, Merchant's Quay, where he received the kindest hospitality. He passed several months there as one of the clerks of the establishment, when one morning a servant came to tell him that a country carman was in the hall who had a letter for him from his mother, and which he wished to deliver himself in person. Murphy hastened down stairs to the hall, when the carman, all covered with mud, and wearing a pair of big brogues, presented him a letter, the seal of which he broke without hesitation, seeing it was to his address; on which the carman opened his great coat and drew a cocked pistol, levelling it at his breast and telling him not to stir or he would shoot him on the spot, that he was his prisoner, etc. Fortunately Murphy caught the lock of the pistol with his left hand, the forefinger or index of which got between the hammer and the flint, which prevented it going off. The finger was cut to the bone with the flint. This wound saved his life; but now a desperate struggle ensued between the disguised carman and Murphy. Luckily the latter knew well how to wrestle, and at length succeeded in tripping up his antagonist and getting away through the back yard and up to a hay loft, from which he got out on the roofs of houses and escaped down into a street in the rear.

When the false carman got up, he hastened to open the hall door and to call Major Sirr and his gang to his assistance. They entered and also surrounded Mr

Dillon's house, sword in hand, pistols cocked, etc. The dastardly Town Major took the same precautions on this occasion which he did the day he shot poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald at Murphy's house in Thomas Street. Seeing a heap of straw in the coach-house, and perceiving something stir in it, he instantly ordered his men to advance and fire a volley into the straw, by which he expected Nick Murphy, if not killed, would at least be maimed, so as to prevent him offering any further resistance. His dismay must have been great indeed when he discovered that it was not Murphy, but a beautiful pointer and her little puppies that were killed by those fellows, whom he made march before him, to cover his sacred person from all danger. Mr. Dillon's house was soon surrounded and rummaged from one end to the other in every hole and corner capable of containing a living being, and the adjacent houses were not only searched, but guards left to watch every issue leading to them.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Murphy found a safe place to conceal himself, and baffled Major Sirr and his band of ruffians for the moment. Indeed it is only justice to say that the Dublin people of 1798, though they did not rise *en masse* and erect barricades, as they ought to have done, yet were they ever ready to receive and render service to those patriots who were driven to take refuge in the city to escape from the most cruel and unheard-of tortures and murder hourly perpetrated in the provinces of Ireland.

From his hiding-place Murphy found means to inform his poor mother, who resided in Wexford, of his fortunate escape and actual perilous situation. This worthy woman hastened to send him all the money she could make up, by her daughter Nancy, who came by sea to Dublin, and arrived there just in time to see her brother, and to hand him the money to pay his passage to Hamburg, a vessel bound for that city being under weigh,

and clearing out from the Custom House Dock, and in which Murphy lay concealed. He had only time to take a sad farewell of his beloved sister, who returned the same night to Wexford to endeavour to comfort their aged mother in her present affliction.

After running many perils at sea, Murphy escaped from the English cruisers and arrived safely at Hamburg, and from thence he hastened to Paris, to offer his services to the French Government, to accompany any expedition destined for Ireland. He waited several years in France, always in hope that sooner or later something would be done for his unfortunate country. At length, despairing of any aid ever being obtained for her from France, and having exhausted all the little resources which his mother had been able to provide, and by which she was reduced to very straitened circumstances, being in great distress, he manfully decided on returning at any risk to find some employment by which he would be enabled to support his mother and sister. He could not think of ever returning to Monaseed; besides the little property he had there was sold. He stopped at Enniscorthy, and there became an agent or corn factor for merchants. He soon acquired an honourable independence. The principal person by whom he was employed was that benevolent and charitable gentleman, Richard Devereux of Wexford.

Murphy finished his days in sight of Vinegar Hill, where he displayed so much bravery on the 21st of June, 1798. Few men ever had a higher sense of honour and self-respect than Murphy. He was proud, not vain; he never sought the acquaintance of those rich Catholics whose fathers were the tithe-proctors of the cruel ascendancy, by whose avarice the wealth and resources of poor Ireland were hourly exhausted.

Although we did not muster very strong the day we joined the other division at the White Heaps, yet vast numbers of those who remained behind to enquire after the families, when we passed Scollagh Gap, rallied during the night at our bivouac at Ballyfad and were considered a timely reinforcement and welcomed as such in the best way, by getting something to eat and drink from their comrades. I regretted not to see A. Perry the first evening, but I met him next day in the thick of the fight at the battle of Ballygullen, an account of which I shall give in the next chapter, after first relating the different battles and combats fought by this division which crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford on the 21st of June, commanded by Edward Fitzgerald, A. Perry, Edward Roche, Esmond Kyan, etc., up to this day, the 3rd of July, 1798, at Ballyfad.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE described in the fifth chapter the unaccountable way our army separated into two divisions at Wexford on the 21st of June, after the loss of the battle of Vinegar Hill; and I have related in the same chapter the march, combats and engagements with the enemy by the division which left Wexford unde the command of Father John Murphy, in the direction of Sleedagh (barony of Bargy). I will now continue to give an account of the progress of the other division of our army which crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford on the same day, the 21st of June, under the command of the following chiefs, Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roche, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc. This division had to march with the greatest precaution, as all the roads leading to Wexford were supposed to be intercepted by the enemy's forces from Enniscorthy. However, though marching on the flank of the English, it arrived late in the evening at Peppard's Castle, a distance of ten or twelve miles from Wexford, where it bivouacked that night; thus leaving the English General-in-Chief Lake's headquarters at nearly the same distance behind it at Enniscorthy.

Early in the morning of the 22nd of June, the principal leaders of the division decided at the council of war they held, to march forthwith by the shortest and surest route to the Wicklow mountains, and there to choose a good military position against the enemy, where they might avoid being forced to risk another general battle, until some ammunition, now so much wanted, could be procured, one way or other.

This division of our army that should have mustered at least twenty thousand men, shewed a great falling-off,

as well as the other division with Father John Murphy, in consequence of the great hopes held out that Lord Kingsborough's embassy to General Lake would be successful. Vast numbers of the best marksmen remained behind, waiting the return of their delegates from the enemy's headquarters at Enniscorthy; but Fitzgerald and the other chiefs were not to be deluded by the Wexford negotiations; they were more determined than ever to keep the field and harass the enemy in every possible way and gain time and prolong the war until assistance arrived from France, which was now daily expected.

When the English forces left in reserve at Arklow and Gorey, by General Needham, to cover the rear of General Lake's army before Vinegar Hill, heard that we had lost the battle there, and were told also that our army was dispersed and nearly exterminated and not likely ever to be able to rally and assemble again, they took courage and sallied out from those towns. They began to murder all they met, crossed and scoured the country in every direction, entered the houses, killing those even who lay sick, plundering and robbing the people of everything they thought worth taking away.

The troops which composed this infernal band were the Ancient Britons, a cavalry regiment, and several English infantry regiments with all the yeomanry corps of the country, who were commanded by their Orange chiefs, viz.: Hunter Gowan of Mount Nebo, Beaumont of Hyde Park, Ram of Gorey, Earl Courtown, White of Middleton, Earl Mountnorris, etc. These cowards were at their work of extermination on Friday, the 22nd of June, when a division of our army on its way to the Wicklow mountains came up. They saw several women lying with their bowels ripped up and young children grasped in their arms; they became furious at the sight of such horrors, and a general cry for vengeance ran

through the column. The route was changed and orders given to scour the country on each side of the road to Gorey: those savages were found in various houses, committing all kinds of crimes; they were beaten and driven back upon Gorey, where they attempted to rally and give battle, but here again they were defeated and pursued on the road to Arklow with great loss. This town would have been abandoned by the English troops had our generals thought it advisable to march thither and take possession of it; but they wished to keep nearer the Wicklow mountains and were satisfied with the complete victory gained over the enemy at Gorey, and in the pursuit as far as Coolgreany, where vast numbers of those assassins were slain by our intrepid men, who were all well mounted and prepared for the pursuit. The main body remaining at Gorey to get refreshments, orders were sent to all our out-scouting parties to return and rally the division there. When all had rejoined the column, they marched in the direction of Wicklow Gap at the foot of Craghen Hill, to bivouac there for the night.

The humane and generous conduct of that truly brave man Edward Fitzgerald of New Park, can never be too much praised. For whilst he was using all his influence to save the English and Orange prisoners made at Gorey, the news of the burning and complete destruction of his own beautiful mansion, with its offices, malt-house, etc., amounting in value to many thousand pounds, was brought to him by some of his faithful servants who had escaped from the flames and the rage of the English soldiers sent by General Lake to execute those cruel deeds. This melancholy intelligence Mr. Fitzgerald heard with the greatest composure and fortitude; it only seemed to make him exert himself the more to save the lives of the prisoners, which became now every moment more difficult, in consequence of the bodies of nine of

our men, who had been hung the day before, having been discovered by their relations in the streets, where the swine were devouring them. Some were also found lying in the streets expiring, having been recently shot. The rage of our men at the sight of such horrors was such that it was with the utmost difficulty Edward Fitzgerald and the other chiefs prevented them burning the town of Gorey, and the old governor or sovereign of it, Mr. Pippard, from being shot. It was averred that he had presided at the execution of our unfortunate men the day before. He was a very old man, and defended himself by saying that he was forced to comply with the wishes of the vile soldiery and Orange mob, who had been spreading death and destruction through every part of the country, when they were told that our defeat at Vinegar Hill was such that we could never rally again.

It is scarcely possible to describe the horrors and atrocities exhibited on this occasion. Unprotected females of all ages became the prey of the brutality of those ruffian English soldiery; women and children were the victims of their indiscriminating fury. This dreadful day is known since by tradition in the country as "Bloody Friday," which was the 22nd of June, 1798.

A sudden and well-merited vengeance, however, overtook many of these monsters caught in the midst of their crimes; but the principal chiefs and instigators of such foul deeds, being well mounted, escaped to Arklow. Hunter Gowan and the greater number of the commanders of yeomen cavalry who were seldom, or rather never to be met in battle, shed more innocent blood, going from house to house murdering all they met, than those who fought their battles.

However painful it is to look back on those horrible times, having had some of my own dearest relations and best friends murdered in cold blood, I cannot refrain from repeating in this narrative the names of some of

the perpetrators of these cruel deeds, who in their double capacity of magistrates and captains of yeomanry, not only ordered, but presided at the execution of men, many of whom were aged and had never left their houses during the war, nor taken any part in it. My uncle, Mr. Breen of Castletown, was one of those, but his neutrality did not save him.

In another chapter I have told the treacherous manner in which Captain Beaumont of Hyde Park had both him and his son Pat murdered in the presence of my aunt Breen and her four daughters on the lawn before the hall door. Beaumont, who was escorted by a detachment of cavalry, knocked at the door and asked to see my uncle, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. As soon as Mr. Breen came out, Beaumont's first question was: "Are your sons Pat and Miles at home?" "Certainly; where should they be?" was the answer of the poor father. "Well, let them appear, or those men who accompany me won't believe it." When they came out the father and the eldest son Pat were placed on their knees and immediately shot. Miles, who was only sixteen years of age, was sent prisoner to Arklow, and from thence aboard a guard-ship in the Bay of Dublin.

No pen can describe the dreadful state of my unfortunate aunt and her four daughters at this awful moment. To add to their misery, one of the assassins had the brutality to tell the eldest daughter Mrs. Kinsela, who had been married but a year or two before, that she would find something else to weep over when she returned home. She had come but half an hour before to visit her family; her own place being but a short mile from her father's house. As the monster told her, when she went home she found her husband lying dead in the court-yard, and a young child of a few months old in his arms. The unfortunate man had taken it out of its cradle, thinking that the sight of the poor infant

might soften Beaumont's heart and incline him to mercy. But this staunch supporter of the Protestant ascendancy could not let so good an opportunity pass of proving his loyalty to his king, by thus exterminating a Catholic neighbour. Yet, strange to say, his own three sisters were very strict Roman Catholics and respectable ladies holding a certain station amongst the Catholic gentry of the country. They were Mrs. William Talbot of Castle Talbot, Mrs. Barry Lawless of Shank Hill, and Miss Mary Beaumont. I have met all these ladies in company at Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons. Of course I had no conversation with them on the cold-blooded murders perpetrated in our unfortunate country; I presume they lamented the active part their brother took in these horrible deeds.

I met also in Paris Mrs. Butler, a daughter of that notorious monster Hunter Gowan. It was well known that neither this lady nor any of her thirteen sisters (all of whom were unmarried at the time of the insurrection), ever took the least pains to mollify their father, or turn him from his cruel propensity to spilling blood; on the contrary, they seemed to take delight and to be amused preparing the poor "croppies" heads for receiving the pitch caps, cutting the hair, and making what they called asses crosses on them, previous to the application of this infernal blistering invention of torture, which was introduced into the county of Wexford by the colonel of the North Cork Militia, Lord Kingsborough and his vile Orange associates. After all this, and the piqueting, half-hanging and flogging which the magistrates had recourse to, are our poor people to be blamed for the reprisals they were goaded on to inflict? No doubt, cold-blooded murders must ever disgrace the most sacred cause, and the perpetrators of them should be held up to everlasting execration by all brave men, and nothing can excuse the burning of the barn at

Scullabogue with the prisoners it contained; yet it never appeared that it was a premeditated action; it could only have been the act of some cowardly ruffians escaping from the battle of Ross, and never could be attributed to anyone above the meanest vulgar wretch; and the cowardly Dixon who got the prisoners put to death on the bridge of Wexford, was a seafaring "cannibal," who took advantage of the chiefs being away at the camp, to commit this atrocious crime. These brave leaders would have saved liberty this lamentable disgrace; not one of them ever suffered or countenanced such reprisals. On the side of the English army, the cold-blooded murders were perpetrated at the instigation of the generals in command, who not only presided at the executions, but allowed their undisciplined soldiers to enter the houses and violate the unfortunate women, who had no means of escaping from these brutal monsters. To the honour of our army, there was not a single instance of a female belonging to the enemy ever being molested during the war, and no place of worship of any religion was ever desecrated, whilst thirty-three Roman Catholic chapels were burned to the ground. The Protestant church of Old Ross was burned on the second of June, 1798; it was said to have been burned by accident; at all events it was the only one.

The exhausted state of the county of Wexford with regard to provisions at this season of the year, when the new crops were far from being ripe, was now sorely felt by our little army, as well as the want of powder and ball, and notwithstanding the brilliant victory gained over the enemy at Gorey, it became necessary to march to the Wicklow mountains, where at least sheep could be easily procured.

Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus approaching now his own country, was consulted on every occasion by Fitzgerald and the other chiefs, and indeed he seemed

to have the principal command, that is, his suggestions and plans were followed for some days.

From our camp near the White Heaps, at the foot of Craghan Hill, on the 23rd of June, several corps of the enemy's cavalry were seen at a distance on the road to Arklow, but they did not venture to advance or approach our column; and those of the enemy's corps coming from the other direction were attacked and dispersed in a short combat, and they soon disappeared altogether. So skirmishing ceased for that day, and time was afforded us to procure provisions of one kind or another; sheep were killed, roasted, or dressed as well as could be done under such circumstances. Ball cartridges was what our army stood most in need of; a scanty supply was, however, obtained by the victory at Gorey. The ammunition that was found in the Orange houses there, with what was got on the prisoners, sufficed to raise the spirits of the men and make them wish to be led on to new attacks and to other towns where provisions and ammunition might be had.

Garrett Byrne thought a march first towards the small town of Aughrim advisable, as affording the men of that neighbourhood the means of quitting their hiding-places, and of rejoining their corps. He counselled afterwards a march back to the county of Wexford, in order to give the men who took refuge in the woods of Killaughram after the battle of Vinegar Hill, an opportunity of marching from those woods with safety in spite of General Lake's army at Enniscorthy and Wexford.

It was during those marches and countermarches, that the undaunted Father Kearns, some days later, with a large body of men whom he headed, marched out from the woods of Killaughram and rejoined our division. The wound which he received defending the town of Enniscorthy on the 21st of June, when he replaced the brave William Barker in the command (he who had his

arm carried off), was still far from being in a healing state, but he preferred the risk of being killed in battle rather than to be found hiding and then to be shot like a dog.

On the 24th of June, as on the day before, there was very little skirmishing; the enemy's cavalry were dispersed by our gunsmen in every attempt they made to attack us.

On entering Aughrim and several villages of the neighbourhood, our column was shocked to see dead bodies strewed on the high road. These unhappy people had been murdered a day or two before by the cruel yeomanry of the town of Rathdrum. A general cry of indignation was raised, and a march on this town was first decided on, but Garrett Byrne thought there would be a better chance of finding ammunition in the barracks at Hacketstown, where, by the private information he had just received from that quarter, he learned a large depot of ball cartridges had been deposited there a few days before. Of course there was no time to be lost. So, early in the morining of the 25th of June, the small Irish army left its bivouac and marched to attack the town and barracks of Hacketstown, and during the march the enemy's cavalry were in every attack which they made, repulsed and beaten back towards the town, where their infantry was drawn up in line in a field just outside the place, prepared for a general battle; but our pikemen in this instance dashing forward in the most resolute manner, soon threw this infantry into the greatest confusion, and forced them to retreat and abandon their position. After leaving Captain Hardy and many others dead in the field, they took refuge in the barracks; whilst the English cavalry fled and escaped through the town in the greatest disorder on the high road to Tullow.

The town being thus abandoned offered no resistance, as all the Orangemen of the population who had fire-

arms repaired to the barracks and there took shelter with the English troops. A general attack immediately commenced on those barracks and a malt-house adjoining; but all the windows and doors being completely barricaded and a tremendous fire kept up from within, it became necessary to use every kind of stratagem to approach it; feather beds were brought, loads of straw, etc., under cover of which the men expected to get safe to the doors; but unfortunately numbers were killed or wounded in those attempts, which were continually renewed for several hours. It was leading one of those attacks that the brave Ned Fennell was killed, at the head of the men he had so often led on to victory. The death of this intrepid young man threw a great damp for the moment over those who saw him fall, but they soon rallied with new vigour to be revenged for his loss.

Being without cannon, it could not be expected that the garrison would in fear surrender before it became dark night. Then, indeed, no alternative was left but to be burned, or to escape through the flames. For this purpose it was resolved to wait before the town until night came on, but a large force of infantry and cavalry of the enemy being perceived on a hill at some distance during the action, Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs were induced to relinquish their plan of a night attack. Accordingly, orders were given to bury the dead and to have all the wounded carried carefully away and placed on cars, to be ready to march in the centre of the column, which was assembled, and set out in the direction of Baltinglass and Donard, bringing cattle and some sheep to serve for the next day's provision. Powder and ball were found in some of the houses in town, but in very small quantities; and it is probable that had the barracks been taken, little would have been found there either.

The English troops retreated on Tullow the moment

they found our army had raised the siege and marched away; of course they carried with them all the ammunition which had been deposited in the barracks. Thus terminated the attack on Hacketstown, which cost so dearly. A better result might have been hoped for after the sacrifice of the fine fellows who fell during the action.

The next day, the 26th of June, both Edward Fitzgerald, Perry, and indeed almost all the chiefs thought it more prudent to keep in the Wicklow mountains on the borders of the county of Wexford, to afford the men of this county a rallying point, which they required, having being so dispersed after the battle of Vinegar Hill; and in consequence of this resolution, the little Irish army marched towards Craghan Hill; the enemy's cavalry from Arklow, Gorey, and other towns, were continually seen at a distance, but they seldom ventured to engage in combat with our men, so that the 27th and 28th passed with very little skirmishing.

Early in the morning of the 29th of June it was resolved to march and attack the town of Carnew. The column was halted at Monaseed to repose and take some kind of refreshments, which were indeed difficult to be had, as every house had been plundered by the English troops on their way to Vinegar Hill a few days before.

The Irish column resumed its march on the high road to Carnew, and in less than half an hour after its departure a large division of English cavalry sent from Gorey by General Needham, marched into Monaseed. This division consisted of the notorious Ancient Britons, a cavalry regiment which had committed all sorts of crimes when placed on free quarters with the unfortunate inhabitants previous to the rising. This infernal regiment was accompanied by all the yeomen cavalry corps from Arklow, Gorey, Coolgreany, etc., and the chiefs of those corps, such as Hunter Gowan, Beaumont of Hyde

Park, Earl Mountnorris, Earl Courtown, Ram, Hawtry, White, etc., could boast as well as the Ancient Britons of having committed cold-blooded murders on an unarmed country people. But they never had the courage to meet us on the field of battle, as will be seen by the dastardly way they abandoned the Ancient Britons at Ballyellis.

The officers of the Ancient Britons, as well as those of the yeomen corps, learned that the Irish forces had just marched off on the road to Carnew, and were informed at a public house that the insurgents who had been there, were complaining how they were fatigued to death by the continual marching and countermarching, and that although they had fire-arms, their ammunition was completely exhausted, and scarce a ball cartridge remained in their army. The truth of this information could not be doubted; it was acquired at an inn or public house at Monaseed kept by the widow of a yeoman, Mr. James Moore, cousin to Captain Thomas Grogan Knox, and who was killed at the battle of Arklow on the 9th of June. Grogan was killed at the same time at his side. All the information coming through so sure a channel, encouraged the English troops to pursue without delay the insurgents, and to cut them down and exterminate them to the last man, for they could not resist without ammunition. The Ancient Britons were to charge on the road, whilst the yeomen cavalry, being so well mounted, were to cover the flanks and to march through the field; and those fox hunters promised that not one Croppy should escape their vengeance.

All being thus settled, and plenty of whiskey distributed to the English soldiers, the march to overtake the insurgents commenced, and when about two miles from Monaseed, at Ballyellis, one mile from Carnew, the Ancient Britons being in full gallop charging, and as they thought, driving all before them, to their great sur-

prise were suddenly stopped by a barricade of cars thrown across the road, and at the same moment that the head of the column was thus stopped, the rear was attacked by a mass of pikemen who sallied out from behind a wall, and completely shut up the road, as soon as the last of the cavalry had passed. The remains or ruins of an old deer park wall on the right-hand side of the road ran along for about half a mile; in many parts it was not more than three or four feet high. All along the inside of this our gunsmen and pikemen were placed. On the left hand side of the road, there was an immense ditch with swampy ground, which few horses could be found to leap. In this advantageous situation for our men the battle began; the gunsmen, half-covered, firing from behind the wall. whilst the English cavalry, though well mounted, could only make use of their carbines and pistols, for with their sabres they were unable to ward off the thrusts of our pikemen, who sallied out on them in the most determined manner.

Thus in less than an hour this infamous regiment, which had been the horror of the country, was slain to the last man, as well as the few yeomen cavalry who had the courage to take part in the action. For all those who quit their horses and got into the fields were followed and piked on the marshy ground. The greater part of the numerous cavalry corps which accompanied the Ancient Britons, kept on a rising ground to the right side of the road at some distance during the battle, and as soon as the result of it was known, they fled in the most cowardly way in every direction, both dismayed and disappointed that they had no opportunity on this memorable day of murdering the stragglers, as was their custom on such occasions. I say "memorable," for, during the war, no action occurred which made so great a sensation in the country; as it proved to the enemy, that whenever our pikemen were well commanded and

kept in close order, they were invulnerable. And, besides, it served to elate the courage and desire of our men to be led forthwith to new combats.

The English troops that marched out from Carnew retreated back on the town in great haste when they heard of the defeat of the Ancient Britons at Ballyellis. The infantry finding that they were closely pursued by our men, barricaded themselves in a large malt-house belonging to Bob Blaney. This malt-house was spared at the time of the first attack on Carnew, when the greater part of the town was burned, on account of the upright and humane conduct of the owner, Mr. Blaney. Now it had become a formidable and well fortified barrack, capable of holding out a long time, particularly as our army had no cannon to bring to bear against it. However, it was instantly attacked, and great efforts made to dislodge the enemy, who kept up a continual fire from all the windows; and, as at Hacketstown, every means were taken to approach the doors under the cover of beds, straw, etc., but without success, as the men were wounded through the beds and straw before they could reach the doors. So it became necessary to wait till night came on, when the garrison which occupied this malt-house would have had no other alternative left it but to surrender at discretion or be consumed to ashes.

Edward Fitzgerald and the other chiefs deemed it more prudent, however, to raise the siege and to take a military position on Kilcavin Hill for the night, rather than remain before the barracks or malt-house; knowing well that General Needham who commanded the English forces at Gorey, as also the English troops at Ferns and Newtownbarry, would make a forced march to relieve Carnew, and if possible endeavour to obtain some kind of revenge for the destruction of their favourite Ancient Britons, whom they so cowardly abandoned at Ballyellis to their dismal and well-earned doom.

The horses belonging to the Ancient Britons, which were taken during the action, were of little use, being mostly badly wounded; but the ammunition, carbines, pistols and sabres which were procured by this victory roused and encouraged the men to wish for more combats and to be brought against the enemy in the open field, now that they had a better supply of powder and ball, of which they stood in such need.

Another and a still greater advantage was obtained by this victory; it made the prestige or illusion vanish respecting the pre-eminence or superiority of the English cavalry, in a country so hedged and fenced with all kinds of dikes and ditches as Ireland is, in almost every county. With these obstacles, the different chains of mountains would considerably add to the difficulty of cavalry acting against pikemen. Besides this, the defeat of the Ancient Britons at this critical moment threw the slur of cowardice over the high and cruel ascendancy, as well as on all those of the Orange faction who had so shamefully abandoned those Ancient Britons in the hour of danger, with whom they so often assisted in perpetrating the cold-blooded murders, when there was no danger to be feared. As if to excuse their pusillanimity they asked Lord Cornwallis to consider the Irish who fought at the battle of Ballyellis as guilty of murder, and thereby to be excluded from the amnesty or pardon. As if that action were more criminal than the others during the war.

At an early hour on the 30th of June the Irish division left its bivouac at Kilcavin Hill and marched in the direction of Shillelagh and took up a military position on Ballyraheen Hill, and encamped there for the night. The next morning, July the 1st, the English forces, both cavalry and infantry, were seen in rapid march coming to attack the Irish camp on this rising ground; and no doubt, on account of this memorable anniversary of the 1st of July, the enthusiasm of the Orange yeomanry

corps was greatly augmented. They could be seen vieing with each other to see who would be first on the hill to exterminate the Irish. But the latter soon prepared for battle, and met them before they had time to reach the top of the hill, and began a most successful attack on the English line. Here both Irish pikemen and gunsmen carried all before them with unexampled impetuosity and bravery, so that in less than an hour some hundreds of the enemy lay dead and wounded on the field of battle. Amongst the dead were Captains Chamney and Nixon of the Coolattin and Coolkenna corps. Those of the enemy who escaped from the field of action fled with the greatest precipitation in all directions; their infantry, being closely pursued by our pikemen, was forced into Chamney's house at the foot of the hill, whilst the cowardly cavalry, being well mounted, disappeared beyond the hills in an instant.

Captain Chamney's mansion now became a fortress for the enemy who escaped, it being isolated and slated, the infantry from within kept up a galling fire on our men, who, however, attacked it with their usual intrepidity, endeavouring to approach and storm it under cover of feather beds, etc. Unfortunately, at this siege, as well as at all those hitherto attempted in the same way, numbers of our bravest men fell victims to their courage before the garrison could be dislodged or forced to surrender, and it was deemed prudent to raise the siege on account of the want of artillery and the danger there might be in delaying too long, lest our men engaged in this attack might be surprised during the night by the English troops then presumed to be coming from Tullow, Carnew, Carlow, etc., to relieve their comrades besieged in Chamney's house.

Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, and the other chiefs, after consulting with one another, ordered the division to assemble, and when all the men could be rallied, which

was more difficult at night to be done, it marched off, greatly elated by that day's victory, in the direction of Wicklow Gap. No doubt another good supply of ammunition and fire-arms was obtained, and it was to be regretted that the siege of Chamney's house could not be continued, as there a better supply might have been gained. But night attacks being attended with so much risk and disorder, should be avoided if possible.

As the enemy had so frequently escaped destruction by taking shelter in isolated, slated houses, when defeated in the open field by our pikemen, it became necessary to destroy such dwellings. It was a cruel alternative, but indispensable after the losses sustained before Chamney's house. It would prevent such abodes in future becoming strongholds for the English troops, who certainly never scrupled burning and destroying all the thatched houses of the poor Irish, though they offered no means of defence to our forces, who always preferred coming to close quarters with the enemy in the open field, where our pikemen could be advantageously brought into action, as they were on Ballyraheen Hill, when the English line could not resist a moment the first charge of those intrepid pikemen.

In consequence of this victory, as well as that of Ballyellis, it was to be expected that General Lake, when apprised of those victories, would order all the English forces he commanded in the counties of Wexford and Carlow to march to the barony of Shillelagh to attack our army there. The Irish generals, to avoid a general battle as long as possible, ordered a rapid march towards Wicklow Gap and the White Heaps, where the division arrived and bivouacked on the 2nd of July, having had very little skirmishing with the enemy during the march, as their cavalry was keeping at a great distance and escaping whenever our mounted men approached them.

Early on the morning of the 3rd of July the Irish army marched to the Gold Mines, and after burning the English camp which had been formed there in 1795, and which was mostly composed of wooden barracks, it returned by the White Heaps and bivouacked near Ford's mansion of Ballyfad, the home of Anthony Perry's father-in-law. Inch, the residence of poor Perry, being close by, he could visit there for the last time all that was dear to him, and take a melancholy view of his own handsome place.

Our camp at Ballyfad being in the proximity of Arklow, Gorey, and other towns, where the English forces were concentrated, it was expected soon to meet them in battle, for which our men were now better prepared, on account of the supply of arms and ammunition procured by our late victories. Besides, numbers of the brave men who had been fighting at Castlecomer, Scollagh Gap, etc., belonging to the division which was commanded by Father John Murphy, rejoined their comrades here; and Father Moses Kearns, at the head of vast numbers coming from the woods of Killaughram arrived, so that our Irish army mustered again pretty strong, and notwithstanding the irreparable loss of the many fine leaders killed in the different actions, such as Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Michael Redmond, Dan Kervin, etc., and all those also who abandoned their men and remained in Wexford county, on the amnesty to be obtained through the interference of the vile Lord Kingsborough. Yet intrepid chiefs were not wanting. We had still at our head, Garrett Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc.

I have mentioned in the preceding chapter how I met and joined the Irish division on its way back from the Gold Mines, and that I was accompanied by my brother Hugh and many other brave fellows, who never left me

during our long and perilous march from Scollagh Gap. I will now relate what took place at our bivouac the same night near Ballyfad, where I met poor Nick Murphy, suffering from an accident; he had his foot sprained by a fall he got, which obliged him to ride behind a man on a woman's pillion. In this state he could not be expected to exert himself much, and the Monaseed corps, to which we both belonged, having lost so many of its best officers, the command of it was entrusted to me, which flattered me not a little, as I was well known from my infancy to all those brave fellows who composed it.

BATTLE OF BALLYGULLEN ON THE 4TH OF JULY.

At the dawn of day, after our reconnoitring parties returned, our army was roused from its slumber, and left its bivouac to go and take a military position on an eminence just near and over Ballyfad. I was at the head of our column with Esmond Kyan and other officers who were going to choose out the situation, when all at once reaching this rising ground, we found ourselves enveloped in a thick fog, which, as we advanced, became so dense, that it was impossible to distinguish any object at twenty feet distance, and after marching some time in this obscurity, we at length heard a discharge, or volley of musketry, the balls of which came whistling over our heads and through our ranks. We knew, of course, that this discharge came from the enemy's advanced guard, frightened, no doubt, hearing the noise of our approach. This discharge was made to give the alarm to their troops who were following, for they must have feared falling into an ambuscade on account of the fog. But be that as it might, we returned back immediately to Ballyfad and took another direction until the fog should disappear

and the day become brighter, in order to distinguish the force of the enemy we should have to encounter.

In returning, or wheeling about, after we had heard the volley of musketry, Esmond Kyan's horse stumbled and fell to the ground, whether from a wound or accident we could not see, on account of the darkness, but he leaped from the saddle, and on one of our men offering him his horse, he refused, but bade him keep his foot stiff in the stirrup and to turn it out a little; he then put his foot on the horseman's foot and jumped behind him in the most dexterous manner, notwithstanding the want of his arm.

In retracing our way back down the hill, we met numbers of our men going astray from the main body, on account of the fog. However, all soon fell into their ranks, and the division moved on in perfect order on the high road leading to Gorey, and after marching about a mile in this direction, the fog began to disappear and the morning became bright, when all at once we perceived a large division of the English army, horse, foot, and artillery following our column, and at about two musket shots distant from our rear guard. General Sir James Duff commanded this English division, and it appeared evident that as he did not accelerate his march to attack our column, he expected General Needham's and other divisions to come up to his assistance before he risked battle. Besides, our division marching in such perfect order, must have shown him how formidable it was: the men perfectly calm, anxious for the order to be given to halt and begin. They were continually looking behind them at the mass of red coats, glittering arms and banners which were following on the same road we were passing over. They were flanked by a numerous cavalry which never attempted to charge our men in the rear. All this proved to our generals that Sir James Duff was only waiting for reinforcements, consequently they at

once decided to risk a general action, and after our column had made more than two miles on the Gorey road, it turned to the right by a narrow cross road leading to the townland of Ballygullen, and then proceeding for about a mile in this direction, and seeing the English army still following and at the same distance, our generals ordered the column to halt and to form the line of battle the best way we could, which was instantly executed with great skill; our gunsmen taking position and placing themselves behind fences on both sides of the road, whilst a part of our pikemen, with some well mounted men at their head, had the appearance of continuing the march in the usual way, which induced the English cavalry to advance and follow as they had been doing all the morning, without further precaution.

Our men who were placed behind the fences, allowed this body of cavalry to approach very near their line, and it was intended even to let them pass on, and to get them between two fires, but the impatience of our marksmen could not be restrained any longer, and they commenced a well-directed fire on the cavalry, which was soon thrown into great disorder and fled away, after having great numbers killed and wounded.

General Duff seeing his advanced guard of cavalry attacked and dispersed so suddenly, marched rapidly forward with all his forces and deployed his column; and then commenced the battle of Ballygullen, the last regular one we fought in the county of Wexford, and where the greatest bravery and generalship was displayed. Our gunsmen boldly kept their position under the heaviest fire; and as they were good marksmen, every shot either killed or wounded some of the enemy, and they continued this fire until their last cartridge was spent. It was only then that the want of the pikemen was felt; they should have been placed in the first instance with the gunsmen behind the fences, so as to

have had but a short way to sally out and charge the enemy. However, to remedy this omission, a large body of pikemen, headed by Perry, Garrett Byrne, Fitzgerald, and indeed by almost all the chiefs, were marched to turn the left flank of General Duff's army and to intercept his communication with Gorey, from which place he expected reinforcements. To avoid being turned, he had to fall back on the Gorey road.

Thus so far our generals by this prompt manœuvre of the pikemen succeeded in making the enemy quit the field. But knowing that other English divisions would soon arrive to General Duff's assistance, they were prevented availing themselves of the advantage obtained, which they otherwise might easily have done, had they not been obliged to rally our men, and prepare to meet the enemy coming from Carnew, Ferns, and other directions.

We had vast numbers killed and wounded, no doubt, in this battle, which lasted two hours, fought with equal bravery on both sides.

General Duff's infantry availed themselves also of the hedges and fences, and they did not want ammunition as our gunsmen did; but finally, though our pikemen did not do all they might have done in this battle, they powerfully contributed to the success of the day by the imposing, formidable, close order they observed during the action, and General Duff knew well his troops could not resist a charge from those intrepid pikemen. He therefore fell back on the Gorey road, whilst our generals, after getting the wounded carried away, gave orders to rally and make a halt on a rising ground, about half a mile from the field of battle, to afford time to our men who were in the rear to arrive and rejoin their respective corps, which they did at their ease, not being followed by the enemy's cavalry, who had been so badly treated in the commencement of the action that they completely disappeared out of our view.

On crossing the field of battle, and whilst endeavouring to get the wounded men carried off, Ned Doyle, a very brave man, who had for many years been a servant at our house, and who had been wounded by my side at the battle of Tubberneering on the 4th of June, being now recovered from his wound, and remaining with me as usual, all at once perceived his father lying amongst the dead, holding his pike in his hand. The unfortunate man, having a wen or tumour as large as a cannon ball under his ear, could be distinguished at a great distance. Upon this sight the son became frantic and half mad, and afterwards we had often the greatest trouble to prevent him killing any prisoner he could approach. We endeavoured to make him feel that as his father was killed in battle, and not murdered in cold blood, he should not retaliate his death on the prisoners. His mind was quite unhinged, and it became useless to remonstrate with him. He escaped, however, and I met him the year after in Dublin. When I come to relate what occurred to myself in that city, I shall have to mention other incidents respecting this unfortunate man, who, I understand, will figure one day as the hero of a romance. It is on account of this that I here relate these facts concerning him, in order that the readers of the romance may know how to appreciate the merits of the production.

It was during the short repose our army took after the battle, that I had the last conversation with the ever-to-be-lamented Anthony Perry. He was lying on the ground when I came up, holding his horse by the bridle; I sat down beside him, holding mine in the same manner. He seemed much exhausted and fatigued. We spoke of poor Ned Fennell's death at Hacketstown. It was this brave man who first introduced me to Mr. Perry the year before, during the organization of the United Irishmen, in which they both took such a lively interest.

In consequence of being suspected on this head, Perry

became one of the first victims of the cruel torture invented by Lord Kingsborough of the North Cork Militia. He was still suffering from the effects of the application of the terrible pitch-cap which had carried off both the hair and the skin from his head; and though it was more than a month since this intolerable torture had been applied, his head remained scalded, and the hair not yet grown.

I asked him what plan we should now follow. To which he answered, that Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, and indeed all the leaders, were of opinion that it would be madness to remain longer in the county of Wexford, overrun as it was then with the English troops, and where General Lake had at his disposal not only his own army, but the forces of the adjacent towns of Carlow, Tullow, Newtownbarry, Carnew, etc. Consequently, it was resolved on to march to the Wicklow mountains and there manœuvre and gain time until something in the way of supplies of arms and ammunition came from France, or some other quarter

When our men were rested and rallied, we marched off on the Ferns road, as if to attack that town, then occupied by an English division, which had been marching to attack us, but retrograded as soon as the news of General Duff's defeat reached it. It is curious to remark, we neither saw their scouting parties the remainder of the day, either in front, rear, or on our flanks; they were, however, certainly prepared to receive us in their garrison strongholds had we proceeded to attack them; but we continued our march on the Ferns road until we passed Craneford; then we turned to the right, leaving Carnew on our left hand, passing by Buckstown House, where I saw my dear mother and sister for an instant only. They were there with the Fennell family and many other females who had to take refuge in this mansion, which belonged to Ralph Blayney of Carnew.

By this time it was getting dark, and as I was marching with the rearguard, I had to take a sudden and painful farewell of my dear mother and sister. They told me that my brother Hugh had just marched by with the main body; this was indeed agreeable news to me, for I had not seen him since the battle.

It being now resolved on to make a night march, in order to baffle the enemy, our column marched on to Wingfield, leaving Hillbrook to the left, and Connahill to the right, proceeding thus on the road to Kilpipe and Aughrim, the straight way to Glenmalure and the Wicklow mountains. I wish to be particular about tracing this route, as it was said by some of the historians of the insurrection, that our division after the battle of Ballygullen marched to Carrigrew and there dispersed itself. Such false information could not have been furnished by any of the brave fellows who fought at that battle; it could only have been obtained from some of those who remained hiding, waiting the result of Lord Kingsborough's negotiations with General Lake in their favour. Or perhaps it was surmised by the fanciful writer himself, who, in the page following, has this same division of our army marching under the command of Garrett Byrne, Fitzgerald, and the other generals, to join William Aylmer in the county of Kildare.

So far from thinking of dispersing, our men were flushed with the hope that something good was still in store for them, and I never saw them march and keep together better than they did all this day, both before the battle and after it. And as this was the last pitched battle we fought against the British army in the county of Wexford, I feel it but justice to say that I never saw more bravery displayed than was shown on this occasion by our leaders and men, nor greater cowardice than was exhibited the whole day by the English cavalry, which kept continually away out of the danger. It is true

General Duff's infantry fought well; but General Needham and the numerous corps of yeomanry cavalry which he commanded, showed the white feather on this occasion, fortunately for us; for our march was not in the least obstructed by those staunch supporters of the cruel ascendancy which then misgoverned poor Ireland.

I have endeavoured in this chapter, as well as in the preceding ones, to relate in the simplest way I could, all our proceedings throughout this campaign, from its commencement on Whit-Saturday, the 26th of May, 1798, up to this day, the 4th of July, 1798, which nearly comprises all the principal battles and combats that took place during that period, with the exception, however, of those of Ross, Longraig, and the attack on Kavanagh's house at Borris. I was not present at those battles, but I passed over the battlefield at Longraig, the second day after the action, the 22nd of June, and I conversed with many of the brave fellows who had fought both there and at Ross; and from all I could ever learn since on the subject, the best and truest account of those battles is contained in the courageous Thomas Cloney's short personal narrative; he being one of the leaders, and much beloved by the brave men who followed him, and telling modestly, as he does, all the transactions in which he took such an active share in that part of the county of Wexford bordering on the town of Ross, his version may be relied on.

As the next chapter will contain my campaign in the Wicklow mountains, I must conclude this by again and again repeating, that if our brave county of Wexford marksmen had been supplied with sufficient war munition, they would have manœuvred in those mountains and have mustered still very strong when the French landed in August, in spite of General Lake and all the forces he could bring against us; but the want of ammunition was our misfortune; it was seeking for it which

induced us to attack so many towns, where we suffered such severe losses, all of which would have been avoided had we had plenty of powder and ball. Alas! we had no friendly foreign countries to furnish us with those treasures so necessary for carrying on a war of independence, and such as the Greeks received in their struggle, from every country in Europe as well as from America.

Before I conclude, I must mention my interview with poor Ned Fennell's father; it was indeed very painful He and his two daughters were standing on the roadside, with my dear mother and sister, when we were marching by Buckstown House; this worthy man had brought them there, as the surest place of refuge. It was the first time I had seen him since his son Ned's death; he seemed to be bearing up against this last misfortune better than could be expected. He said to me: "My son Ned has died the death of the brave on the battlefield, whilst poor Garrett, my eldest son, and the father of three children, was murdered in cold blood by that monster Hunter Gowan and his Orange yeomanry, previous to the rising."

Poor Mr. Fennell's great anxiety was to find out some one who could point out the spot where his son was interred at Hacketstown the day of the battle, as he wished to have him brought and buried beside his mother and brother in the family burying ground. Two months later when there was less danger, a young lady, Miss Doyle of Knockbrandon, volunteered to accompany Mr. Fennell on this melancholy mission, and pointed out to him the grave where his splendid son was buried during the action. This young lady was his cousin and loved him like a brother.

When we consider the immense preparations the British Government had to make, and the vast number of troops employed to reduce a single county, it must be

allowed that our little United army in the Wexford campaign could only be reduced by an overwhelming force; and what would have been the consequence to England had ten other counties raised the standard of independence at the same time, and had succeeded as the county of Wexford had done?

I have been frequently asked if our failure was not in a great measure to be attributed to the want of officers who had seen service. Certainly, experienced, brave military officers are the soul of every army, and no one can esteem or appreciate their great worth more than I do. But it was a depot of military stores which we wanted most, for we had a host of leaders who displayed talents of the first order for the field.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE endeavoured to show in the preceding chapter how the scarcity of ammunition and the utter despair of obtaining fresh supplies of any kind was one of the principal causes for marching after the battle of Ballygullen to the Wicklow mountains, there to wait and defend ourselves the best way we could, until something might occur to better our situation. I must here add, that the next great cause was the privations which began to be sorely felt in the county of Wexford, already ravaged in all directions, the old provisions being wholly consumed, and the new crops far from fit for use at this season of the year, the 4th of July. As to cattle, though we could procure some, we seldom could halt and wait a sufficient time to have them killed and the meat cooked for eating. When I look back, I am really astonished how we bore up against hunger and fatigue; particularly so on the day of the battle of Ballygullen, which began at daylight, and with marching, counter-marching, and fighting, only terminated with a weary night march, the worst of all, and which should be avoided as much as possible, as the men from fatigue throw themselves on the ground, and there sleep until they are surprised by the enemy; or, when they awake, often take wrong directions to rejoin their columns. Although our march was not impeded by the enemy following us, yet our long fast caused numbers to go right and left seeking for something to eat. And here I will mention what occurred to myself. A very brave, fine young fellow of the name of Tom Woodburn, who was well mounted, rode up to me on the road after we had passed Kilpipe, and proposed to me to go to my step-sister's at Bally-

temple, a mile off; he was acquainted with her father-in-law Mr. Doyle, and he said he would stop at this gentleman's house whilst I could go to my sister's, which was only at two fields' distance, and that we could meet in the morning. I reluctantly consented. I feared that my brother-in-law, who had taken no part in the insurrection, might be injured by my visit. He was the father of six children, the eldest of them only ten years old. How cruel it would have been had these poor innocent creatures been left fatherless on my account. Certainly their father ran the chance of being either shot or transported, had I been found in his house. I cannot help adding that it is one of the acts of my life which frets me most, when I look back and think how I agreed to accompany Woodburn. As he proposed, he stopped at Mr. Doyle's, and I went to my sister's house. She and her husband were preparing to go to bed, and how they were terrified when they saw me is beyond description. They told me that scarcely a day had passed since the battle of Arklow without their place being visited by the yeomen cavalry from that town, and that they were quite sure to see them next day.

After eating something, which indeed I much needed, I retired to one of the outhouses; not the stable, for that would be the first place which the cavalry would enter, to see if there were any horses that would answer them. I soon fell sound asleep, unconscious of my dangerous situation. At the dawn of day my poor sister (who had passed the night watching and listening whilst I slept), awoke me and brought me to a little distance from the house to look at some object which was on a hill opposite I saw at once a horseman or "vedette," quite plainly, and at the same time we heard the noise of cavalry coming up from the valley to the house. My sister, with great presence of mind, pointed out to me the way to escape; one minute later I was shot, or a prisoner. I

crossed a field and got over a high fence, which divided my brother-in-law's land from that of Mr. Graham of Ballycoog. I there remained concealed, till my dear sister came in about an hour after and called me and told me that the danger was over for the moment, that the Orange cavalry had visited every part of their dwelling, out-houses, etc., and that poor Thomas Woodburn was taken prisoner at her father-in-law's house, that he was tied neck and heels and carried off to Arklow, or perhaps shot on the way. All this was very sad tidings to me, but there was no help for such misfortunes. I begged her to send and tell a young man, a tailor of the name of Larry Lorgan who had been wounded at the battle of Arklow, and remained sick, hiding in the woods ever since, that I wished to see him. He came immediately to me, and we agreed that he should, in the course of the day, apprize all those who were hiding and who wished to join our army to assemble late in the evening, and that I would undertake to conduct them to our camp, which should be on the way to Glenmalure. At dusk he brought to the rendezvous ten or twelve poor fellows badly armed, but determined to fight their way. Not being provided with any kind of provisions for the road, it was thought right that four or five of them, previous to setting off, should call at Mr. Graham's house at Ballycoog, and endeavour to get some bread or other provisions. Fearing that they might exact, or ask for unnecessary things, or that any harm should be done to Mr. William Graham's house, I accompanied them there. His cousin John gave these poor fellows a loaf of bread and half a bottle of whiskey, for which they were very thankful. He very ungraciously complained next day to my sister of my having headed these men to the house. He ought to have been grateful to me for accompanying them there, which I did that they might do no injury to the place, or take away what was useless.

When speaking to me he seemed quite penetrated with the goodness of my motives. But such were the times, he feared the very fact of the house not having been burned would be enough to compromise him and his cousin Willie Graham, who was absent at Dublin, with the English party. I took leave of my poor sister, and set out with my small detachment; all of them seemed delighted to get away from the misery they had undergone in hiding, and cheered with the prospect of again joining the main body. They almost all knew the country we had to march through, so we were in no need of guides. We were joined on the way by many of our men who had remained behind from fatigue; and particularly at Aughrim several fine fellows came from their hiding-places and marched with us, but still we could not learn positively what direction our main body, commanded by Garrett Byrne, Perry, Fitzgerald, etc., had taken, so we resolved at once to fight our way to Glenmalure. The night was advanced, and when daylight came we perceived at some distance a large body of the enemy's cavalry in the valley which we had begun to cross. We instantly returned and took a position on an eminence or high ground some hundred steps in the rear and with a good fence in front. There we formed our little line of battle, and though we had few fire-arms fit for use, still our pikemen, showing their terrible weapon to advantage, the cowardly cavalry feared to approach us. Three or four of them rode into a corn-field in front of where we were drawn up, there discharged their carbines and then galloped back and regained their corps which soon completely disappeared from the plain. On seeing the cavalry ride away, we left our position on the roadside and went to the corn-field to find out at what object the three shots were fired. There, to our sad surprise, we found poor Larry Lorgan lying on his back dead, with three balls through his body. It would

appear that his strength failed him, and that he threw himself flat into the corn-field thinking thereby to escape; but he was perceived by the enemy as he threw himself down, and they gloried in murdering this poor sickly man, instead of carrying him away as a prisoner. Such trophies and deeds as this were the continual boast of the English cavalry,—it was indeed worthy of them.

We all regretted Lorgan very much. As none of his comrades had missed him from the ranks, they were the more shocked to see him lying murdered in the corn-field. After this unfortunate incident, we resumed our march, and we arrived early in the day at Glenmalure, where I met vast numbers of the county of Wexford men, all of whom, like myself, were at a loss to know what direction the main body of our small army had taken. As no one could give us any intelligence on the subject, we resolved to organize ourselves the best way we could, and to remain in Glenmalure until we could learn where Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs had pitched their camp.

The place afforded some resource as to food, for vast flocks of sheep were still on the mountains around, but the want of salt and vegetables was sorely felt. As to bread, none could be had for any money, and the potatoes were unripe and unfit for use. In consequence, it became urgent to organize night expeditions to go far away, to endeavour to procure oatmeal and salt. I saw the brave and intrepid Dwyer here for the first time. He had already acquired a great reputation in those mountainous districts; for every time that the cavalry attempted to reconnoitre the position near the entrance of the glen, he was sure to be on their flank, or in an ambuscade before daylight, waiting their arrival; and as both he and the men who generally accompanied him were of this country, and good marksmen, they took delight in terrifying the cavalry, who instantly wheeled about and fled the moment a shot was fired at them. So

by Dwyer's bravery and exertion in this kind of skirmishing with the enemy, we were in perfect safety during the night, to repose and recover from our fatigues of the county of Wexford campaign.

Glenmalure is nearly three miles long, with the little river Avonbeg coming down from the high mountains. There were several houses on each side of it, where our men got the means of cooking the mutton which they had in abundance, as the hills, as I said before, were covered with flocks of sheep. They also got timber to make pike handles in the rafters of the smelting house belonging to the lead mines, to replace those that were broken or lost during the night marches; so that in a few days we were tolerably well armed with pikes, but badly provided with fire-arms and ammunition. A night expedition was now decided on to go into the country villages at some distance, to bring salt and any dry provisions we could get back to our camp in Glenmalure, where it was resolved the intrepid Dwyer should remain with the men he commanded to defend the entrance of the glen during our absence. The famous Holt, who had just arrived, was to have the command of the night expedition, and at dusk when we had all our men assembled near the smelting-house and ready to march, some county Wicklow men who knew Holt, came to tell us that his wife had come to join him, and that she had been making terms for him with the enemy at Rathdrum, in which town Holt was well known to all the authorities, having been employed to put the seals on the flannels at the fairs, having been Bumbailiff, etc.; and as her own family, the Mannings, were notorious Orangemen, they feared it might be dangerous to confide in Holt; that he would lead us perhaps into some ambuscade from whence we might not be able to escape, etc. To all this we listened with great attention, and as we, the county Wexford men, were the majority, we

decided to send to Holt who was at Pierce Harney's house, with his wife, at the very head of the glen, to let him know that we were ready to march, resolving at the same time not to follow his plan. When he arrived, we asked him in what direction he intended to march; he replied to the Seven Churches; we objected, saying that neighbourhood was too poor, that it would be better to take another direction into a richer country, to which he at once agreed most cheerfully; no doubt to prove to us that he had not any interested motive for going to the Seven Churches, though it was the country of his wife's family. Or, perhaps, what weighed most with him, was a desire to comply with the wishes of the county Wexford men, whom he perceived formed the majority of the detachment then under arms and ready to march. It was at once decided to march on the Rathdrum road as far as Greenan bridge, and from thence to turn into the country parts which had not suffered by the war.

We mustered for this expedition two or three hundred of our men, who were best able to bear up with great fatigue, leaving the weak, sickly and wounded under the care of Dwyer, who acted as governor of Glenmalure, our citadel or stronghold in the Wicklow mountains. We set off in good marching order and in high spirits. Holt and a friend of mine, John Doyle of Aughrim, and myself being mounted. We rode at the head of our little column, with a few men on foot who preceded us, as an "avant-garde" about fifty yards. As the night was very dark, we recommended our men to observe the greatest silence but the noise made by our own horses could not be avoided and might be heard at some considerable distance. Doyle and I were riding on each side of Holt, who was telling us his plans, and the great things he thought we should perform before returning to Glenmalure. In the

first place he observed that he thought all the isolated houses, which might serve as places of refuge to the enemy, particularly if they were covered with slates. ought to be burned. This sentence was scarcely pronounced when we perceived flashes of light like so many stars from the pans of the enemy's fire-locks, within pistol shot of us, and instantly the whizzing of balls through our ranks and over our heads. This discharge came from the English army which had marched from Rathdrum to reconnoitre our position and had only time to reach the bridge of Greenan, when on hearing the noise of our column advancing, they halted in silence and waited our approach.

I shall never forget Holt's presence of mind and extraordinary exertion on this dangerous occasion. He cried out with the voice of a Stentor, to our pikemen to march *en masse* and cross the bridge, and he gave orders to our gunsmen at the same time, and in the same loud voice, to wade the river, and to get on the enemy's flank, so that not one of them might escape, etc. Many of the Rathdrum yeomen who accompanied the English army in this night expedition, became terrified when they heard Holt's voice, with which they were well acquainted, and this no doubt added to the disorder which already prevailed in their ranks: for they suddenly retreated back to Rathdrum; whilst we on our side had the greatest trouble to rally our men and keep them from disbanding themselves, as they feared they had got into an ambuscade. A pistol shot heard in the rear gave rise to this apprehension; consequently, instead of marching in a mass to the bridge, as Holt had ordered, they quitted the road and got into a marshy field on the left side. After some time, finding the enemy's fire had ceased, the panic began to subside, though we did not know at the time that the enemy had retreated. However, we rallied again on the road, when it was thought

more prudent to return to Glenmalure, fearing that we might meet other moving columns of the enemy if we continued our night march. Having only three men who had received slight wounds from the first volley fired, we thought ourselves very fortunate to have escaped so well. The darkness of the night, with the noise of our horses in front contributed to this; the enemy taking too high aim, thinking we were all mounted. When we returned to the glen we met Dwyer, who told us we might repose ourselves during the night in perfect safety, that he would take care that the pass should be well guarded.

Holt went to Pierce Harney's house at the head of the glen, where his wife still remained, and strange enough, notwithstanding his recent brilliant conduct, several of those men who knew him well, thought he would go away with his wife, and in consequence, they kept a close watch round the house all night to prevent him. Holt, however, sent his wife away next day, and thereby removed the cause of suspicion. How fortunate it was for him that it was not at his suggestion that we marched on the Rathdrum road; for if it had been his plan, he would have been accused of bringing us into the enemy's ambuscade, whereas he had now all the merit of getting us safely out of it, and justly does he deserve this praise.

I went with a small reconnoitring party next day, to view our field of action of the night before. We found several pikes in the marshy swamp beside the road, and at the other side of the bridge we got several foraging caps and bayonets, which the enemy lost in their hurry to escape. Before returning with these trophies, we saw the Rathdrum cavalry at a distance, halted on the road; but they did not advance, so we reached the glen this time without any skirmishing with the enemy.

The chiefs and men of influence held a meeting at which it was resolved that we should now defend the

glen more carefully than ever, in consequence of the sad tidings just arrived, of the disasters and complete dispersion of our main body, commanded by Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Kearns, Esmond Kyan, etc., which had marched into the counties of Meath, Louth and Dublin. This news unfortunately was soon ascertained to be but too true.

Amongst the brave fellows who escaped and arrived from the Boyne was my poor brother Hugh. Of course through him I became immediately acquainted with all the particulars of this woful incursion into Meath and Louth, and also of the gallant resistance made to the enemy's cavalry, after they had passed the Boyne at Duleek and near the town of Ardee, where my poor uncle John Byrne was killed in a charge of cavalry, by my brother Hugh's side, who thought he was knocked down, Hugh recovered himself and had time to cross a ditch before the cavalry could draw up to make another charge.

My dear uncle was the youngest of my father's family; he was not married. There never was a more affectionate, nor a braver being on the face of the earth. He feared no danger, and indeed it was wonderful, as was often remarked, how he escaped so long. My brother Hugh told me also of the extraordinary bravery displayed on the same occasion by the two Finns, Laurence and Luke: the latter, being knocked down in the charge and ridden over and trampled down by all the cavalry, kept his musket notwithstanding, close by his side; when two of these cavalry men returning perceived he was not dead, they rode up to finish him. Luke sat up, let them approach, deliberately took aim and shot one of them, whilst his brother Laurence, who was looking on from behind the hedge, shot the other, and thus relieved Luke, who, now completely recovered from the trance he had been in, got up, and escaped over the ditch to his

brother and the other gunsmen. Those two Finns distinguished themselves in every battle and combat that was fought against the English in the county of Wexford. They made part of Sir Jarvis White's corps of yeomen infantry of Ballyellis, which corps was one of the first organized in the country and as White boasted, was one of the first ready to march against General Hoche, when he came to Bantry Bay in the month of December, 1796. It was also one of the first corps of yeomen which the Government ordered to be disbanded and disarmed, fearing that it was composed of United Irishmen wishing for the independence of Ireland.

My brother's wound was nearly healed, but still he required great care and repose for some days to bring him about, and Glenmalure proved on that account a blessing, which I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure. It afforded a temporary and sure resting place to those brave men returning after their defeat and dispersion at the Boyne.

Poor Esmond Kyan, who arrived about the same time, could not be prevailed upon to stop with us; he would return to Wexford, where he said he was sure to get a safe hiding place to remain in, until he recovered his health, which was much impaired by the fatigues he had undergone. With only one arm, and the stump of the other not yet healed, he feared he would not be equal to the task of crossing the mountains, which he knew he would frequently have to do. Had he consented to pass a few days in those mountains he might have escaped the wrath of the cruel High Church ascendancy monsters of Wexford, who longed to have him hanged and gibbetted with the other patriots whose heads already decorated the public buildings there. He was of all the chiefs of our little Irish army the one who merited the most good terms from the English. Throughout the war, he had shown the greatest humanity, and made unceasing exer-

tions to save the lives of the prisoners, even of those whose hands were steeped in the blood of the inhabitants of the county of Wexford. But fate decided otherwise.

It was a great pity that Father Kearns and Anthony Perry did not reach Glenmalure; they would have had strength enough to wait and to avail themselves of the great advantages these Wicklow mountains afforded at this moment against the enemy's cavalry, and even against their infantry. But alas! they were not doomed to die the death of soldiers. They were both hanged at Edenderry.

One day about the 14th of July, 1798, a countryman came as a messenger from the English camp of the glen of Imaal; he was the bearer of a letter addressed to Murtough Byrne of Little Aughrim. This honourable man before opening the letter, wished to have as many of us present as could be assembled; when we met and formed a circle, he took the letter from the peasant, entered the circle, saying that he well knew the handwriting of the direction, that it was Garrett Byrne's. He then opened the letter and read the following contents:

My Dear Murtough,

I have this day surrendered myself to General Sir John Moore, who has engaged to obtain my pardon, and permission to quit Ireland and go to reside in a foreign country. It is at the General's request I now write; he promises to obtain the same terms for you or any of the other chiefs who will immediately avail themselves of this opportunity.—Yours,

Garrett Byrne.

As soon as the letter was read, the countryman or messenger was brought into the circle where we were assembled in a field near the smelting house. He was

asked if the person who gave him the letter in the presence of the English general was a prisoner. He replied he was, and that he thought he was Mr. Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, though he added, he never saw that gentleman before. "Well then," we replied, "you will never see him again, for he was shot before you were half a mile from the English camp; they forced the unhappy man to write that letter of which you were the bearer, before they put him to death. You can now return and receive your wages." He was then escorted some distance on the way, and before quitting the glen, he could see Antrim John, the sergeant, marching and drilling platoons of our men in the meadows on the river side. The messenger could thereby make out news of his own to add to our answer respecting our disbelief of English magnanimity.

It was now only eight or ten days since the battle of Ballygullen, the last pitched battle we fought in the county of Wexford, and already all those brave leaders who displayed so much talent and generalship there had, from one cause or another, disappeared from the scene of action. The brave and beloved of the county of Wexford people, Edward Fitzgerald of New Park, he also, fearing that there was no further chance of making head against the English army, surrendered on the 12th of July to General Dundas. I never could learn the real motive which induced these leaders to quit the Wicklow mountains and march with the Wexford division, which had fought so gallantly and in so many battles, into an open country (without cavalry), like Kildare, Meath, Louth, etc., and in which counties the enemy's cavalry enjoyed every possible advantage; whilst neither their artillery nor cavalry could be brought to bear against us in the Wicklow mountains. Had our forces remained there, we might have mustered easily from fifteen to twenty thousand resolute, fine

fellows, a force quite adequate to have defended these defiles and passes for months; and then General Humbert's army, such as it was, arriving in the month of August, might have found but trifling obstacles in the parts of Ireland which it would have had to pass through on its way to the capital.

I shall not descant more on this melancholy subject, which, however, I could never cease thinking of; but had we persevered a little longer, and not undertaken that unfortunate and foolish march to the Boyne, we should have succeeded. It is well known that had we been assembled in an imposing force in the Wicklow mountains, as we might have been at the time the French landed in the West, the greater part of the Irish militia regiments would have joined us. The fine young sergeant whom we called Antrim John, and who brought away with him a section of his company, assured us that his regiment only waited to ascertain if we could rally a sufficient force to receive them, so that they should not be under the necessity of disguising themselves, but fight in the militia uniform for the independence of Ireland and against her real enemies the English. Whereas at present, from our not having an army strong enough to take the field, those brave militia men who joined us were obliged to change their uniforms for coloured clothes.

When Antrim John was asked why he did not come to our standard at Arklow when we were in great force, he replied that according to a prophecy they had in the North, Ireland could not be free before the autumn of '98, when the French were to land, and then the English yoke was to be shook off for ever, and Ireland once more become a nation, governing herself, and trading with all the world as a free country is entitled to do. This conversation about the prophecy with the sergeant, Antrim John, took place a few days before we heard of the

landing of General Humbert, with his eleven hundred French soldiers at Killaloe. But, unfortunately, we heard of the surrender of the French army to Lord Cornwallis nearly at the same time, so our joy was of short duration.

To make up for this misfortune we learned from those Antrim militia men who came to join us at Glenmalure, that it was not true, as was generally believed, that the militia regiments were composed either of Roman Catholics or Orangemen. No doubt the propagation of the Orange lodges was encouraged in every militia regiment both by the colonels and the Government; but still in spite of their exertions and persecutions, the majority of the northern counties militia, though not Catholics, were United Irishmen, and consequently ready to join our standard whenever we could muster sufficiently strong to make a stand for any time in a military position to receive them.

Mr. Paul Murray, from near the town of Wicklow, arrived here one night accompanied by a number of men from his neighbourhood. I had to wait on him in the morning respecting prisoners who were escorted to the glen by his party. I found him at Pierce Harney's; he was lying on a bed in his clothes, well dressed, with new topped boots, etc., all which formed a singular contrast with our tattered, worn-out coats, but, poor fellow, he was just escaping from his hiding-place, to take the field for the first time I never saw Paul Murray before this morning. I little thought that we should become afterwards so well acquainted in a foreign land. One day, in 1803, coming out of the London coffee house, Rue Jacob, at Paris, I saw a man dressed in a snuff-coloured coat and top boots; on coming near I said to the person who was with me, 'How like that man is to poor Paul Murray whom I met in the Wicklow mountains in '98! But Murray was arrested in Dublin

by Major Sirr, and of course was transported, so it cannot be him." But it was the very same Paul Murray, and we soon recognized each other and spoke of our adventures in the Wicklow mountains. I introduced him next day to Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who obtained a commission for him in the Irish legion at its formation, and we made several campaigns in Spain and Portugal in the same battalions He retired afterwards on a pension and died at Dunkirk at an advanced age. There never was a truer or better friend and comrade than Paul Murray of Kilmurry, near Wicklow.

We were now threatened to be driven from Glenmalure, which we had defended so long, and which had been an asylum for some time to many families escaping the tortures and other abominations not to be mentioned, of the cruel Orange yeomanry. According to the information received we were to be surrounded in every direction by Highlanders, Hessians, and all the other foreign troops that England could dispose of. We expected this attack, and we resolved to fight our way in one direction at least against whatever forces we should meet.

Whilst preparing for this event, I was not a little surprised to be sent for to go and see a lady who had arrived in the night with her three children, the eldest of them eight years of age: Mrs. Betty Mulloy, whose husband was killed at the battle of Vinegar Hill, and whose sister was married to my first cousin, Pat Bruslaun, who was murdered in his bed by that monster Hunter Gowan. This poor woman entered into all the details of her escape from her home, and said, she was sure that by that time, all she had in the world, except her children, was burnt and destroyed, and hearing that I had a command in these mountains, she had come to put herself under my protection. Instead of being able to afford her

any protection I could only entreat her to quit the glen and return home with her children; that by the time she arrived there, things might probably be changed for the better; that at the moment I was speaking to her, the enemy could be seen in great force on the tops of the mountains, where they had been encamped for the night and ready to march down upon us. It was not only this poor woman and her children, but the sick and wounded that were now obliged to seek a place of refuge, and shelter, or places to hide in, in the neighbouring villages; for none but the most vigorous and robust men would be equal to undergo the fatigue of continually crossing these high mountains. Poor Mrs. Mulloy resolved to return home, and many brave men from the county of Wexford, whose health was impaired to such a degree as to render them scarcely able to walk, asked me what they should do. Of course, as we had no means of carrying our sick and wounded, I could only tell them to endeavour to escape and hide, the best way they could for the present, until the enemy had marched away. My poor brother Hugh, though far from being recovered, would not consent to remain behind and be separated from me again.

We were under arms and on the alert all night, expecting to be attacked. However, it was only at daylight next morning that the division of the Highlanders began their march, and to descend from the mountain leading from the Seven Churches, whilst the English forces from Rathdrum entered by the mouth of the glen.

On seeing these different movements of the enemy, we assembled all our men and marched up the opposite mountain, leading to the Glen of Imaal, and after getting some distance up the mountain, we formed our line of battle and halted there for some time. But the enemy did not choose to follow us, which was indeed very extraordinary, for instead of the thousands we were so often

reported to muster in Glenmalure, they might now see plainly, and, no doubt, with astonishment, the smallness of our body, which had caused so much terror in all their garrison towns. Though we were so reduced, they did not march to attack us; they seemed for the present to confine their operations to burning the houses in the glen, and driving the unfortunate women with their children to perish in the fields from cold and hunger. As we went up the hills, on the opposite side, we could see the flames from the dwellings of these unhappy creatures, where also so many of our sick and wounded, returning from the disastrous campaign of the Boyne, had stopped to recover. The brave Dwyer was now obliged to abandon this stronghold, which he had so long defended, and to march with us. As he, and most of the men he commanded, were natives of these mountains and glens, we were sure to be safely guided through them. After reposing for some time, finding that we were not followed by the enemy, Holt proposed crossing the mountain and marching to the Glen of Imaal, to ascertain whether or not General Sir J. Moore was still encamped there with his division. When we arrived on the mountain in sight of the glen, we could perceive only one tent, which immediately disappeared on seeing our forces drawing up on the adjacent hill. But General Moore and his army had left the Glen of Imaal some time before, and we could not learn where he had marched to; but our plan now became imperative, to avoid as much as possible any engagement with the enemy, except small detachments which we could easily defeat, and from whom we could procure arms and ammunition, without which we could not even make head against those small detachments.

We resolved not to stop long in any one place, and by our continual marching and counter-marching, to show the enemy by this kind of manœuvreing how difficult it would be to come in contact with us in those mountains,

where we were so well guided by the brave Dwyer and his followers. But, unfortunately, this intrepid chief left us again, on hearing that we intended to march towards the county of Wexford. He could never be brought to consent to march us any distance from his native mountains; whilst Holt, though he might perceive that he was not always consulted about our excursions in quest of provisions, was ever ready to march with us, and even to assume to himself the responsibility of the expedition; and he did all with such good humour that we were delighted, and now cheerfully marched with him from the Glen of Imaal to Aughavanagh, and from thence to Croaghan mountain, to try to get some news of what was going on in the counties of Carlow and Wexford; and when we came in sight of the high road leading from Shillelagh to Arklow, we perceived a number of military waggons escorted by cavalry, on their way to the latter town. Holt instantly ordered our little column to march down rapidly in an oblique direction, and to get out on the road, and to stop and attack the convoy. The escort composed of dragoons, seeing this manœuvre, escaped in great speed, leaving the waggons and their drivers to get out of the fight the best way they could. The drivers or conductors were soon captured, and unluckily some of them were killed in the fray. Holt ordered a great pile to be made of the waggons and the provisions of corn, forage, etc., and fire to be put to this pile on evry side, so in a short time the flames from it could be seen at a great distance, as the day was very bright. As we knew that the garrison towns on seeing these flames, or on hearing of the disasters of their convoy, would immediately despatch great forces of foot and horse against us, we hastened to repair to Croaghan mountain to avoid meeting the enemy, as we did not muster very strong; and here we learned for the first time that a relaxation of the cruel,

cold-blooded murders was taking place in many of the county of Wexford districts. Lord Cornwallis issued a proclamation there inviting all those who had taken part in the war, "except the chiefs," to return to their homes, where they should receive his formal protection. Whether this was on account of the landing of the French at Killala, and the marching of the English troops out of the country, or for any other reason, a stop seemed to be put for the present to the murderous career of the monster magistrates, James Boyd, Hawtry White, Hunter Gowan, Archibald Hamilton, Jacob, and their cruel Orange associates. Besides, the corn being now ripe, thousands ventured to return home, hoping to save it for their famishing families. In consequence of this, our small corps was reduced to a mere band. Still we resolved to keep our position in the Wicklow mountains. For though vast numbers left us to return to their dwellings, others, after having remained concealed some days in their houses, had to escape and come back to us. The protection they obtained was of no use to them, if it was ascertained that they had ever been present when houses were burned or if they had assisted at the battle of Ballyellis, where the Ancient Britons were killed. No protection under these circumstances could save them. Such rigorous requisites and formalities or conditions brought back to our standard many fine fellows who had intended to remain at their homes quietly with their families.

About this time I received a letter from Nick Murphy of Monaseed, who had escaped from the Boyne and got into Dublin, where he was hiding, as well as hundreds of our comrades. Their escape, as well as his, seemed miraculous.

When the news of the landing of the French army was known in the capital, Murphy was commissioned to find out some sure means of conveying intelligence

to me of this fortunate event. A poor woman, the daughter of one of our tenants, a Mrs. Keogh, volunteered to be the bearer of this letter, which she sewed in the hem of her petticoat. She was returning to her home, after taking farewell of her unfortunate husband, who was condemned to transportation for life, and just put aboard a vessel in the river waiting to sail. When I thanked this worthy creature, and observed what a dangerous mission she had undertaken, she replied, "that it was a great consolation to her in her misfortune to be entrusted with such a commission, and to be the bearer of such good news as that of the French landing, though she was doomed never to see her dear husband more."

Though Nick Murphy's letter was very short and circumspect, still it was cheering and delightful to us. He said it was expected that there would be a general rising in Dublin of the people, if the French were in sufficient force to make head against the English army. That many persons came forward now, who had remained in the background before, and said they were ready to act. Besides, such was the enthusiasm prevailing all through the city at seeing the troops march away, that the Orange yeomen could not help observing it, and trembled for their own safety. That at all events, our forces in the mountains would be the rallying point, and from all he could learn and see himself, there was now every hope of success from the aid of the French army. He added, likewise, how very anxious our friends in Dublin were that we should be able to keep ourselves in anything like a respectable force in the Wicklow mountains for some time.

Though we had heard of the landing of the French, previous to Murphy's letter, yet it afforded us great satisfaction to see by it that our friends approved of our conduct and our perseverance in keeping our ground.

We did persevere and kept our ground the best way we could, crossing from one mountain to another, defying the enemy to follow us, and this for weeks, until we heard of the surrender of General Humbert and his small army of eight hundred men, to Lord Cornwallis, who, it was said, was at the head of thirty thousand English troops. Under such melancholy circumstances, could it be expected that Holt could have had sufficient influence to persuade any to remain with him who could escape to their homes, and hiding there in the most wretched manner? In fact, he never took any trouble one way or another about them, but said, all those who could not remain at their houses might return to us, where they would meet a kind reception. In the worst times he appeared gay, never desponding. I have marched with him, when on setting out we were not able to muster a hundred men, and not twenty amongst them ever had their fire-arms fit for use; yet Holt would have his plans for some great undertaking as if he were at the head of thousands of the best disciplined troops. In short, he had qualities which quite fitted him for the kind of warfare we were obliged to make in the Wicklow mountains; and often did he boast that we were the only troops under arms in all Ireland fighting for its independence at the time the French landed at Killala. I think it but justice to say so much of Holt, from the many strange stories that have been told of him.

My brother Hugh and I not having heard from home for a long time, began to be very anxious about our dear mother and sister, whom we saw for the last time at Buckstown House, the night of the battle of Ballygullen. We resolved, therefore, at all hazard, to go and see them, and to learn also the state of the country there. To accomplish this, we had two or three night marches before us to make, ere we could reach our place, for we were obliged to remain concealed during

the day. The last night's march was from the Gold Mines, and by the White Heaps, a country I knew well, and through which, of course, we needed no guide. The distance was more than eight miles; besides we followed the high road as little as possible, in order to avoid meeting with the enemy's patrols. All this made the march long and fatiguing; however we arrived before daylight at the house of one of our tenants, at the Fox Cover farm. I knocked at the door and poor Maguire, knowing my voice, opened it immediately. He told me that my mother and sister, with their faithful servant Biddy Cosker, had returned to our house and had been residing there for some time, but that it would not be safe for us to go and see them. That his wife would go in the morning and let them know we were arrived. This worthy couple kept watching whilst we reposed ourselves. Next day my mother and sister came to see us. They had already arranged with Mr. Fennell that we should go and join his son Matt at his hiding-place on a hay loft at Buckstown House belonging to Ralph Blaney of Carnew. After remaining there some days, we were obliged to leave it. An English infantry regiment came and encamped on the lawn, and the general and staff officers lodged in the dwelling-house. A married captain of the regiment took lodging for himself and his wife at Mr. Fennell's house, which the latter regarded as a fortunate circumstance, as through the influence of this captain, he expected protection for himself and his family. Mr. Fennell was not deceived; this captain proved himself a kind friend to the family when they stood in need of it afterwards.

My brother Hugh got an opportunity to return to Dublin, with some carmen or carriers of the neighbourhood; most fortunately he arrived there safely. My poor mother and sister were in some measure reconciled to his quitting them, as they hoped I should be able to

remain at home (when the country became more settled), and that I should continue to manage the land, etc., as I had been accustomed to do before the war broke out. Unhappily they soon found this could not be.

Mr. Fennell having given up a part of his house to the English captain and his lady, had beds put up in his barn, where his young sons slept, and where a bed had been placed for me; of this I availed myself with infinite pleasure.

My mother and sister, wishing me to spend an hour or two with them on All-Hallows eve, I set off from Mr. Fennell's house as soon as the night became dark. I had been sitting with them about ten minutes, when one of Mr. Fennell's sons, a lad of ten or twelve years old, came running in out of breath to tell me that his brother Mat was taken prisoner by the Orangemen, and that they were searching every place for me. My dear sister, who had shown a great deal of self-possession and good sense all through those terrible times, thanked young Fennell and bid him return quickly through the fields to avoid meeting the yeomen. She did not wish the poor young boy to be in the secret of the place where I was to take refuge, lest, if he were met and tortured by these monsters, he might be forced to tell all he knew about me. As soon as he was gone away, she told me that Ned Cane, a worthy man who lived a few fields distance, at the other side of the road from our house, told her some days before that if I should be at any time in danger, to come to his house, where he had made a cave or cavern in which I could remain for days in perfect safety without the least danger of being discovered. Of course I went instantly and took up my new abode at this worthy man's house. The entrance into his cave was behind the fire-place on the ground floor, and so contrived that if the house was burned, the persons hiding there had the means of escaping by another issue leading into the fields.

My sister, though satisfied that I was in no danger for the moment, knew well there was no time to be lost to find out some means or other to get me out of the reach of the cruel Orangemen, whose thirst for blood seemed to be daily increasing. She therefore exerted herself beyond measure till at length she had the good fortune to meet with a worthy lady who entered into all her views and sympathized with her in all her sorrows. Mrs. Ricards of Coolafancy, kindly volunteered to assist my sister in every way to get me safely out of the country. She proposed to go to Dublin under pretext of taking one of her children, a boy of ten years of age, to place at school there, and that I should drive the car for her; but she feared that none of her horses were in a state to make the journey in one day (40 miles), and that it would be unsafe for me to stop on the way. My sister told her she should have one of ours, quite equal to the task, and accordingly the horse was sent to Mrs. Ricards, who had everything ready, and only waited my arrival to set out on our journey. On learning these arrangements I left my cave, where I had been concealed for about seven or eight days, and took leave of Cane. I thanked him with gratitude for his kind hospitality, and I then went for an instant to take a parting farewell of my dear mother and sister, and from thence I hurried to Mrs. Ricards, a distance of two or three miles, and this lady having everything prepared, we set off on our journey at daylight, and we nearly reached the town of Bray without meeting with any impediment, when all at once we saw numbers of carmen escaping in every direction out of the town from the English soldiers, who were pressing horses and cars to transport their baggage, being under orders to march to the North of Ireland.

Mrs. Ricards at once decided to turn off the road, and to go as quickly as possible to Enniskerry, where she hoped we could pass the night, at the house of a lady

who had been her school-fellow and friend before they were married, and with whom she still kept up an intimacy. Fortunately the husband was absent with his corps of yeomen cavalry, for he was not only a Tory, but a bitter Orangeman.

When we arrived, Mrs. Ricards and her little son John received the kindest welcome from this lady, who thought she could never do half enough for her former school-fellow and playmate, Miss Slater, whilst I did not fare badly in the kitchen. Little Ricards thought I was slighted, and cried out, "Mamma, won't Mr. Byrne come to tea?"—This exclamation was rather awkward, as his mother had said my name was Doyle. However, the lady of the house was too well bred to take notice of what the child had said. The next morning we set out at daylight, and arrived in Dublin on the 10th of November, 1798, at an early hour, and put up at a carman's inn in Kevin Street, where my step-brother Ned Kennedy came and brought me away with him to a hiding-place; for arrests of those coming from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow were every instant taking place throughout the city.

Before I conclude this chapter, I must express my lasting gratitude to Mrs. Ricards for her generous and spirited conduct in thus getting me away from the impending danger; indeed I feel I can never be sufficiently grateful towards her.

The next chapter will contain the account of the way I escaped in Dublin; my acquaintance with poor Robert Emmet, and the part I took in his unlucky attempt; my escape from Dublin, and my arrival in Paris, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

In concluding the last chapter, I mentioned that my step-brother, Edward Kennedy, met me at the carman's inn in Kevin Street, on my arrival in Dublin. He hastened to bring me home with him, and to have me metamorphosed from appearing a car-driver into a respectable Dublin citizen. Although he was rather larger and taller than me, yet all his clothes fitted me tolerably well, particularly a long brown great coat with a black velvet cape, so that in a few minutes I was completely disguised and ready to walk the streets arm-in-arm with him to my new abode. On our way I was saluted as Mr. Kennedy; no doubt on account of the long great coat which he generally wore at that season when going out on business. He thought his house might be suspected on account of the great number of those who escaped to Dublin coming to it, not only to dine with him, but sometimes to remain many days at a time. My brother was very generous, and thought he could never do half enough for the brave men who escaped the English tyrants. Unfortunately, his means were inadequate to keep open house for all those who frequented it, he being a county Wexford man. I should not mention these circumstances, which possibly may not interest the general reader, but on account of those lamented sufferers in the sacred cause whom my brother was in the habit of entertaining.

Poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus dined with him in New Street the day before he was arrested. I sat beside him at dinner. Alas! it was the last time we ever met. Of course we talked over our misfortunes, and the sad result of our campaign. He had not the most distant

idea that any danger awaited him, having General Lake's protection, which Brigade Major Fitzgerald so kindly obtained for him at Wexford, and in virtue of which, and on its guarantee, he had for months walked about the streets of Dublin almost daily, without the least apprehension that any charge could be brought against him, so conscious was he of the rectitude of his conduct and the magnanimity of his exertions to save the lives of prisoners, in every instance where he possessed influence during the insurrection, and very often at the risk of his own life; for it was no easy matter to persuade those unfortunate men who had had their nearest and dearest relations murdered in cold blood by the Orangemen, that retaliation could not serve their cause. Still poor Billy Byrne would persevere in his humane task, and succeeded in saving many Orange prisoners. Some of these very men were brought to Wicklow to swear his life away. It sufficed that he had enjoyed sufficient influence to save these Orange prisoners, to show that he must have been a chief. So according to the "justice of England" which then prevailed in Ireland, poor Byrne was tried and condemned to death, and executed forthwith; whilst his brother Garrett Byrne, who was a real and distinguished chief all through the insurrection, escaped, because he applied to a man of honour and high reputation, General Sir John Moore, and not to Lake, or to that old hypocrite Lord Cornwallis.

After poor Billy Byrne's arrest, my brother thought it advisable that I should leave the city for some time, and go and hide in the country or in the vicinity of Dublin. A worthy clergyman, a Catholic priest, the Reverend John Barret, who had set up a little academy at Lucan, after he got out of prison, kindly invited me to his house; there I passed several days very agreeably with him and the little boys his pupils. It was during my

stay with Mr. Barret that he told me of many strange and melancholy occurrences which took place almost daily amongst the State prisoners, with all of whom he was on the most intimate footing—such as Emmet, Bond, MacNeven, Sampson, O'Connor, etc., but particularly the brave and unfortunate William Michael Byrne, whom he accompanied in his last moments. This heroic martyr to his country's cause was one of the first to be sacrificed for the efforts he made for its liberty and redemption. With the rope about his neck, going to the place of execution from his cell, knowing he should pass by the window where Mrs. Bond was with her husband, and lest she should see him, and be overwhelmed by the sight, as it was her husband's turn next to be executed, he stooped so low under the window, going nearly on his hands and feet, as not to be seen by her. The presence of mind of this truly great man, an instant before being launched into eternity, is extraordinary indeed, and worthy of being recorded in a history of the sufferings of Ireland.

Being informed that the searching for the men of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, supposed to be hiding in Dublin, had ceased, I took my leave of the worthy priest, Mr. Barret, thanking him for his kind hospitality, and returned to the city; but when I arrived at my brother's in New Street, I was told that Hunter Gowan, with several of his yeomen, were in town, and that he had already caused many men to be arrested in Kevin Street. The poor fellows having left their hiding places and gone to the carmen's inn, there to endeavour to get news from their homes and families, thus met their most cruel foes, before they had an opportunity of seeing those county of Wexford carriers, who arrived in Dublin on Sunday, to be in time for the markets which were held on Mondays.

As soon as I learned this news, and that a general

search was likely to be made throughout those districts or houses frequented by the county of Wexford people, I made haste again to leave the town. Mr. George Nowlan, who kept a hotel at Maynooth, invited me to spend a few days there; I had also an invitation to the lay college, but I did not think it right to avail myself of it, fearing a student might be expelled for harbouring me there; so after passing a few days at Maynooth, I returned to my brother's, resolved to run any risk rather than quit the city, which offered a better chance for escaping than I could expect in the country, or near Dublin. But I had to remain concealed on Sundays and Mondays, and not to sleep at my brother's house, in order to avoid meeting the county Wexford and Wicklow Orangemen, who were generally seen parading the streets during those days. After passing a month in this melancholy, uncertain way, my health unfortunately failed, though my courage never did. I fell sick, and had so severe an illness that it was thought I could not recover. But my dear brother had every care taken of me, and as soon as I became convalescent, being ordered change of air, he took lodgings for me at Booterstown Lane, near a place where he was going to build two houses. I was to be the overseer or superintendent, and to book down the materials, the bricks, the lime, sand, etc., and to give receipts for them when delivered, and to pay all the workmen on the Saturday evenings. I felt the greatest pleasure in being thus employed; it afforded me an opportunity of making myself in some way useful to him who had already been at such expense and taken so much trouble to prevent my falling into the hands of those relentless villains, whom nothing could satisfy but blood.

This occupation, besides being useful to my brother, was conducive to my recovery. I generally went to town late on Saturday evening, and returned late on

Sunday evening, to be at my post early on Monday morning, to see that the workmen were arrived and had resumed their labour. This regular occupation, and the sea air and tolerably good living, restored my health, which had been so much injured, to its natural state. My spirits also got better. The war with France was going on, and I hoped consequently that there was still something good in store for poor Ireland. The worthy Father Connelly, who had suffered imprisonment in the cause, was the parish priest at Booterstown Lane. I spent many instructive evenings with him, talking over the state of the country after the Union. He was an extremely well-informed, enlightened man, and I listened to his conversation with delight, and I must say I felt not a little vain of the confidence he seemed to place in me. He wished me to be acquainted with his friend, Counsellor MacCanna, who, he said, would soon publish a narrative of the cold-blooded murders perpetrated at Carnew and other places, previous to the insurrection. This work never appeared. The Counsellor having got a pension, thought it would answer no purpose to publish such things. Very likely Father Connelly never knew the reason why the work did not come out.

I have already mentioned in this memoir the result of my interview with this gentleman, Mr. MacCanna; he being a Roman Catholic, and considered a good lawyer, was expected to expose to the world the foul deeds of the cruel ascendancy of that period, having collected the necessary documents for such a publication.

Many of the brave county of Wexford men who escaped from the disasters of the Boyne, took refuge in Booterstown Lane, and were living in wretched little cabins in the back allies, with their female relations, mothers, sisters, wives, etc., all having abandoned their homes. Amongst them were Stephen and Pat Murray, of Croom; the latter was our standard-bearer of the

Monaseed corps. He was a determined, fine fellow, who guarded our beautiful green colours throughout all the battles of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow. There was also John Purcell, the son of a respectable mill owner near Craneford, an intrepid, fine young man, whom I had occasion to see in the most perilous situations, and who distinguished himself to the admiration of all who shared the same danger. I felt the greatest satisfaction at having it in my power to render some service to these unfortunate and brave men. My brother allowed me to employ them at any work they were capable of performing; so they riddled sand, mixed mortar, etc., etc., and were paid like the others, and this occupation kept them out of harm's way, and enabled them to support their families until something better offered.

I boarded and lodged with an honest, blunt man, of the name of Burnet; he was from the north of Ireland. He kept a huckster's shop, and sold all kinds of groceries. Of course, the men employed at the buildings dealt with him, and they found it convenient to have such good things so near, and credit to the end of the week.

My punctuality in returning on Sunday night impressed Burnet for some time with the idea that creditors might contribute to my exactness, and I was not sorry he should think so.

I had frequently visits from my friends during the week, viz., the Reverend Father Barret, who had given up his school at Lucan, and returned to Francis Street Chapel; Neddy Byrne, of Ballymanus, and many others. I accompanied Neddy Byrne one day to call on a rich merchant at his counting house, of the name of Maguire, who traded with Hamburg, and had just returned from that city, where he had seen Garrett Byrne. Wishing to let the family hear of their relative, Mr. Maguire sent word to Neddy Byrne to call on him. The latter, of

course, expected to have some agreeable conversation about his brother, with this wealthy hemp and flax merchant; but, on the contrary Maguire told him at once, that it would be necessary for him and his two sisters, Nellie and Fanny Byrne, to sign a deed giving up all claim to the Ballymanus estate, before anything could be done for their brother Garrett, then an exile at Hamburg and in great want of money. I cannot forget Byrne's exclamation when he came out to join me: "How could I have expected anything good from a fellow covered with borrough!"—the Irish term for tow.

My time passed on at Booterstown Lane well enough, till the news came of the peace of Amiens in March, 1802, which to me were sad tidings indeed. I had an invitation to dine that same day with a very worthy couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Byrne of Townsend Street. After dinner Mrs. Byrne asked me to accompany a young lady, Miss Lawless, a cousin of hers (and whom I believe, she and her husband had adopted, having no children of their own), to see the illuminations through the city of Dublin. Of course, I could not refuse. Although Miss Lawless was a nice sprightly young girl, who took every pains to show me all the magnificent public buildings, blazing with lights, and quite surpassing anything of the kind I had ever witnessed, I felt completely cast down and dull. My spirits sunk, my hopes vanished. I felt quite ashamed of being in this state reconducting Miss Lawless home, but I could not help it. Mrs. Byrne rallied me and said she was sorry to see that the rejoicings did not seem to amuse me much. After taking some refreshments, I took my leave of them. The next time I called I was finely joked for being such a dull company to a young lady!

I felt unnerved and disappointed at the news of the peace. I had been living in hopes that ere the war terminated, something good would be done for poor Ireland.

But now, alas! all that ceased, and, for the first time, I began to think seriously about my own situation. Having no possession by which I could make a livelihood except farming or agriculture, in which I had acquired some knowledge on our own land, previous to the insurrection, I often thought of going to America. But what could I do there without capital? And I was not master of any.

A very worthy man, a Mr. Daniel Keogh, a school master, from whom I had learned the little I knew of arithmetic, mensuration, etc., being obliged to reside in Dublin, and being an excellent professor of book-keeping, cheerfully came to give me lessons in that branch of learning. My step-brother now thought that with the instructions he could himself give me, I might replace the clerk who kept his books, who sold and measured the timber, etc. In a very short time I was quite equal to the business, which afforded great pleasure to my dear brother, and gave me rather an agreeable occupation. Though often busily employed in the timber yard, I could see my friends, and know something of what was going on in the public world, during this short peace, which I trusted would not last long; and indeed I was not deceived, for in the spring of 1803, the hostilities recommenced between England and France.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with a Mr. Norris, a young man of very pleasing manners, who had been set up in a tannery concern at Dolphin's Barn, by Mr. John Patten, the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet. Of course, Mr. Norris and I had many conversations about that truly patriotic Irish family; I telling him the kind and disinterested part Mr. T. A. Emmet took to obtain justice for the Ballyellis yeomanry, disbanded and disarmed by their chief, Sir John Jervis White, previous to the insurrection on the pretext and suspicion of their being United Irishmen. On this Mr. Norris asked me if I should not like to know the

youngest brother, Robert Emmet, who had just returned from France, having parted with his brother Thomas at Paris. I need not say how delighted I was at the prospect of being introduced to a young patriot, of whom I had heard already so much that I was quite prepossessed in his favour and longed much to see him. Next day we met at Mr. Norris's, who after introducing us to each other, left us and went away on his own business. Mr. Emmet soon told me his plans. He said he wished to be acquainted with all those who had escaped in the war of '98, and who continued still to enjoy the confidence of the people; that he had been enquiring since his return, and even at Paris. He was pleased to add that he had heard my name mentioned amongst them, etc. He entered into many details of what Ireland had to expect from France in the way of assistance, now that that country was so energetically governed by the first Consul Buonaparte; but Buonaparte feared that the Irish people might be changed, and careless about their independence, in consequence of the union with England. It became obvious, therefore, that this impression should be removed as soon as possible. Mr. R. Emmet told me the station his brother held in Paris, and that the different members of the Government there frequently consulted him. All of them were of opinion that a demonstration should be made by the Irish patriots to prove that they were as ready as ever to shake off the English yoke. To which Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet replied: it would be cruel to commit the poor Irish people again, and to drive them into another rebellion before they received assistance from France; but at the same time he could assure the French Government that a secret organisation was then going on throughout Ireland, but more particularly in the city of Dublin, where large depots of arms, and of every kind of ammunition, were preparing with the

greatest secrecy, as none but the tried men of 1798 were entrusted with the management of those stores and depots.

After giving me this explanation, Mr. Robert Emmet added: "If the brave and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his associates felt themselves justified in seeking to redress Ireland's grievances by taking the field, what must not be our justification, now that not a vestige of self-government exists, in consequence of the accursed Union. Until this most barbarous act or transaction took place, from time to time, in spite of corruption, useful local laws were enacted for Ireland. Now seven-eighths of the population have no right to send a member of their body to represent them, even in a foreign Parliament, and the other eighth-part of the population are the tools and task-masters, acting for the cruel English Government and its Irish ascendancy—a monster still worse, if possible, than foreign tyranny."

Mr. Emmet mentioned again the promises obtained from the chief of the French Government, given to himself, his brother, and other leaders, that in the event of a French army landing in Ireland, it should be considered as an auxiliary one, and received on the same principle as General Rochambeau and his army were received by the American people, when fighting for their independence. He added: "That though no one could abhor more than he did the means by which the First Consul came to be at the head of the French nation, still he was convinced, that this great military chief would find it his interest to deal fairly by the Irish nation, as the best and surest way to obtain his ends with England: he therefore thought the country should be organized and prepared for those great events, which were now inevitable. That, as for himself, he was resolved to risk his life, and to stake the little fortune he possessed, for the accomplishment of those preparations so necessary for

the redemption of our unfortunate country from the hands of a cruel enemy.

Mr. Emmet's powerful, persuasive language, and sound reason, all coming from the heart, left it impossible for any Irishman, impressed with a desire for his country's independence, to make any objection to his plans (particularly as Ireland's great opportunity seemed now to have arrived for her freedom), save to bide the proper time, and wait for French aid. For my own part, I had no objections to make. I merely observed that I trusted the poor county of Wexford, and the other parts which suffered in 1798, would be spared until Dublin was ready to begin and take the lead in the struggle; that for the accomplishment of this enterprise there were more than three hundred brave county of Wexford fellows who escaped in '98 and who took refuge in Dublin and the environs, on whom we could count when the time for action arrived, and that with the aid of those tried men, and with the brave Kildare men and Dublin citizens, I trusted success was certain.

We settled in this first interview how we were to meet, without inconvenience to me, as I was a good deal occupied in the office and timber-yard. At the bottom of this yard there was a small garden, and instead of enquiring for me at the office, Mr. Emmet, when he called, walked into this garden, where I immediately joined him. If I happened to be out on business, he went to Mr. John Palmer's New Road, on the Pottle, where he left any message he might have for me with Miss Biddy Palmer, in whom he placed implicit confidence; and indeed no one was ever more worthy of such trust than this young lady, who had suffered severely in 1798 by her father's imprisonment and the ruin of his affairs, her brother's exile, and death on the Continent. Still she bore up under all her misfortunes like a heroine of the olden times, and was a comfort and

a consolation to her family and friends. I did not introduce my brother to Mr. Emmet, but he knew who he was, and when he called in my absence Mr. Kennedy merely told him that I was out, and the time when I should be returned. Nothing more was to pass between them. When I came back and heard that Mr. Emmet had called, I went to Miss Palmer's where I either met him, or got the message he left for me with this young lady. As to the secrecy to be observed on the vast preparations now making, Mr. Emmet said he was satisfied we had nothing to dread, as none but those who were already well known to have suffered in the cause of Ireland would be employed, and consequently every confidence was placed in them. For this reason, no test, no oath was taken by any one during those preparations and organization, which was to extend throughout the country.

At our next meeting Mr. Emmet told me of the house he had taken in the lane near Thomas Street, where he intended to establish a large depot of ammunition, fire-arms of every description, pikes, etc., from which the Kildare men would be armed to take the city. He also told me of his intention to take a house in Patrick Street, as a depot, where war stores of various kinds would be prepared, and from which stores the counties of Wexford and Wicklow men would be supplied when the time for action arrived. Mr. Emmet wished to know, on account of the experience I must have had in the insurrection of '98, my opinion about pike handles. I advised him to have them made of red deal, as it would be tedious and difficult to procure the quantity necessary of ash wood. I told him that by choosing boards three inches thick, without knots, and eight or nine feet long, a deep cut in the centre and five flat cuts in each board would produce twelve handles. He, being satisfied with this explanation, gave me an order

to have seven or eight thousand got ready as soon as possible. A trustworthy man of the name of Ned Condon, to whom he introduced me, came regularly to the timber-yard, dressed as a carman, and took away those boards to the depot in the lane in Thomas Street.

Mr. Emmet then devised what were called the hollow beams, for the purpose of conveying with safety the pikes when mounted at the Thomas Street depot, to the smaller one through the town. A piece of timber eighteen inches square, ten feet long, had its outside slabs sawed off about an inch and a half thick; then one foot long of each end of this beam was cut off, and on those two blocks three of the slabs were nailed or spiked firmly, whilst the fourth slab, serving as the lid, was screwed on. When mud was carelessly spattered on the joints, no one could think that the beam was hollow, though eight feet long of it was a complete case in which the mounted pikes were packed.

After we had settled all things respecting the pike handles, Mr. Emmet told me he should want a number of pocket pistols, the barrels of which must only be four inches long, and the calibre to admit a soldier's musket cartridge. He also said he would want a vast number of short blunderbusses; he asked me if I knew a gunsmith to whom we could apply with safety to furnish those articles; I answered that I happened to know one in whom I could place the greatest confidence, and whose curiosity would never lead him to inquire whether the fire-arms were destined for smugglers or privateers. We then agreed that I should get Mr. M——, the gunsmith, to make a pair of pistols and a blunderbuss of the kind we described, and when finished he was to leave them with me. As I kept the key of the oat-bin in the stable, I locked these arms there till Mr. Emmet called. When he examined them and heard the low price, he was delighted to know that such articles could be made so

cheap with locks and barrels perfect, and though the workmanship might have been better, and the polish higher, still they were all that could be required for the use to which they were destined.

Mr. Emmet being quite satisfied, desired me to order one hundred pair of the pocket pistols, and three hundred of the blunderbusses; the barrels of the latter to be of the same iron or metal as the pistols, which would cost less than brass ones; and seeing the promptitude with which those first fire-arms were made and delivered, he bid me tell Mr. M—— the gunsmith, to continue getting the blunderbusses made, and to say that any money he wanted should be advanced to him; but this worthy man would accept none till his merchandise was safely delivered. These details may not interest the reader, but they will show, that when one individual out of the many engaged in this enterprise, could contribute as I did, that the plan was extensive and carefully carried on, so as to offer every chance of success.

As Mr. Emmet on coming to town from Harold's Cross, passed by our house, we met almost every day, and every day he had something new to tell me about the preparations, which, he said, were progressing rapidly, thanks, he added, to the exertions of those true patriots who did not fear to identify themselves with him, if they could redeem their country and throw off the foreign yoke.

One morning he called earlier than usual, to tell me that there was then a house to let in Patrick Street, which was sufficiently extensive for the depot and military stores which we wanted; that he was going into town to try to get a person to go at once and secure it, but lest he should fail, he bid me be on the look out for some one; that a married man would be preferable. In a few minutes after he left me, Mr. Macintosh, a worthy Scotch patriot, who had been

settled in Dublin for some years, and who was married to an Irishwoman, a Miss Keenan, called to buy timber. I told him that Mr. Emmet wanted some one of our friends to take a lease of a house in Patrick Street. He immediately volunteered to go about it.

A short explanation is necessary to show why Scotchmen were concerned in our preparations. Previous to his leaving France, Mr. Robert Emmet became acquainted with a young Scotchman, of the name of Campbell, who resided in a town of Normandy on the sea coast; this young man had it in his power not only to render a service to Mr. Emmet in getting him a passage, but he gave him introductions and a clew to the Scotch patriots of the Muir standing, and consequently to all of them residing in Ireland. Macintosh being amongst the latter, rejoiced to have it in his power to contribute to the freedom of Ireland. But alas! his fate differed widely from that of young Campbell; the latter, by the interest of Thomas Addis Emmet with the first Consul and the French Government, got the rank of officer in the Irish legion on its formation in 1803. Though these grades were to be exclusively for Irishmen, or their sons born in France, recompensing Campbell in this manner showed the respect paid to the memory of poor Robert Emmet, and the high consideration his brother enjoyed in France.

Mr. Emmet gave the money necessary to Macintosh, who went immediately and took the house in Patrick Street, paid six months in advance, got the lease in his own name, and then set to work to make the changes in the house according to Mr. Emmet's instructions. About this time Michael Quigley, who had gone to France after the peace of Amiens, returned to Dublin: he being a skilful bricklayer, and Macintosh an ingenious carpenter, they contrived and made secret closets from the ground floor to the garret, which could

never be suspected or discovered, except by those who were in the secret. These secret closets were large enough to hold pikes, fire-arms and ammunition for ten thousand men.

Mr. Emmet prayed me to get six hundred jointed pike handles prepared by a turner, one half to be three feet long, the other half two feet and a-half long; on the end of this last was to be placed a small carbine bayonet, or a small pike head, not exceeding six inches in length. This handle extended and stretched out was six feet long; when doubled up, it was only three feet long, which made it easy to be carried and concealed under a great coat. These handles were on the principle of a parasol handle that doubled up, joined together by a small hinge. A tube six inches long covered the joint, pressed forward three inches and then was stopped by a pin. A small spring started up behind to keep it on the joint equal on both sides. Thus it became quite solid, and easier managed than a soldier's musket and bayonet. With this weapon and a blunderbuss slung with a belt from a man's shoulder, he had great advantage in close quarters with the enemy, as it was much easier to charge the blunderbuss than the musket.

Mr. Emmet had several square beams, twelve feet long, sent to the depot at Thomas Street, which he intended to have got bored with a small pump auger, not in the centre but nearer one side, and the hole was to be perforated to within one foot of the end, and then filled with powder till it came to a foot from the mouth. The hole was then stopped with a plug a foot long, of the same diameter, well spiked to prevent it from coming out. A touch-hole was to be perforated in the middle of the beam on the side which the bore approached the nearest, and a pivot set on each end on which common car wheels were placed and turned. Two cases five feet long each, filled with small stones and

combustibles were to be placed at the top of the beam. The explosion of this machine placed as an obstacle before the enemy must have a terrible effect.

Scientific experiments of various kinds were to be tried at the depot at Patrick Street. In consequence of the continual passage there, it was thought advisable not to employ too many at this depot, lest their going in and out from so populous a street might cause suspicions. The two Keenans, Macintosh's brothers-in-law, were to be among those who were to be employed and entrusted with the secret. A man of the name of Darby Byrne, who had been condemned to be shot after the insurrection of the county of Wexford, saved himself by enlisting into the English service. He was discharged after the peace of Amiens, and being afraid to return to his own home amongst the Orangemen of his neighbourhood, he applied to me to see if I could get him anything to do. He had no trade; he said he had sometimes been employed making ball cartridges. He was sober and well behaved, and as a proof that the contact with the mercenary soldiers did not affect his morals, he had money which he had saved in the service. Mr. Emmet was quite pleased to have such a worthy person placed as an inmate at the depot.

There was a man who went by the name of Johnstone, who had spent several years in the East India service, where he had frequently been employed in preparing fire-works. Perhaps this man with Robert Emmet were the real inventors of those rockets, latterly universally known under the appellation of Congreve rockets—be that as it may, I think it only right to relate here all I know of the matter. At Mr. Emmet's request I called on Mr. M—— the gunsmith, and showed him a strong piece of paper shaped in a certain way, which was to serve as a model to have tubes twenty inches long, two and a-half inches diameter, cut out of strong sheet iron;

as soldering would be liable to melt with the fire, they were to be clasped and well hammered on the joints, which would render them quite solid. The sloped shape at one end formed a point like an arrow. The gunsmith soon brought me a tube made after the model with which both Mr. Emmet and Johnstone were well pleased. Consequently I had to tell him to have several hundreds of the same description made as soon as possible.

Johnstone set to work mixing the ingredients to fill those tubes, composed of powder, nitre, sulphur, etc., and when this stuff was prepared, it had the appearance of wet mortar. But everything was done according to Mr. Emmet's instructions; he consulted a scientific work respecting the way such materials should be prepared, and even the way the tubes were to be filled, the size of each portion to be put in at a time, the weight of the hammer, the plug to drive it down, the number of strokes to be given before another portion was put in.

An iron needle was placed in the centre of the tube around which the mortar was tempered, and when the needle was drawn out, the hole was then filled with powder. Thus prepared, they were to be fastened with strong wire to a slight pole about eight feet long at one end; and from the other end a card prepared as a fuse would convey the fire to the mouth of the tube. A small trestle four feet high was provided on which the pole was to rest to be poised and sent off in the direction of the enemy. Hand grenades and other such missiles were getting ready as rapidly as could be expected, as well as the pikes, at the Thomas Street depot. Besides the two depots, four houses were procured in different parts of the town, the most convenient to have pikes and arms deposited safely in them. It may be seen by these arrangements, that ample means could be counted on

for arming the citizens who intended taking a part in the struggle. It is necessary also to mention the manner they were organized for this event. I shall endeavour to explain here as briefly as possible. In the first place, chiefs who could mix with the people without causing suspicion were generally chosen in preference to men holding a higher station, though the latter were equally devoted and ready to risk their lives and fortunes. A man of the name of James Hope, who had been advantageously known to Sam Neilson, and many other Northern patriots of 1798, by trade a linen weaver, took a ground floor on the Coombe; his loom and the web which was mounted on it could be seen from the street. This man was without exception the best person that could be entrusted with the organization of his own class in the Liberty of Dublin, from which class the fighting men were expected to come. Hope was sober, prudent and unassuming; he spoke and reasoned justly. He soon made acquaintance with the persons of his own trade who had acquired reputation as good, honest patriots, and to them he communicated the general plan. He promised them nothing which he could not prove to them would be realized when the time for action arrived. Those brave fellows set to work to assist him, and in less than two months after, James Hope reported that five thousand were organized and ready. Another man whose brilliant conduct during the insurrection I have already mentioned in the beginning of these memoirs, was Matthew Doyle, who lived near Arklow. After the battle of Vinegar Hill he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the English. He had no alternative between enlisting as a mercenary soldier or being shot. He was in the prime of life and was very intelligent. His regiment made part of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army in Egypt. Though quitting his wife, and all that was dear to him, Doyle did not despond, nor relinquish the

hope of being one day able to serve again his own country. He therefore began to study military tactics in the most assiduous manner, and he soon succeeded in acquiring great knowledge of the subject. This, with his gentlemanlike conduct could not fail to attract the notice of the officers of his regiment. They had him named sergeant; it was all they could obtain for an Irish rebel chief, though he had displayed both skill and bravery fighting against the French in Egypt.

The regiment Doyle belonged to being disbanded at the peace of Amiens, he was discharged; but as he could not venture to return to his home, amongst the vindictive Orangemen of Arklow, he stopped in Dublin, in hopes of finding some honourable occupation. I mentioned Doyle's situation to Mr. Emmet and all the particulars about the active way he had been employed by some of the principal heads of the United Irishmen in organizing that system in the years 1797 and 1798. "Oh! he is just the man we want," he replied; "let me be introduced to him immediately." Doyle soon became what he had been formerly, a safe agent and an indefatigable organizer, preparing his countrymen residing in Dublin and its vicinity, as well as the citizens, to hold themselves in readiness to take arms when called on. His military experience added weight to the influence he had amongst the men of '98, who recollected him as an intrepid leader. Mr. Emmet considered Doyle a great acquisition, and he received him most kindly and frankly, taking pains to initiate him into the preparations then going on, and telling him all his hopes and plans; all in such powerful and eloquent language, that poor Doyle felt highly honoured and flattered; but he could not conceive how so young a man could possess such uncommon intellect.

He was not the only one who admired Robert Emmet's extraordinary persuasive talent. I shall relate

another instance of it. A Mr. Butler, a county of Wexford gentleman residing in Dublin, invited me one Sunday to a dinner party he was giving at George Nowlan's Hotel, at Maynooth, in honour of the brave Thomas Cloney, who had just returned from England, where he had been exiled after his trial and imprisonment in 1798. Mr. Cloney and I took a walk after dinner. Of course our first conversation turned on the failure of the insurrection and its disastrous consequences in the county of Wexford, his own long sufferings, etc. After which he asked me if I had heard that young Emmet, the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet was then organizing the country, to be ready to rise when a French army should land. I replied that I had; he then asked me if I knew anyone who was acquainted with young Emmet. I told him I did. He then expressed a desire to be introduced to Mr. Emmet, in order to dissuade him from his rash scheme. I promised to let him know next day, when he could have the interview he desired. Being joined by the rest of the company, we all returned to Dublin by the canal boat.

Mr. Cloney, not wishing to be committed to people he did not know, called on me early in the morning to ascertain the name of the person through whose means an interview with Robert Emmet was to be procured to him. I told him, that on that head he need have no apprehension, for I was that person; that I had seen Mr. Emmet the night before, after I had come to town; and that he seemed delighted at the prospect of becoming acquainted with so true a patriot as Mr. Cloney. He fixed with me to have a rendezvous at Harold's Cross Green, about dusk. Mr. Cloney returned in the evening, and we walked out to the Green at Harold's Cross. I soon perceived at some distance Robert Emmet, walking along and musing, and tapping the

ground with his little cane in his accustomed way. After I introduced them, I retired to a distance and walked up and down, as they did, for three-quarters of an hour.

I can never forget the impression this meeting made on me at the time—to see two heroic patriots, equally devoted to poor Ireland, discussing the best means of obtaining her freedom. The contrast in the appearance of the two was very great. Emmet, slight and under the middle size; Cloney, almost gigantic, being six feet three or four inches high and well proportioned. When their long conversation was ended, they came and joined me. On taking leave of us, Mr. Emmet said in a familiar manner to me, "Miles, I shall call on you in the morning." He then left us and went to his lodgings, and we returned to town. On the way, Mr. Cloney asked me why I did not tell him the day before at Maynooth, that I was personally acquainted with Mr. Emmet, and on such intimate terms with him. I answered: "I could not tell you more than I did, until I had his permission to do so." "It is very true," he replied, "you would have been wrong to have acted otherwise." He then exclaimed, "I have heard a great deal about that young man's talents, but certainly he far surpasses anything one can imagine. His powers of reasoning and persuasion are such that an objection can scarcely be made to any of his plans; which, indeed, if judiciously carried on, and put into execution by determined, honest and devoted patriots, must succeed, as soon as a French army is landed in any part of the country. As soon as the English garrison is ordered off to meet the French, Dublin will be easily taken, if the citizens show bravery, and do their duty, as it may be expected they will, from the organization which Mr. Emmet tells me is in progress through the city. As to the counties, though it is pretty certain they will rise,

when it is known that the metropolis is in the hands of the people, still he told me, a judicious organization is going on in nineteen counties of Ireland, and which I was very glad to learn." Arriving in town, Mr. Cloney and I separated, well pleased with the way we had spent the evening, and agreeing to meet often on the same important business.

Mr. Emmet's plan for the organization of the counties was simple, and easily executed. It consisted in procuring the names and places of abode of those brave fellows in each district who had acquired the reputation of being good patriots in 1798, and who still enjoyed the confidence of the people. As numbers of this class came frequently to Dublin on business, where I met those to whom I was personally known, and through them got introduced to many others, in a short time I was enabled to make out a list of them for three counties, viz : Carlow, Wicklow, and Wexford. Mr. Emmet saw these men individually, fixed with them the manner they were to hear from him without any risk. He defrayed the expenses of those who could not afford to stop in town; he told them of all things to advise the people not to pretend to be occupied about the war, and never on any account to allow them to plunder fire-arms from the enemy, which would only serve to have martial law proclaimed in the country.

Previous to the departure of these countrymen, Mr. Emmet gave to each of them three small ivory counters. On one side of one were three peculiar marks engraved, or rather branded, for it was with red hot iron they had been marked. Another of the counters had two marks, and the third had but one. They were recommended never to show these counters, except to persons who could produce similar ones. A messenger would be sent from the provisional government to report on the situation of the counties, and would get

the counter with one mark, and when he showed it to the men who he was told held the counterpart, they showed him theirs, and would then give him all the information in their power about men and things. The messenger or bearer of the counter with the two marks was to have more extensive instructions than the others; he, in conjunction with the patriots of the districts were to devise the safest and best means of procuring arms, and he was to be entrusted with the money necessary to defray all the expenses. The person who presented the ivory counter bearing the three brands, would come directly from the provisional government, with final instructions and orders to begin the fight, and for the general rising *en masse* of the districts organized for that purpose. Thus it may be seen that Mr. Emmet's plans were going on quietly and progressively in many of the counties. as well as in the city of Dublin. The brave and gallant Thomas Russell found the preparations in this forward state when he arrived from France, accompanied by his niece's husband Mr. Hamilton. Some persons thought it was very injudicious to bring over these gentlemen so soon. First, on account of the large sum of money that had to be sent to Paris to defray their expenses there, and the exorbitant price which had to be paid for a vessel to bring them, and this at a time when money was so much required to purchase fire-arms; in the next place, from the great difficulty and danger which would occur in preparing them a safe dwelling to reside in, both being proscribed men. But Russell's name and great reputation in the North of Ireland out-weighed all other considerations. Therefore Robert Emmet had to take a house in Butterfield Lane, to change completely his simple mode of living, and to go and reside in that house with Russell, Hamilton and Dowdall. The latter got his liberty at the peace of Amiens, when his fellow-

prisoners at Fort George in Scotland, had to expatriate themselves for ever. This new establishment became very expensive, though the inmates slept on mattresses laid on the floors, and though they lived very plainly. The trusty attendants of the family of Michael Dwyer, the brave Wicklow mountain chief, added not a little to the expense. Still they were honest and frugal and their service was considered a safeguard and an acquisition, on account of their connection with the famous Dwyer. Mr. John Palmer, who had all the provisions bought in Dublin, and sent to the country, often complained of the enormous waste and extravagance going on at "The Palace," as he called the house in Butterfield Lane. But the inconvenience and danger of having such numbers of persons frequently assembled there, was still worse. One day I am sure we were thirty at dinner. The fact was, we were all anxious to meet Mr. Russell, and to hear from him, who had left Paris so recently, what was to be expected from the French Government. His explanation on this point did not afford much satisfaction. Russell however expressed his own decided opinion that the Irish people should begin at once and free themselves. He added that he was sure the North would rise to a man; and he dwelt so long on this subject, and appeared so enthusiastic and serious in his belief about what he advanced respecting the rising of the North of Ireland, that several of those present, particularly Cloney, Phil Long, Gray, Allan, Hughes, etc., consulted Mr. Emmet about the necessity of ascertaining how far the citizens of the northern districts could be relied on in the present situation of the country; as it had often been said of them that their politics had greatly changed since 1798. After some discussion they decided that a county of Wexford man of intelligence should be got to accompany James Hope in a tour through the North of Ireland, and they

also decided that the man should be chosen by me. I knew many amongst the brave fellows who fought beside me in the insurrection, in whom I could place every confidence, but a mission of this nature required an observing man of discretion and sound judgment who would be able to report on all he saw and learned in his tour when he returned. Michael Berney, who resided in Dublin after his escape from the county of Wexford, consented to accompany Hope. I presented him to Mr. Emmet and Russell. They seemed quite pleased with him, and gave him the necessary instructions how he was to act at the night meetings, where he would have to attend during his mission to the North. Mr. Berney had a large connection and many relatives in Dublin; he was first cousin to the unfortunate Denis Redmond, of whom I shall have to speak hereafter. Hope and Berney spent fifteen days going through the different districts of the North; and their report on returning to Dublin, was certainly more favourable than was expected. At every meeting the greatest veneration and admiration was expressed for the honourable part that Thomas Russell had acted in the years '97 and '98, and those present seemed proud to have him once more at their head to lead them to victory; and when they were told by Berney and Hope that Dublin should be taken, which would be the signal for all Ireland to rise, "Oh! then," they cried, "we pledge ourselves not to be the last." Indeed this was the general feeling and opinion manifested in the other provinces, as well as in the North. Let the capital once be in possession of the citizens, then the counties would soon rise, and disarm the few English soldiers dispersed through the country. It was in consequence of the certainty of this general belief respecting the metropolis, that Robert Emmet employed all the resources in his power for the preparations and organization of the city

of Dublin. Unfortunately, one of the most active agents, Matthew Doyle, fell sick at this time, the beginning of July; he was seized with rheumatic gout and lost the use of his limbs. I often called on him, and it made me melancholy to see so fine a fellow rendered useless. He however kept up his spirits, and he bid me tell Mr. Emmet that he hoped to be recovered ere we should be obliged to take the field.

A determined man, whose eagerness to forward and serve the sacred cause of freedom and the independence of his country, and whose daring, resolute designs for this purpose could not be surpassed, was Mr. Brangan of Irishtown: he possessed all these qualities. He had a wife and several children whom he tenderly loved, yet no consideration could prevent him from sharing the dangers of our struggle. He requested me to introduce to him some of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow men who resided in his neighbourhood; he wished particularly to know those who were employed at Mr. Haig's distillery. In a short time he had those intrepid refugees organized and ready for action. In consequence, he made a proposal to Mr. Emmet to surprise and take the Pigeon House, when the signal from the city should be given. Mr. Emmet cheerfully accepted Mr. Brangan's bold offer, and promised him to have small depots of arms placed at his disposition as soon as possible.

Mr. Brangan's conduct and services as an officer of the Irish legion could often be cited to prove that he was ever ready to undertake the most perilous missions; I could mention many instances myself where he was unhappy because it was the turn of the other officers and not his, to be ordered to attack a strong position or mount a breach. Though all this could only be known subsequently to Brangan's volunteering to take the Pigeon House, it suffices to show that at that period he

had the love of distinction, as well as the love of country at heart. When Robert Emmet appointed him to the command, he immediately bought general's epaulets, fully determined to prove that he was worthy of wearing them. Such men are precious and wanted at the commencement of every dangerous enterprise.

Third of July.—Our preparations progressing rapidly in every part of the city; with the greatest caution, however, and circumspection; no one meddling with the concerns of others, solely occupied with his own part. The Kildare men working day and night at the depot in the lane off Thomas Street, mounting pikes, and preparing other war implements; houses getting ready to serve as small depots to receive them.

An incident which took place about this time, the beginning of July, will show how much the honest James Hope was thought of both by the leaders and others. One day several county of Wexford men came to tell me, with sorrow, that they had met James Hope, who told them that he was going to the North with Mr. Russell. I saw Mr. Emmet next day at Butterfield Lane when I mentioned to him in Mr. Russell's presence how sorry the Wexford men were to learn that Hope would not remain to act with them in Dublin. I had scarcely uttered the last word when Mr. Russell said, "You may keep him; you certainly take off my right arm, but I shall march myself with an imposing force from the North on Dublin." Mr. Emmet smiled, and we began to speak of other matters: of those concerning the tubes and rockets getting ready at the depot at Patrick Street; he said he wished to try one of them, and he appointed me to come out next evening that we might go into the country a little distance, that this experiment might not attract any notice.

Johnstone, who was making the rockets, brought one of them ready prepared, so we all went into the fields;

that is, Mr. Emmet, Russell, Dowdell, Hamilton, etc. The rocket was made fast to a pole with wire, and rested on a trestle; the match being put to it, it went off like a thunderbolt, carrying the pole along with it, and throwing flames and fire behind, as it advanced, and when it fell, it went on tearing up the ground till the last of the matter with which it was filled was completely consumed. Mr. Emmet and Johnstone were quite satisfied with the effect it produced, and they decided that all the rockets or tubes should be prepared and filled in the same manner; the card which was placed along the pole to serve as a train or match did not communicate the fire quick enough, but that was easily remedied at the depot by preparing others with stronger liquid, etc.

Though Mr. Cloney and others, whose experience in the insurrection of 1798 had taught them to appreciate the best and cheapest way of arming the people, in the event of a general rising, could not entirely approve Robert Emmet's learned and scientific experiments, solely on account of the expense incurred at a moment when money was so much wanted to buy fire-arms and ammunition, yet they little thought how the preparations of these tubes and rockets would cause the accident and explosion in the depot at Patrick Street, which brought on the prematue and untimely rising, and thus frustrated all Mr. Emmet's vast and well combined plans. Alas! fate decided against him.

From the time the depot was established in Patrick Street, I made it a point whenever I went out on business, to return that way, to see that all was right there. On Saturday, the 16th of July, I had been at a funeral in Bishop Street, and in coming back by the depot, I saw a number of people assembled before the house. The first person I addressed told me that an explosion of some kind of combustible ingredients had taken

place inside, and three men were desperately wounded and carried off to the hospital. Poor Macintosh coming out of the house confirmed all I had heard. His brother-in-law, young Keenan, Darby Byrne, and Johnstone were taken to the hospital before he arrived. The men who escaped and remained in the depot told us that what they thought caused the explosion was, Johnstone had been trying a fusee or match, in an inner room, and came out into the one where the composition matter for filling the rocket tubes was placed in a corner, and that a spark of fire must have been brought on his shoe, which communicated with the pile in the corner. That the explosion took place the instant he entered the room; the windows were broken, the poor men thrown through them into the street, etc.; this was all they were able to tell us.

Our situation can be more easily imagined than described. It was dreadful to think of three of our men being in the hospital, at the disposition of the Government, whose agents, by torture and other means, could extort from them all our plans and secrets. Macintosh had the window and the other things deranged by the explosion, put in the best order possible, to prevent suspicion. Both he and I wondered that the police had not taken possession of the depot, and we feared that they were only waiting for the purpose of seeing the persons who would frequent the house, in order to have them arrested.

Mr. Emmet on being apprised of this unfortunate explosion naturally enough conjectured that all his plans and preparations would soon become known to the Government. He resolved, in consequence, to hold a council of the principal leaders then in Dublin, at which council it was decided, if not forced to act sooner, that Saturday evening following, the 23rd July, should be finally fixed for the general attack on the city and Castle;

and that every means should be taken to apprise the counties to follow the example of Dublin.

Mr. Russell and Hamilton set off for the North, and unluckily James Hope accompanied them. His presence at this critical moment in Dublin would have been invaluable; he was so devoted to the cause, so active, and so well known to all those employed in the different depots. He would have been useful beyond measure, carrying the despatches and giving the verbal orders of the chiefs; besides, there was no one appointed to replace him with the Liberty people, whom he had organized for action. However, the other leaders who remained in town had still seven days more before them to prepare for this immediate struggle to shake off for ever the yoke of England.

Mr. Emmet confiding in me to procure a house to replace the depot in Patrick Street, from which the arms and ammunition should be instantly removed, if the Government did not take possession of it, I consulted Michael Berney, who told me he was sure his cousin Denis Redmond would lend a house he was getting repaired, and where he intended to reside when he got married; it was on the Coal Quay, and not far from the Castle. The situation was the one Mr. Emmet desired so much on account of its proximity to the seat of the Government. Young Redmond at once consented, and gave the keys of his house to his cousin, and seemed highly flattered at the confidence put in him, and bid us tell Mr. Emmet that he might reckon on his aid in every way to forward the cause of freedom. It was the more meritorious on the part of this brave fine young fellow, who only heard for the first time of Mr. Emmet's plans, when asked to lend his house; his cousin did not like he should be initiated sooner, lest he should neglect his business, and particularly his marriage.

Mr. Emmet was quite conscious of the perilous situa-

tion of those who would be employed in removing the arms and ammunition from the depot to the Coal Quay; in short, he considered it a forlorn hope; he feared that ere then all was discovered to the agents of the Government. I promised him, that notwithstanding all the risk, I would undertake the task, and we then agreed on the safest way of carrying it into effect. I engaged a sufficient number of men in whom I could confide, to meet me at dusk, dressed in their great coats, under which they could easily carry concealed, blunderbusses, jointed pikes, ammunition, etc.; we walked two and two, and at a certain distance from one another, so as to attract no notice, and after making many journeys in this way during the night without meeting any serious obstacle, at the point of day we had every article fit for use removed to Redmond's house on the Coal Quay, and those not finished put into the secret closets. One barrel or cask of ball cartridges and flints however still remained, but it was to be brought to Mr. Palmer's on the Poddle, who was to have it sent to the country for Dwyer's use in the Wicklow mountains. I desired two men to carry the cask between them, but finding it not too heavy, one of them, a stout young man of the name of Murphy, preferred taking it on his shoulder. Just as he knocked at Mr. Palmer's hall door, he was surrounded by several watchmen who seized the barrel and carried it off with them. I only stopped an instant behind to send one of the men to the depot at Thomas Street to tell them there how we had succeeded, and when I resumed my march, I met poor Murphy coming back to tell me what had happened. Fortunately all the men were not gone away; six or eight of them lodged close by and were still with me, so we instantly pursued the watchmen and overtook them near Coulan's brewery, in New Row. Here a regular combat ensued; two of the watchmen were carrying the cask, and the others

guarding them. I told our men by no means to use their fire-arms, so the poor watchmen were knocked down with paving stones and the cask retaken and carried off this time by two men. But we now had to show the other watchmen, who attempted to follow us, that we were well armed and determined to defend our property, calling them robbers, and telling them on their peril to advance a step. The fact was, they took us for smugglers. Let that be as it may, it was fortunate no shot was fired, as the Coombe Guard House was hard by, and the sentry was walking before the door in the broad daylight. Whilst we were keeping back the watchmen, Michael Berney had the barrel safely deposited with a dairy man whom he knew in New Street, and in the course of the day Arthur Develin, Dwyer's cousin, took it to the country. The messenger whom I sent to report our success in getting the stores removed to the Coal Quay, learned on his way about the cask of ammunition having been seized: so Mr. Emmet heard the good and the bad report at the same time. He instantly sallied out from the depot at Thomas Street (where he had spent the night) at the head of several men well armed, to come to my assistance, and he had advanced as far as Francis Street when he was told that we had retaken the ammunition cask, and that all was right again. He then returned with his men to the depot; fortunately they attracted no notice, it was so early in the day, and they were enchanted with his decision and courage on this occasion.

Having spent the whole of Saturday night in the most agitated state that ever human being could experience, I stood in the greatest need of repose and sleep, but I found it impossible to have either. It being Sunday, and the last Sunday that would intervene before the rising, I had to go through the town and endeavour to

see the men on whom I counted, at their respective lodgings, to tell them to hold themselves in readiness and well prepared; that the die was cast, the day and the hour fixed for the general attack on the city. Had all the leaders who promised to be at the posts assigned them, been exact and done their duty, or even had they come to the depot to assist Mr. Emmet in the first bustle, their presence then would have caused more discipline, and in spite of mistakes and accidents, we should have taken the Castle; and once in possession of it, the English had not sufficient forces to retake it, and make head against the thousand armed citizens who would meet in the morning, and the thousands of armed men pouring in from all parts of the country.

Alas! fate decided it otherwise. The ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmet desired that his epitaph should remain uninscribed till better times. His will in that respect should be adhered to by every true Irish patriot; and, were I not finishing my notes, which commence with the memorable epoch of 1798 in the county of Wexford and finish in Ireland at Dublin, 1803, I might omit making any allusion to Mr. Emmet; but as I glory in my participation with him, I cannot here avoid giving a short, simple, accurate sketch of Mr. Emmet's extensive plan for the independence of Ireland, and mentioning at the same time the part I took to forward all his views—in short, from the day I became acquainted with him until I sailed from Dublin and arrived in Paris, to terminate my mission from him to his brother, Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

On Monday, the 18th of July, I went to all the public houses usually frequented by the working classes that day; there I met many of those I wanted to see, and fixed with them the rendezvous for Saturday evening, the 23rd of July; going through the city in every direction, I often met my acquaintances who were employed

on the same business, such as John Allen, Felix Rourke, etc.; the latter dined sometimes at my brother's in New Street. I considered him a very discreet, safe man. He seemed to have great influence amongst the Kildare men. Of those Kildare men I only was in the habit of seeing on business Quigley, Ned Conden, and one or two others, but I was well satisfied with regard to their experience and devotion to the cause we were engaged in. Poor Matthew Doyle, of whom I have already spoken, was still sick, and his absence was much felt; however, all those whom he knew in Dublin and its environs, promised to come and join me at the Coal Quay or in Ship Street, and they kept their word like undaunted men.

A man of the name of MacCabe kept a public house in Francis Street. He had gained a certain reputation for patriotism and bravery in the insurrection of 1798. This sufficed to make his house be much frequented by many who had escaped to Dublin at that period. One day in the beginning of July, I met MacCabe; he told me, knowing as he did so many of the brave county of Wexford men, whenever the rising took place, he would like to act with us. Of course I replied how happy we should be to have such distinguished patriots as him in our ranks. When the day was fixed, I reminded MacCabe of our previous conversation, to which he answered, that by a subsequent arrangement, he was to act with John Allen of College Green, and other Dublin leaders of his acquaintance; he hoped, however, that we should often meet, once our sacred enterprise was crowned with success. MacCabe was rather well-looking; he had a frankness of manner, an earnestness about our cause, which prepossessed one in his favour. For my own part I had every confidence in him, and if he had not had the misfortune to be arrested at his own door, armed with a blunderbuss, endeavouring to get

into his house, at the dawn of day, the morning after the sad failure in Thomas Street, the Government never would have had his services as a vile informer at the castle of Dublin.

The hollow beams I have already described were now invaluable; as in them the long mounted pikes were conveyed every day through the city to different houses, where they were safely deposited. Ammunition and fire-arms were brought by confidential persons, concealed under their great coats, late in the evening; in short, all that was possible to be done in so short a time, was eagerly executed; so that the leaders on Saturday morning were satisfied that they could arm the men who promised to meet them in the evening with pikes and fire-arms.

Now the final plan to be executed consisted principally in taking the Castle, whilst the Pigeon House, Island Bridge, the Royal Barracks, and the old Custom House barracks were to be attacked; and if not surprised and taken, they were to be blockaded, and entrenchments thrown up before them. Obstacles of every kind were to be created through streets, to prevent the English cavalry from charging. The Castle once taken, undaunted men, materials, implements of every description would be easily found in all the streets in the city, not only to impede the cavalry, but to prevent infantry from passing through them.

As I was to be one of those persons designed to co-operate with Robert Emmet in taking the Castle of Dublin, I shall here relate precisely the part which was allotted to me in this daring enterprise. I was to have assembled early in the evening of Saturday the 23rd of July, 1803, at the house of Denis Lambert Redmond on the Coal Quay, the Wexford and Wicklow men, to whom I was to distribute pikes, arms and ammunition; and then a little before dusk I was to send one of the

men well known to Mr. Emmet, to tell him that we were at our post, armed and ready to follow him; that men were placed in the house in Ship Street ready to seize on the entrance to the Castle on that side, at the same moment the principal gate would be taken.

Mr. Emmet was to leave the depot at Thomas Street at dusk, with six hackney coaches, in each of which six men were to be placed, armed with jointed pikes and blunderbusses concealed under their coats. The moment the last of these coaches had passed Redmond's house, where we were to be assembled, we were to sally forth and follow them quickly into the Castle court yard, and there to seize and disarm all the sentries and to replace them instantly with our own men, etc.

Now, having had a perfect understanding with Robert Emmet on the different points entrusted to my care, I waited with patience and fortitude the moment agreed on between us for the attack on the Castle, and so early as seven o'clock, the brave men who promised me began to arrive at Redmond's house, Coal Quay, and before eight o'clock they numbered more than I counted on, because William Darcy and many Dublin citizens came to join us here; and I must say that this brave young man was of infinite service and comfort to me on this momentous occasion.

It was now the time to send the confidential person to the depot at Thomas Street; I chose Pat Ford, a county of Wexford man, who had distinguished himself very much in the insurrection of '98, and he being acquainted with Mr. Emmet and knowing many of the men employed at the depot, I could not have made a better choice. Ford had for instructions, the moment he saw Mr. Emmet and his men in the hackney coaches, to precede them as quickly as he could, to let us know that they were coming, and as they were to drive in their slow ordinary way, so as not to attract notice, he

would thus have easily had time to rejoin us at the Coal Quay; and the distance from thence to the Castle being so short, we hoped we should be in possession of the seat of government in a very few minutes afterwards. Pat Ford must have told Mr. Emmet how we were ready, anxiously waiting his arrival.

Great silence and quietness prevailed on the quays on both sides of the river, and not the least movement of troops was to be perceived at either the old Custom House barracks or the Castle. I had three of our men continually passing before those places and returning to tell us what they saw, and one of them passed through the Castle Yard from Ship Street at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Our situation became every moment more distressing and perilous. The time passed that Mr. Emmet was to have joined us. We naturally conjectured that something extraordinary had occurred which prevented him apprising us of the cause of the delay, and as to Pat Ford, we feared he was arrested, for otherwise he would have come back to us. Under these afflicting surmises I hastened to send another trustworthy person who knew also about the depot in the lane off Thomas Street; Mr. Terence Kavanagh, of Anagh, county of Wexford, was my messenger this time. He soon returned with the sad intelligence of the disasters. He went first to the depot, and there, outside the door, saw pikes strewed about the street, and from thence he went to the market house at Thomas Street, where he saw other proofs of the failure, and of the unfortunate events which took place there. By the time Kavanagh got back to us we could hear the patrol on the Quay at the other side, which an instant before was so silent. And now the gates of the Castle were closed and artillery was brought to defend them. We decided on quitting the house, which poor Redmond locked up

We then marched through Nicholas Street, Patrick Street, New Street, etc., meeting nothing to impede our march except the watchmen who were easily put aside. We were in hopes every moment to meet Mr. Emmet and the Kildare men who left the depot with him; but getting no intelligence whatever about the place he had retired to, after marching and countermarching nearly the whole night about the streets of the Liberty, we agreed to separate, each to go to his home, or to some friend's house, so as not to be seen in the streets when the day appeared. Fearing it might compromise my step-brother Edward Kennedy, I did not go to his house in New Street. I recollected a worthy man, Mr. M—— who kept limekilns in the Liberty, and who furnished lime to my brother. He opened his door when I knocked and told him how I did not wish to be seen in the street at so early an hour in the morning. Michael Berney, my steady companion, was with me, and we were shown up to a garret loft, from which we could get out on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and thereby have a chance of escaping if the premises were searched. We spent all Sunday, the 24th of July, on this loft; not wishing further to endanger our hospitable host, when it became dark we quit our retreat and went along the Circular Road to a lane off Sackville Street, to a Mrs. Toole's lodgings. She was a widow, and a county of Wexford woman; she had her nephew John Sheridan, and his comrade Sawyers boarding and lodging with her. This good woman readily consented to let Berney and me pass the night in her house. A small closet, with a bed belonging to her nephew, was given up to us, whilst he and his comrade slept on a mattress in the outer room. Berney and I lay on the bed inside in our clothes. Between ten and eleven o'clock, Sheriff Cash, at the head of several armed yeomen, came to Mrs. Toole's to know from her if she had not strangers

lodging in her house; she with great composure answered: "You see, Mr. Sheriff, I have only my nephew and his comrade, both you know work for your honour," pointing at the same time to where they were lying. Sheriff Cash kept a timber yard, and fortunately he knew Mrs. Toole, and seemed satisfied that she told him the truth; for going away he bid her a very good night, calling her by her name in a friendly manner. I must say that Berney and I heard the last words of the Sheriff with delight; our situation being so perilous, having no means left us for escape, had a search been made by the Orange yeomen; we were only armed with the short pocket pistols which I have already described, of musket calibre, four inch barrels. Indeed it is only justice to say that Sheriff Cash was really "gallant" on this occasion; he left his guards at the door, and did not allow them to enter the lady's apartment whilst he was questioning her about the persons she lodged, etc.

Good Mrs. Toole went early in the morning to apprise my brother of our situation; she returned quickly to tell me that the timber yard was as usual open, and business seemingly going on as before, which delighted me, as I feared my brother might be arrested and thrown into prison on account of his place being so much frequented by the persons now involved in our unlucky attempt. Berney and I spent Monday, the 25th of July, in our closet, anxiously waiting my brother's arrival. When he came at dusk, we both walked out with him; Michael Berney leaving us to go to his sister Mrs. Murphy's, whom Mr. Kennedy had had the precaution to inform that she might expect her brother that evening.

As the names of all persons lodging in each house was ordered by the municipal authorities to be pasted up on the outside door, no alternative was left but to remain at our dwellings, or be liable to be outlawed. I

chose the former, and on Tuesday morning, the 26th, I had the yard opened, and I endeavoured to assume a business-like air, as if nothing had happened. God only knew my afflicted state, at every moment expecting to be arrested, and then not hearing anything of what had become of dear Robert Emmet augmented the sadness of my situation beyond description. Fortunately, in the midst of my perplexities, the truest and most generous of our associates, Mr. Phil Long, sent word to me to meet him at Stephen's Green, and after we had spoken over the failure and disaster at Thomas Street, he nobly told me that as long as he had the means (and he was then rich), that the brave men who should have the misfortune to be arrested and committed to prison, should not be abandoned; that the best lawyers should be retained to defend them, etc., and he begged me to be the bearer of his intentions on the matter to the respective families when any of their members had the misfortune to be imprisoned; but his name was not to be mentioned in those transactions. As one could not be too cautious to avoid being committed unnecessarily in those dangerous times, Mr. Long arranged with me to meet him every morning at a certain hour at Stephen's Green; he did not like to call on me, lest he might be followed by a spy, and for the same reason he did not wish me to call on him at his house in Crow Street.

Mr. Phil Long thought it would be advisable and politic to give some money to Mrs. MacCabe, the wife of the unfortunate man who had been arrested on Sunday morning, the 24th, at his own door, armed with a blunderbuss, and brought from thence to the Castle, where, no doubt, he had been put to the torture in order to extort from him all he knew respecting our organization. I called on Mrs. MacCabe; her house in Francis Street being shut up, she was lodging with a friend in

the same street. When I gave her the ten pound note and told her that the gentleman who sent her the money bid me tell her that neither she nor her husband should ever want as long as he lived, the unfortunate woman burst into a flood of tears, and it was some time before she could answer me, apparently conscious that her husband did not merit such kindness. She told me she was not allowed to speak to him, but in the presence of two keepers of the Castle; but she thought that even in their presence she could say to him that she had kind friends who promised not to neglect her. I told Mrs. MacCabe to be careful never to mention any names, and I promised to return again to see her.

Every time Mr. Long and I met, we had to communicate to each other something sad respecting persons arrested. Still we hoped that there would be no informers, as the men in the secret were sober and prudent, and being now put on their guard against the spies which no doubt would be sent amongst them hereafter, there was less to be dreaded on that score; and it must be said to the honour of all those concerned, that up to the breaking out at Thomas Street, the Government spies were completely baffled in the city as well as in the country. As to the arrest of poor Macintosh, it could only be attributed to his having taken out the lease in his own name of the house in Patrick Street, which served as the depot, and where the unfortunate explosion took place on Saturday, the 16th of July, and which was the cause of the premature rising, and all the misfortunes which followed. Thomas Keenan, Macintosh's brother-in-law, was arrested at the same time and committed to prison. Poor Denis Redmond might have had a chance of escaping only for his own imprudence; indeed his cousin Michael Berney always feared he would do something flighty. When we were walking outside Black Pits, on Saturday, the 23rd of

July, he discharged his blunderbuss across a hedge where a horse made some noise. He however got safe back to his house on the Coal Quay, and there instead of endeavouring to hide the pikes in his own premises, he began to throw them over a wall into a court yard belonging to another house; by this act of folly all was discovered in the morning. Notwithstanding all this, he escaped to Newry, and was on the point of getting a passage on board a vessel, when he was arrested and brought back a prisoner to Dublin. In the various other houses where pikes and fire-arms had been deposited, they were so carefully concealed, that they were never discovered; consequently no one suffered. Had poor Redmond concealed in like manner in his own house the pikes left there, he might be alive and well to this day, for he was not otherwise implicated than by lending his house on the occasion.

Mr. Phil Long, hearing of those arrests, bid me go at once and retain Counsellor Bennet and tell him at the same time to be good enough to point out, or name other lawyers who should be retained immediately to assist him in defending the unfortunate prisoners. Mr. Bennet promised to get everything possible ready by the time the trials came on. It was now necessary to apprise the poor fellows immured in their dungeons, through their families, that everything was doing that could be done for their defence. I being charged with this commission felt much indeed that I was not at liberty to mention the name of the worthy man who came forward at this awful moment to render such services. In my mind, Phil Long was, of all the leaders, the one who was most entitled to the praise and gratitude of the people. Other leaders might, perhaps, excel him in the field, but could never surpass him in generosity and true patriotism and in his exertions for the independence of Ireland.

Several days elapsed after the disasters of Thomas Street, before Robert Emmet came back to his former lodgings at Mrs. Palmer's outside the canal at Harold's Cross. Both Mr. John Patten and Mr. Phil Long endeavoured to persuade him of the urgent necessity of his going at once to France, to which he replied, that it should never be said of him that he had abandoned the brave people implicated through his means. He wished much, however, that some fit person were sent immediately to Paris, to communicate to the French Government, through his brother, the situation of things in Ireland.

The second day after dear Robert Emmet returned from the mountains, I had my last melancholy interview with him. He seemed much affected and cast down; he however began at once to explain to me the causes which prevented him from coming to join me at the Coal Quay on Saturday night, the 23rd of July, as had been agreed upon between us. "The trustworthy Ned Condon," he said, "was coming with six hackney coaches to the depot; walking beside the first coach, an officer rode up to him and asked him where he was going with so many coaches. Ned Condon replied, 'Sir, I am hard of hearing' getting at the same time nearer to him. The officer then repeated the question in a menacing tone; on which Condon discharged his pistol at him. The coachmen witnessing this act, escaped with their coaches, and Condon seeing them drive off, returned to tell me what had happened to him. I then decided that the men who were to be conveyed in the coaches should go on foot to the Castle, and whilst preparing for this march, a false alarm was given that troops were surrounding the depot and in consequence our men there began to rush out, too hurriedly no doubt, to fight in the open street, and by the time they got to Thomas Street, disorder and confusion got amongst them. You

heard, of course, what occurred there, after which an attack on the Castle could not be thought of; consequently the signal rockets were not made use of."

I could see plainly how he was overwhelmed with sorrow whilst speaking on this sad subject. He thought the person to be sent to Paris should be one of those who had a perfect knowledge of the organization, and the vast preparations which had been so successfully carried on until the fatal explosion took place at the Patrick Street depot. "As you are" he added, "fully in possession of all the circumstances, it will be agreeably felt, when it is known that you are the messenger to my brother." I could only promise that I should do my utmost to execute the commission entrusted to my care. On which I took my last farewell of this magnanimous young man, who during this interview never uttered a word of blame against any of those leaders who were assembled at Mr. John Hevey's and whose presence with him might have preserved discipline and prevented the disasters and false alarm which produced such bad effects on the men in Thomas Street. One of these leaders at least was blameable: William Dowdall should have come at once to Robert Emmet's assistance at this critical moment, he being his confidant and inmate all the time they were at Butterfield Lane. He could have no excuse to offer for his conduct on this occasion. I cannot give any opinion as to the others who were at Mr. Hevey's, not knowing their engagements with Mr. Emmet, but their absence was a cruel loss, for amongst them were the bravest of the brave, who would have made the men observe order in their march to the Castle, which would have been surprised and taken, the Government being then completely off its guard. Once in possession of it, the citizens *en masse* would have flocked to the standard of independence hoisted on this monument, the embem of

Ireland's degradation for centuries and the eminent statesmen alluded to in Robert Emmet's speech, would have been hastening to the Castle, there to take their seat in the provisional government. A few hours would have sufficed to dislodge the English garrison of Dublin, which mustered weaker than at any other time, and by threatening to set fire to those quarters where resistance was made, the troops defending them would have been soon forced to capitulate. Not for centuries had Ireland so favourable an opportunity of getting rid of the cruel English yoke; everyone in the country disaffected or discontented except the contemptible place-hunters and the Orangemen; and France, the most powerful military nation in the world, then at war with England, anxiously waiting for an occasion to attack her in her weak and most vulnerable part, Ireland. Under all these considerations, was it to be wondered at, that the men of 1798, as well as the Irish patriots in general thought it both wise and prudent to be prepared with arms and ammunition for those events hourly expected, the landing of a French army on the coast of Ireland? Notwithstanding all this, there are many who think it would be ridiculous for the Irish under any contingency to be looking for their independence. To such lukewarm patriots I would say, it would be more ridiculous and absurd to think, that the inhabitants of Ireland will ever cease declaring that they have a right to govern themselves, and that they will ever be ready to embrace any favourable occasion to get rid of their task masters; and more, that the memory of the ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmet will never cease to be revered, down to the latest posterity, and his plans will ever be considered and consulted by all those wishing for the independence of poor Ireland.

I was daily waiting in the most cruel anxiety to hear of some means of getting to France, thinking my pre-

sence at Paris with Thomas Addis Emmet might be of use in obtaining relief from the French Government, when one evening the good Phil Long sent his nephew, a young lad, Davie Fitzgerald, to tell me that an American vessel would be sailing from Dublin direct to Bordeaux in two or three days at furthest. He gave me at the same time forty pounds to pay the preparatory expenses; the remainder of one hundred pounds, the sum considered absolutely necessary for the journey, I was to receive later. Next day I met Captain O'Connor by appointment. It was this worthy countryman who arranged with the Yankee captain to take me as a passenger on board his vessel, where I was to act in the capacity of steward, Mr. O'Connor's own vessel was lying also in the Custom House Dock at the time. He traded between New York (his home) and Dublin; he was originally from Wexford, but now a citizen of the United States. The doctor of his vessel, a nice young man of the name of Horner, from the county of Wicklow, was with him.

Captain O'Connor advised me to go at once and buy my sailor's dress and a mattress. He sent Doctor Horner with me to make purchases, whilst he went to endeavour to procure for me a passport. We then separated. Horner and I after buying my jacket, trousers, bedding, etc., and paying for those articles which were to be sent in the evening to Captain O'Connor's vessel, were returning, when we met Captain O'Connor coming in haste to look for us. He said, "I have just quit the Yankee captain, who told me as the wind had changed and become favourable, he was determined to sail immediately; you must therefore come at once to my vessel, there is no time to be lost." On which Dr. Horner and I went to High Street to get guineas for my bank notes, at a watchmaker's where I was known, having sometimes brought customers to the house. I asked the

young man in the shop if he could get me the gold. He replied, no, but said when his brother came back he could give me the guineas I wanted. "But if you are in a hurry and cannot wait till my brother returns, I will pick the lock of his desk." No sooner was this said than it was done. He, no doubt, saw I was in a hurry. I paid him at the rate of two shillings and sixpence for each guinea, and when I got them, Doctor Horner and I returned quickly to the vessel, where Captain O'Connor was anxiously waiting for us. This excellent man, to whom I could never be grateful enough for his exertions to aid me at this critical moment told me he had succeeded in persuading one of his sailors to sell me his passport for twenty dollars. This man was the only one of his crew whose size and age corresponded with mine; his name was Ephraim Brownall, from the State of Mississippi.

I asked Captain O'Connor what I should have to pay for my passage. He replied, "I don't like to have the appearance of making a bargain with the fellow; he might refuse at once to take you, but when you are out at sea to-night, pay him whatever he demands. You know he can render you great service, which I am confident he will on my account; he knows nothing about your mission, and of course you will have no conversation with him on that subject."

It was getting late, the Yankee vessel was preparing to be off, the anchor was raised, and as yet none of the articles which Doctor Horner and I had purchased were sent; to remedy this neglect of the slop merchant, as there was no time to be lost, the excellent Captain O'Connor gave me his own jacket and trousers, neck handkerchief, etc. and everything necessary, all fitting me tolerably well. When attired in my sailor's dress, he accompanied me on board the American vessel and introduced me to the captain. He then took leave of

me, and in an instant we sailed out of the Custom House Dock. I perceived my dear brother on the quay: we could only take our last farewell with salutes of the hands.

My sorrow at this moment, quitting all that was dear to me, was great indeed. How much more would it not have been, but for the hope I entertained of soon coming back and making part of an army destined to render my beloved country happy and independent! But alas! poor Ireland was doomed to be again disappointed. The plans of the great captain then at the head of the French Government were deranged and frustrated, by the powerful effect of the English subsidies lavished in such profusion on the mercenary soldiers and governments of the Continent.

In counting my money I found I had still thirty-nine pounds and some shillings, besides three French pieces in silver of five shillings value each; these Miss Biddy Palmer gave me the night before, when taking leave of her and her respected father.

After I had reckoned my money, I went down to the captain's cabin, and told him I wished to pay him for my passage, and asked the amount. "Well" he replied, "it is only about nineteen guineas and a-half." On which, I handed him that sum. He seemed in great good humour and high spirits; he showed me his small provision stores, telling me, as steward of the vessel I ought to know about all these matters. He assured me that if the wind continued as it was then, we should be in Bordeaux in less than four days; this indeed was cheering for me to hear, in my melancholy situation. The mate of the ship was a very nice young man, and I was glad to see his hair cut short like my own; but his face being sunburnt, he had the appearance of a sailor who had seen service, whilst I had to follow Captain O'Connor's advice, and make up for my want

of browning; before I left his ship he made me rub my hands on the deck, and then my face several times, so that with not washing it, I soon got the weather-beaten hue. The crew of the vessel was composed of the captain, a cabin boy, the mate and six sailors; rather few for a long voyage. Three of the sailors had been lately inoculated, and the pock appeared on their faces as if it were the natural small-pox which they had. Our first day passed on very cheerfully, as we were making five or six knots an hour, but early in the morning of the second day, we were hailed by an English cruiser. We had to reef our sail and lie to, whilst an officer from this cruiser came to question our captain and inspect his little ship. Fortunately the English ship was returning from some distant voyage, and consequently had no knowledge of what had taken place recently at Dublin. The Yankee captain however seemed much alarmed—no doubt on my account, for he could have nothing to dread for himself or his crew; still he acted with great circumspection and ordered the three sailors who had the pretended small-pox to go to their beds or hammocks, and there to remain, feigning to be suffering, till the inspection finished. The English officer from the cruiser passing through the different parts of the vessel, remarked those men in the small-pox, and asked the Yankee captain how he could have thought of sailing with such a crew. To which he replied, that a doctor whom he consulted told him that his men would have a better chance of recovering at sea than in remaining longer in the Custom House Docks at Dublin, where contagion of some kind seemed to reign at this moment; besides, the climate of Lisbon, to which port he was bound, would be more favourable for that disease. He then asked the English officer to have the goodness to let the doctor of his ship come and visit his sick sailors. The officer answered drily, that their doctor

had other things to mind than waiting on Americans. He being invited to accept a glass of good Dublin porter, and I beckoned to bring a bottle, he declined, in an equally ungracious manner; evidently he was in a hurry to get away from a vessel where sickness so prevailed. To my great delight, I soon saw him step into his boat to regain his ship, for certainly I was far from being at my ease whilst he remained in our vessel.

After his departure, I could not help expressing my surprise to the Yankee captain, that he should wish the English doctor to come and visit his sailors, as it would then be soon discovered they were not sick, only inoculated. "Well," he said, "it was because I made that request, which I knew would not be complied with, that the officer placed confidence in me and believed everything I told him to be true." Of course after this I was satisfied, and began to think that he had more cleverness than I suspected at first. I asked him if he thought we should be often visited before we arrived; he said, that as long as we were sailing in the direct line to Lisbon, he did not mind, but once quitting that direction to get to the mouth of the river Gironde, we might expect to be visited again by English cruisers, and certainly on the third day we could perceive several, but they were a good distance off, and fortunately we got on tolerably well all that day and night. The next morning early, the fourth day, the captain took a French pilot on board his vessel to steer her up the river to Bordeaux. The wind failing, the day was far advanced before we reached the station where the French squadron lay at anchor, guarding the mouth of the river. Here our Yankee captain was signalled to go on board the commodore's frigate. He went there in haste, without letting me know he was going, which displeased me much, for I should have accompanied him and put myself at once at the disposition of the French officer in command

there, whom I should have prayed, as a favour, to have me sent in custody to Bordeaux, and from thence to Paris, where Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet would explain to the French Government the nature of my mission. I was grievously disappointed and annoyed when I saw the captain return with a serjeant and eight marine soldiers in his little boat; they had come to guard the vessel during the night, and to prevent any communication with the shore, as the vessel was not allowed to proceed further. The captain returning on board, saw I was not satisfied, because he had not mentioned to the French commodore anything about me. He said, "How could I have thought that an American ship would have been prevented sailing up the river to Bordeaux? It is a damned new regulation, which says that vessels coming from a country in war with France won't be admitted. But never mind, don't be uneasy; I shall sail in the morning for Lisbon, and it being a neutral port, clearing out there, and returning here immediately, we will then land at Bordeaux without any hindrance." To all this I made no reply; I was vexed, and began to think very badly of him, for had he mentioned to the French commodore, as he should have done, that he had a passenger on board who wished to land at Bordeaux, I should have been brought forthwith to the French frigate to be examined. Fortunately for me, he was allowed to pass the night at anchor in the bay, otherwise I should have run the risk of being taken by the English cruisers, had he been ordered to sail away without stopping. I knew the guard of marine soldiers would return to their ship in the morning, and I resolved to go with them at the risk of my life. The cabin boy understanding a little French, came to tell me that the French pilot promised to land me safely next night on the French coast, and that I had no occasion to try any other means. I gave no answer to this proposal, deter-

mined to act on my own plan in the morning. As soon as it was day, I dressed; I put on my black coat, black pantaloons, a white waistcoat and Hessian boots. I then began to walk up and down the deck, in hopes that I might attract the notice of the guard-ships, but a kind of mist or fog prevailed, which no doubt prevented them seeing me for some time. However, the fog soon cleared up, and the Yankee vessel was signalled to be off. Her anchor was raised, and she under weigh, when to my great joy, I saw the boat coming from the French squadron to take back the marine soldiers to their ship. I made a small bundle of good Captain O'Connor's jacket and trousers, the only luggage I possessed, and the moment I saw the last of those soldiers and the sergeant who commanded them, get into the boat, I threw my bundle down into it; then taking hold of a rope, I leapt after it, not liking to go the regular way by the ladder, fearing the brute of a captain might be capable of stopping me. I was so disgusted, that I left the vessel without speaking to him, or even to the mate whom I had rather thought well of. When I got into the boat, looking back to the deck, I could perceive that the French pilot was holding some conversation with the soldiers, and one of them had the audacity to take hold of me, and as I thought, wanted to force me back to the vessel. However, I soon loosened his hand from my collar, and threw him on his back, when I went and placed myself beside the sergeant, making signs to him, the best way I could, that I was under his care till we reached the commodore's vessel. Seeing a person in coloured clothes in the boat with the soldiers coming from the American ship, made the officers of the French squadron curious to see what kind of being he was; I could perceive their telescopes all pointed to the boat, as we approached the frigate; but I was soon relieved from their curiosity. The officer

in command met me on the stairs, took me by the hand, conducted me to his cabin, and made me sit down beside him.

When his interpreter came, I explained briefly the object of my mission to Paris, told him it was immaterial to me how I was sent, provided I went there quickly; he promised me I should be sent off to Bordeaux immediately, and that once there, I should be at the disposition of the marine prefect, who he was sure would comply with my request, and have me sent without delay to Paris. He then asked me some questions about the Yankee captain, and the sum I paid him for my passage. I had scarcely time to answer, when I saw the fellow ushered into the cabin, where we were sitting. He was not asked to sit down, but received instantly a severe reprimand from the commander, in the following terms:—"You told me nothing about this gentleman yesterday, though you knew he wanted to go in haste to Bordeaux. I don't say you are in the pay of England but your conduct on this occasion shows you are not friendly to France. Your God is traffic, you intended to make nineteen guineas and a-half more of your passenger, before you put him at liberty. You know well that the fare from Dublin to Bordeaux is only five pounds at most; therefore, refund the balance at once." On which the poor Yankee laid the nineteen guineas and a-half on the table. The commander bid him keep five, and hand the remainder to me. Then ensued a scene I can never forget. I thought that if I took back this money, it would be acting unhandsomely towards a man, who, three days previous, by his manœuvring with his pretended sick sailors, when we were boarded by the English cruiser, had probably saved my life. I felt overcome with emotion in mentioning the circumstances to the French commander, and I told him, at the same time, that I could not on any account think of

taking back the money. "That is your own affair," he replied, I thought rather dryly; he then pointed to the Yankee captain to take up his money, when he dismissed him. The poor fellow came with tears in his eyes to bid me farewell; so we parted this time better friends than when I was leaving his vessel an hour before.

A nice decked boat was getting ready to take me up to Bordeaux as soon as the crew should have breakfasted; I took a walk on the deck, waiting the breakfast hour, and there I met the interpreter. I was anxious to know from him if I had displeased the commodore by not taking back from the Yankee captain the money he over-charged for my passage. "On the contrary," he said, "the whole transaction did you great honour: it showed you were disinterested and forgiving at the same time"; and not having mentioned anything about the conduct of the marine soldiers, the sergeant who commanded them bid him thank me for it, as he would have been blamed had I made complaint against the soldier who wanted to force me back to the vessel.

I was satisfied that all I wished to have explained would be well translated by the sailor interpreter, who was an Irishman, of the name of Brown, from Baggot Street, Dublin. He spoke French fluently; having been several years in the service. I thought it augured well to meet a countryman under such circumstances; and though Brown was only a simple sailor, he knew a great deal then about the state of France. "You must know," he said to me, "it is no more a Republic, and that is the reason, when you mentioned a merchant, I translated *négociant en grand*." He told me that the officers were very kind to him; and he seemed quite contented with his situation. I left him my jacket and trousers, and I gave him one of the six livres pieces I got from Miss Biddy Palmer previous to my leaving Dublin. The

commodore coming to invite me down to breakfast, I took my leave of poor Brown and followed the officer who soon placed me beside him at the breakfast table, which was most splendidly served with all kinds of viands, fruits, etc., everything the season could afford. It was the first French repast I had seen, and I cannot forget the favourable impression it made on me respecting the French living and manners. We were eight at table; six officers were invited, some of them were from the two war brigs at anchor beside the frigate. I was agreeably surprised when the commander began to speak to me in English, and I could not help saying that he had no need of an interpreter. "Oh! you flatter me; I am quite at a loss sometimes for words; besides, it is a good lesson for me to hear your countryman, Brown, translating into English what I tell him in French. I have great confidence in him; he is well-behaved, and much liked on board this vessel." I was very glad to hear this good account of Brown.

The commodore told me he had been a prisoner of war in England, and he seemed well versed in politics, and knew a great deal about the history of English statesmen, particularly that of Fox, Sheridan and Pitt. I spent a most agreeable hour at this breakfast table, and after the coffee and liqueurs were served, the commodore conducted me to the little vessel which was ready to sail for Bordeaux; he introduced me to the officer who had the command of it, and then took his leave of me in an affectionate manner, as if we had been old friends. The wind being favourable, the little vessel was under full sail and steered off. In a very short time we lost sight of the squadron. However, we had to pass the night on the river, and only reached Bordeaux in the morning at half past eight o'clock, when the officer conducted me in a coach to the prison. There I got a messenger and sent a note by him to Mr. Hugh

Wilson, the intimate friend of the Messieurs Emmet, praying him to come and see me immediately. Mr. Wilson being engaged in business in a mercantile house and very busy at the time, sent me his great friend and fellow prisoner in Dublin, Mr. Thomas Markey, by whom he wrote in answer to my note, to say that he could not be with me before two o'clock, but that I might place every confidence in his friend Markey, who would do everything for me till he could come himself. After I read Mr. Wilson's answer to me, Mr. Markey and I shook hands most cordially; but he was extremely displeased to see in my room a county of Cork man of the name of O'Finn who resided in Bordeaux, and said at once: "O'Finn, you are very wrong to intrude yourself on this gentleman to whom you have no introduction; you may see he has no want of your services." On which O'Finn went away. Markey was anxious to know what O'Finn had been telling me, to which I readily replied, that he had only been a few minutes with me, that he told me he was on the quay when I landed, and seeing that I had no luggage he came to offer me his services, that he would send me shirts and everything else I stood in need of; remarking at the same time, he was sure they would fit me, as we were about the same size. He was very well dressed in black, with crape on his hat. And he observed to me that he was the only Irishman at Bordeaux who had had the spirit to go in mourning for General Napper Tandy, who died a short time before in that town. Markey merely remarked that O'Finn should not have boasted of his intimacy with poor Tandy, the Irish refugees not regarding him (O'Finn) as one of themselves; for he had not left Ireland on account of politics.

Mr. Markey left me, after ordering the jailer to get me some breakfast. He soon returned to tell me, that Mr. Hugh Wilson had been to wait on the commissary

general of police, M. Berrière, who was a great friend to the Irish patriots, to beg of him to have me sent off forthwith to Paris. This gentleman had a large dinner party at his villa, or country house, just near the town, and to which several Irish were invited. He told Mr. Wilson he would send his carriage for me to the prison at three o'clock to bring me out to dinner. Both Markey and Wilson were with me in the prison when the order and the carriage came to the door. They availed themselves of the carriage and accompanied me to the commissary general's house, where I met other worthy Irish patriots, such as Mr. Pat MacCann, Hugh Kelleher, young Hampden Evans, etc. I spent a delightful day with them at the commissary general's villa. As this gentleman only invited me out to dinner, he wrote to the maritime prefect to know if I should be sent back to prison. He got an answer to his letter whilst we were still at table, the purport of which was, that I was not to be sent back, that I was at his, the commissary's disposition, who, he hoped, would have me sent to Paris without delay, as he had reported to the Government all the circumstances concerning me, from the time I was received on board the French squadron at the mouth of the river. Mr. MacCann had a room prepared for me at his house on the quay, where I slept in a clean bed, for the first time since I left Dublin.

I intended to set off in the morning for Paris, but young Evans, who was to accompany me, had friends engaged for dinner on that day, Saturday. So I had to pass another cheerful day with the true Irish patriots, Hugh Wilson, Thomas Markey, etc.

Next morning, Sunday, I started for Paris. The coach in which I went, set out from the opposite side of the river. Hampden Evans' guests of the day before, crossed the river, and we breakfasted together and they saw us into the coach and bade us farewell. I might

have travelled at the expense of the Government, but it was considered more respectable for me to pay my own place and expenses, than for Government to be answerable for them.

Mr. Wilson told me that he wrote to Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet the morning I landed in Bordeaux, and that he should now write to him again, to let him know the day and hour I should arrive in Paris. Mr. Evans, speaking French well, made the journey very pleasant; otherwise it might have been dull enough to be shut up for four nights and five days in a coach before we reached Paris. It would have been particularly so to me, who thought every minute an hour till my mission was terminated, thinking then that assistance would be obtained from the French Government by Mr. Emmet.

We arrived at the coach-office, Rue Montmartre, at three o'clock, p.m., where we met Doctor MacNeven and Adjutant-General Dalton; this officer belonged to the staff of the minister-of-war, General Berthier, who sent him to receive me at the diligence office. His coach being ready, he made the conductor of the diligence get into it, with himself, Doctor MacNeven and me. Hampden Evans remained to look after his luggage, and as I had none, General Dalton ordered his coachman to drive to the Grand Judge Regnier's Hotel, Place Vendôme, in whose study Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet was waiting our arrival. On being asked by the minister if he knew me, Mr. Emmet replied, he had never seen me before. The grand judge then handed to him a paper containing the impression of the seal-ring which I had been the bearer of from his brother Robert Emmet, and which the commodore commanding the squadron at the mouth of the river at Bordeaux thought proper to take from me, and have forwarded to his Government, after I had written my name on the back of the paper on which the impression was made.

As soon as Mr. Emmet had compared this impression with his own seal-ring, he crossed the room, took me in his arms and embraced me with affection. The Grand Judge witnessing this, seemed quite satisfied. He then told Mr. Emmet that the First Consul required from him, as soon as possible, a detailed report on the present state of Ireland, and that it would be well if this document were furnished next morning early. A *carte de sûreté* being then handed to me, we all retired from the Grand Judge's hotel. I, a freeman, going with Mr. Emmet to his lodgings, Rue du Cherche-Midi, where he presented me to his lady and children. We then went and hired a small cheap room for me, Petite Rue du Bac, quite near his house. Doctor MacNeven was to dine with us, and immediately after dinner we three retired to Mr. Emmet's study, to commence the report required by the First Consul: Doctor MacNeven writing with great facility, and I explaining and answering the best way I could, all their queries about men and things in Ireland. A rough draft was soon drawn up: Mr. Emmet having been lately chosen by the Irish refugees in France to represent them with the First Consul, he was the more anxious to have this document carefully made out, and as it was to be copied in the morning we retired each to bed late at night.

And now this account of my mission being ended, I must say before concluding this chapter, that I shall ever feel proud of the part I took with the lamented Robert Emmet. I have often asked myself, how could I have acted otherwise, seeing all his views and plans for the independence of my country so much superior to anything ever imagined before on the subject? They were only frustrated by accident and the explosion of a depot, and as I have always said, whenever Irishmen think of obtaining freedom, Robert Emmet's plans will be their

best guide. First, take the capital, and then the provinces will burst out and raise the same standard immediately.

The consciousness that I had executed to the best of my abilities everything I undertook to perform, and the hope that I should soon be returning to my unfortunate country served to cheer my spirits; otherwise I should have been sad indeed.

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